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THE TREASURE CHEST

FOR CALIFORNIA BOYS AND GIRLS

VOL. I
NUMBER I

JUNE, 1926

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

We are The Prologue!

We are pleased to dedicate this first glimpse of the first appearance of "The Treasure Chest" to you. We wish to make our bow before the curtain and speak our piece. Then we will retire into the wings where the mechanics and stage-hands toil, and will ask you to take seats in the top-balcony while our actors and actresses perform. Thus, your boys and girls may sit in the dress-circle, undisturbed. Post-Armageddon Youth demands the prerogative of sitting alone; of working out its destinies alone; of being alone responsible for its triumphs and failures. Perhaps that is the best way! But, on the other hand, we, being old-fashioned parents, cling to our traditions and demand our rights. We want to sit in the balcony and applaud or condemn. We want to stand in the wings unseen, and pull the strings that make the mannikins dance. ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓

Sit then, if you will, in the ten cent seats, and applaud us or hiss us as we may deserve! Tell us to take off of our stage that which you do not like! Tell us to interpolate such features as you feel will be of constructive and pleasing good to our dress-circle audience! For above all, though we shall diplomatically strive to please you parents, we frankly affirm that our prime object shall be to please your children. And after all, they are our most severe critics. ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓

We hope you will like our performance. We hope you will feel that our efforts are worth while. We hope you will want to help us. We crave your indulgence, and with no small degree of stage-fright, *command:* ✓ ✓ ✓

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GRANT AVENUE GEARY STREET

THE TREASURE CHEST

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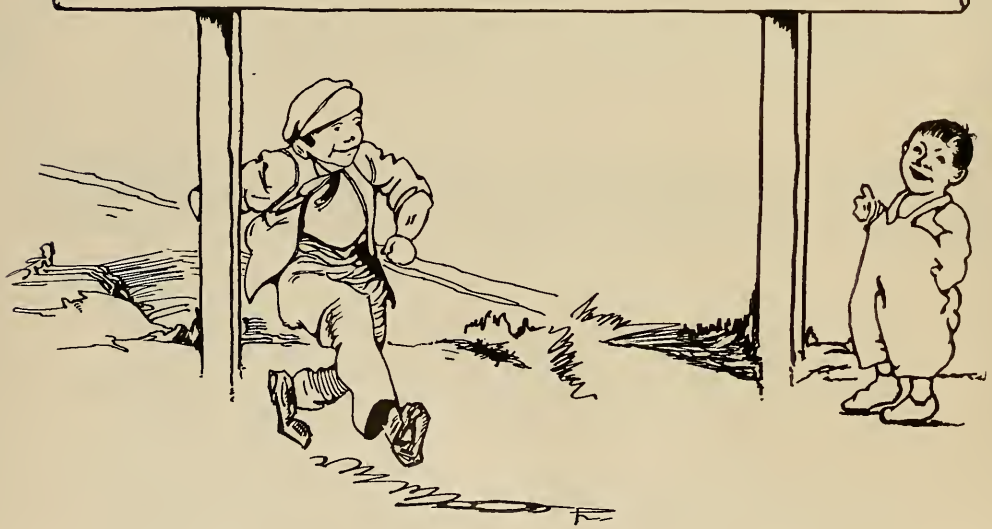

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THESE ARE THE DREAMS THAT HAVE
COME TRUE:
A FIELD OF GREEN AND A SKY OF BLUE—
THE DEARNESS AND THE STRENGTH OF
YOU—
AND A BIRD OR TWO . . . .
AND THEY ARE ENOUGH; FOR THE WIND
RIDES BY;
THE TALL TREES LEAN TO AN EVENING
SKY—
AND FAR TOO DEAR FOR OUR GOLD TO
BUY
IS OUR TRAUMEREI . . . .

—By B. VIRGINIA LEE.

DOTS AND DASHES

By S. B. DICKSON

Chapter I.

BILL HODGKINS, "Hoxie" as he was known on the Quad, sat doubled over his desk, a grim frown on his long face. Ear-phones glued to his ears shut out the excited whispering of "Frenchy" Lafitte and "The Deacon" on the couch. Over in the corner, with his feet on the book-shelf, higher than his head, sat "Bunk" Huggins.

"Oh, I've been sad since my monkey died.

Tum, ti ti tiddle teedle ti dum," sang Bunk.

He grinned at the excitement of the two across the room, sniffed at the tenseness of Hoxie, and still grinning let his gaze wander around the walls of Hoxie's den. Here, tacked over the book-shelf, was a composite cartoon of the Prince of Wales astride Paul Revere's steed. On the shelf was a plaster bust of Caius Julius Caesar. Around the neck hung a card bearing the inscription: "So's your old man." There, in the doorway was a barber pole with a brass sign hanging from its peak with the legend: "We are Barbers; not Bobbers." Hanging on the door was a red auction flag. Here, on the light fixture hung the notice: "Children in arms not admitted." Out of the hodge-podge and confusion of the room, one corner stood aloof and dignified. Here was Hoxie's book-case with the pocket-worn set of Joseph Conrad, his Kipling, his Dumas and his Voltaire.

As Bunk eased his feet off the book-shelf and got up from his chair, Hoxie whipped the ear-phones from his head.

"Fellows," he grunted, "there's something queer in the State of Denmark."

"Bunk!" said Bunk, who always lived up to his name.

"Bunk, nothing," Hoxie retorted. "I have listened to that fool thing for an hour. Somebody some place within a thousand miles of this hole is broadcasting messages in secret code. It isn't Morse; it isn't any of the commercial codes. I know them as well as I know my own name. It isn't the army or navy code. Some one, some place, is putting something over!"

"Mebbe," suggested The Deacon, "it's Kaiser Wilhelm sending a recipe for making sausage to the Emperor of Japan."

"Mebbe it isn't," Hoxie frowned. "It's some one who is either having a lot of fun with another bird who is in on the joke, or it's dirty work."

"Bunk!" snapped Bunk.

TO REACH "YOUR PAGE" TAKE SUBWAY

Meanwhile Frenchy Lafitte had hung the phones on his ears. Huggins nudged The Deacon.

"Frog-legs is going to be Sherlock Holmes," he announced.

But "Frog-legs," "Frenchy," "Foots" or "Feets," as he was called on various occasions, settled down to the same preoccupied attention as had Hoxie. Without removing the ear-phones he pulled a scratch-pad from the desk drawer and commenced to make notes.

"Translating it, Frenchy?" asked Hoxie.

Lafitte did not answer. His pencil flew like a streak back and forth across the paper. The other three, their curiosity aroused, crossed the room and leaned over his shoulders. Down the page ran a series of dots and dashes. At intervals came a closely bunched group of five dots. Opposite each of the other groups Lafitte had placed a letter of the alphabet. Finally he looked up.

"Hoxie," he said, "write what I call off to you. Go down the page. It will make it easier. All ready?"

Hoxie nodded and commenced to write at Lafitte's dictation.

dot dash dash
dash dot dash
dot dot dot
dot dot dash dot
dot
dot dot dash dot
dash dash
dot dash dot dot
dot

For ten minutes he called and Hoxie scribbled. Then a frown crossed the listener's face. He twisted the radio dial this way and that and finally uncovered his ears.

"Must have signed off," he said. "Let's see what we can make of this muddle."

He referred to the notes he had made and began placing a letter of the alphabet before each group of signals.

"Bunk," grunted Bunk.

"Bunk, nothing," said Hoxie. "The lad's got an idea. What is it, Frenchy? Don't lose it."

Frenchy explained. He figured that each group of signals represented a letter of the alphabet. So to make the cipher easier to decode he had given each group a letter himself for temporary use.

"See?" he demanded.

"Clear as mud," said Bunk.

"Clear as your head," said The Deacon.

"First wise crack The Deacon's made today," said Bunk.

Hoxie rose at this. With a long stride he grabbed Bunk and The Deacon, and half pushed, half dragged them across the room and threw them into the hallway. He locked the door behind them and turned back to Lafitte.

"Foots," he said, "I think you've hit on something. Let's see what letters you've got." He read them aloud: O—B—N—X—S—X—L—F—S—O—J—S—K— . . . . . .

"Wait a minute," Lafitte interrupted him. "We'll never get anywhere that way. Let's write the whole thing out."

He took his pencil again, and soon had this mass of letters, undecipherable to all appearances, but unquestionably meaning something:

OBNXS XL FS ORSE XRS

USALEQ JLLXCDZZ UKYDQ

CBSDVU XBDNENEI XRS

ADBQU DBS UXDAVSQ

DEQ N XRNEV OS

RDWS UFLLXR UDNZNEI

ESHX MSDB QLEX XDVS

RLQIVNEU XLL USBNLYU

RS NU D OSDV UNUXSB

MLY DBS QLNEI ILLQ

OLBV DEQ N ADE USS

CNI XNFSU DRSDQ

"It's a bunch of Greek," Hoxie grinned. "How do you get your separations between the words?"

"That's our first clue," Foots answered. "The groups of five dots appear so often that I figure they must mean the end of words. Anyway we'll take it for granted and try it."

"It's sure Greek."

"I don't think so. Of course it may really be a complicated code, but I have a hunch it's simply a straight system with one of the letters of the alphabet standing for another."

"Can you work it out?"

"Sure, if it's a straight code."

"Well, why don't you?"

"Give me time!"

Hoxie got up and walked around the room, whistling. He picked up Lafitte's cap and used it to dust off the bust of Caesar. Coming back to the desk he leaned over his chum's shoulders. Foots sat, his chin cupped in the palms of his hands.

"There's a regular system for working these things out," he finally announced. "There are men who make a business of it. A trained detective could probably have the solution in ten minutes. They say there is no code so complicated that it cannot be solved. There's a dozen ways to start work. Let's begin by finding a word of one letter.

Here's one; the sixth word from the end. N must either stand for A or I."

"Why?" demanded Hoxie.

"Because, my poor vacuum-headed friend," Lafitte laughed, "A and I are the only words of one letter in the English language."

"Oh, is that so?" grunted Hoxie. "How about O?"

"Usually spelled with an H."

"Supposing it's an abbreviation?"

"Supposing it isn't. We've got to begin somewhere, don't we?"

"All right. Begin wherever you please. What are you going to call N?"

"I dunno."

"Neither do I."

Lafitte got up and walked around the room whistling Chopin's Funeral March.

"Feel better?" asked Hoxie.

"Sure. Music always helps me to think. Let's see the dinged thing now. Start this way, Hox. Lots of words end in I N G. See if there are many words ending with N and two more letters."

"Three of them," Hoxie exclaimed, his interest aroused.

"Good. Just for the sake of argument let's write I N G under each of them. They are the tenth word, the twenty-first and the thirty-sixth. That would make N E I stand for I N G. Go through the whole cipher and put an I under every N; N under every E; and G under every I."

Hoxie did as he was told. "What's next?" he demanded.

"Here's another word of one letter: the thirty-first. As long as we have decided that N stands for I, we'll figure that D stands for A."

"I should worry. Go ahead and write in your A's."

Lafitte quickly wrote an A under every D.

"That's that," he grunted, "but we do not seem to get anywhere. We'll have to try another lead."

"You lead, Napoleon, and I'll follow," Hoxie announced.

"Don't be an ass. At this rate the thing will take all night. Hox, the most frequently used letter in the English language is E."

"Never said it wasn't."

"All right. What letter is most often used in this cipher?"

Hodgkins counted and found fourteen X's.

"Yes," agreed Lafitte, "but there are twenty-two S's."

"All of which means . . . . . ?"

". . . . that S probably stands for E."

"Lead on, Macduff. Write it in."

But as Lafitte finished writing an E under every S there came an uproar in the hall and a pounding on the door. Hoxie unlocked it and Bunk burst in followed by a dozen seniors. In a flash the room was a confusion of shouts and groans. Arms were waving, hats and caps were banged on the floor and desk, and in the midst of the bedlam Big Morg Lindsey, full-back of the Nannies, paced up and down the room crashing the fist of his huge right hand in the palm of his left. Hoxie quickly grabbed the pages of cipher and slipped them into the desk drawer.

"Now," he shouted above the din, "what's the big idea?"

Again the uproar broke out and through the racket was heard the name of O'Neil repeated over and over again.

"What about O'Neil," roared Hoxie.

Lindsey swung around and pounded his fist on the desk.

"Pipe down, jazz band," he shouted. "The whole bunch of you keep still or I'll drop you out the window."

Standing six foot three, his legs spread wide, his arms raised over his head, he looked as though he might easily do it. The noise subsided and Lindsey turned to Hodgkins.

"Cap," he said, "O'Neil has deserted."

"What do you mean—deserted?"

"Deserted! Gone in for professional football."

"But he can't."

"He sure can. He has."

Bill Hodgkins, captain of the Midway College Nannies, collapsed on the couch and buried his head in his arms. Freddie O'Neil, the wiry little wonder quarter-back, was the pride of the Nannies. He could out-pass any man in the conference. His strategy, his quick, sure judgment, was the marvel of the coaches from Harvard to California. He was swift as a greyhound. The entire season's success had revolved around his brilliant playing. **He** was the team! The final game of the conference was two weeks away. Midway had played fifteen games and had not been beaten.

Hoxie pounded his fists upon a cushion and ground his teeth. The excited Midwayites stamped around the room brandishing their arms, clenching their fists. An excited group clustered around Bunk Huggins, all talking at once. Every time a voice soared above the others, Huggins would pull his lower lip and shout: "Bunk." Grinning Sammie Murk offered frequent and useless suggestions. Everybody was full of ideas and no one had a plan.

Hoxie thought quickly. Suddenly he sprang to his feet.

"How do you know he's gone professional?" he demanded.

"He just told us. He is going to sign the contract at eight o'clock."

Hoxie glanced at his watch. It was five-thirty.

"Where is O'Neil now, Bunk?" he asked quietly.

"He was on his way to his room when we met him. That wasn't more than ten minutes ago."

Hoxie pulled off his coat and yanked a white sweater over his head.

"Frenchy," he ordered, "put this gang out. Morg, you and Foots wait here for me. Don't leave this room if it takes all year. You other fellows breeze. And wait a minute. Keep your mouths shut. Don't do any talking on the Quad. Remember that!"

"Where are you going?" demanded Lindsey.

Hoxie grabbed his cap and leaping over the couch crashed from the room without answering.

(To Be Continued)

Save this issue. The next installment will give the solution of the cipher and another cipher for you to work out. There will be one each month. Keep ahead of the game by working out the answer yourself before the solution arrives.

JOK SAYS: If you were to travel a mile a minute, it would take 166 days to reach the moon, and 177 years and 43 days to reach the sun.
It doesn't matter which way you plant seeds. They always grow toward the sun.

JOK SAYS: That common table salt is made out of Sodium, a metallic poison, and Chlorine, a poisonous gas. You can bend a baby's bones, but you shouldn't.

JOK SAYS: That we breathe in oxygen, and exhale poisonous carbon dioxide, but that plants breathe in carbon dioxide and exhale oxygen.

JOK SAYS: A child's heart beats faster than a man's.
That Centipedes are called "Thousand-leggers" but they have only fifty-two legs.

JOK SAYS: That fish breathe air just as we do, but that they take it from the water through their gills.
You can make music by wetting your finger and rubbing it around the rim of a water glass.

JOK SAYS: You get an echo when the sound of your voice hits a distant object. To measure that distance, count the number of seconds it takes the echo to come back. Multiply that by 550 and you will have the distance in feet.

Sunshine Comes to Midge

By MARY ELLEN FORSYTHE

MARIE LOUISE was awakened by the morning sun shining in her eyes. She raised her head and saw a clean, bright little room with two cretonne-draped windows. A bright shaft of light streamed through each of them. Outside the windows she could see the tree tops. The room was lovely with the perfume of flowers and country air.

"I must be dreaming," she thought, "for such a lovely morning could be nothing but a dream. Oh, but it is nice to have dreams like this. But it can't be a dream for I hear the birds and a cow, and even the leaves rustling."

She pinched herself to make sure, then settled back on her pillow to think about all the things that had happened in the past week.

Her Aunt Ella, whom she had never seen up to a week ago, had come to live in California. She had bought a lovely summer home and said she was never going near the city again. Marie Louise's mother, of whom Marie was very proud, had told her that Aunt Ella was very wealthy and that she found all her happiness in doing good with her wealth. And so Aunt Ella, a sweet-faced, motherly sort of an aunt, had arrived. She had been so happy to see the bright, merry face of Marie Louise. Her eyes had tears in them when she put her arms around her healthy, cheerful little niece. She had turned to Marie's mother and said:

"Oh, if only my Midge could play that way! But she can't; she never will be able to. At times it breaks my heart when she asks me questions that I can't answer. Midge asks so many questions."

Aunt Ella cried again and Marie Louise wondered if she cried all the time. She asked her mother about it and mother closed the door and took her daughter on her lap.

"My goodness," she smiled, "you are getting so huge that I can hardly hold you any more. There, that's better! Now, honey, listen to me. Aunt Ella's little girl, Margaret, is a lovely child, but she has had a very sad life. You see, when she was quite small she was hurt in an accident and she has never been able to see since that time. She was so little when this dreadful thing happened that she can not remember what the trees or the birds or even her mother look like."

"How awful," whispered Marie Louise. She could just imagine what it would mean never to see the sky with the white clouds floating past, and the flowers in the gardens, and most of all, her mother's face.

"And so," Marie's mother continued, "Aunt Ella has come out here to see if the fresh air and the sunshine will give Midge the strength she needs, so that she can be operated on. There is a slight chance, then, of her eyesight coming back."

"It would be wonderful," said Marie Louise.

"It would be more than wonderful," said her mother. "And now, Aunt Ella has taken a lovely summer home on Lake Tahoe, perched way up on the top of a hill, with lovely trees and flowers. It is like a fairy castle; old-fashioned and queer and beautiful. Midge is up there, and Aunt Ella wants to take you with her when she goes back, to make Midge happy."

"But I couldn't leave you, mother."

"You are not leaving me, dear. God made little

children to spread sunshine and happiness in the world, and here is your big chance. Besides you have not had a real vacation ever, and this will be a splendid one for you."

"But you would be all alone, Mumsie."

"No! For at the end of the month I am going to join you. Aunt Ella knows how lonely we have been since daddy was taken from us, and she wants us to live with her always. I am not sure that it would work out just right, but we are going to try it for a few months."

Marie Louise was so happy she could hardly speak. She and her wonderful mother were going to have a chance to play together and mother would not be tired out at the end of every day. She jumped down from her mother's arms, and wanted to leave right away.

They left that very afternoon, traveling through the bright Sacramento Valley, up into the mountains, past Truckee, and by the time the trip was over and they had arrived at the castle on the hills night had fallen and Midge was asleep. Marie Louise had supper with Aunt Ella and then went to the room which was to be her very own.

She was awakened by the morning sun shining in her eyes. She pinched herself to see that it wasn't all a dream, and then settled back on her pillow to think about her poor little cousin, Margaret. She wanted to do so much for her, to take her by the hand and tell her of all the beautiful outdoors and help her to see through some one else's eyes.

She sprang from bed, happily, and a little later was all ready to start the day. She opened the door and stepped into the hallway, and down the steps. A little girl was walking about the breakfast room. Her hands were held out in front of her just like a child who is walking in her sleep. Marie Louise caught her breath. Midge was beautiful. She had long, black hair, all in curls around her slender little face. But her cheeks were so white, thought Marie. Only California sunshine would take care of that.

"Hello, Midge," said Marie Louise, holding out her hands, "I'm Marie Louise."

A quick flush of pleasure lit the face of the little blind girl.

"Oh, I'm so glad," she said. "Where are you, Marie? Take my hand."

Marie ran to her and hugged her tightly.

"I am glad, too," she smiled. "We will have such good times together. It is so beautiful here. Isn't it?"

"Yes, it smells nice," said Margaret, "but I don't know just how it looks."

Marie Louise bit her lips. She had been thoughtless right in the beginning and promised herself she would be more careful not to hurt Midge in the future.

The children ate a hurried breakfast and then went out to play. Marie Louise tried to explain everything that she saw to her new chum. But it was very hard to describe some things. For instance, to tell her what red and green and gold looked like, was almost impossible. But Midge seemed to know. "Green is—well, it's like grass and trees," she said. "And red is like fire. And gold is like sunshine."

"Just exactly," said Marie Louise, and from that minute they got along splendidly. They played by the edge of the beautiful lake or walked along shady trails in the hills and the days passed like seconds. Before she realized it, it was almost time for Marie's mother to arrive and she could hardly wait to see her again and tell her how much she loved Midge. Every night after her regular prayers she prayed that Midge might be made to see again. She knew that some day her prayers would be answered, and then life would be just perfect. She knew that a child had to have a great deal of faith to have her prayers granted.

The children found many games to play together. One evening they played "catch." Midge would throw the ball and Marie would catch it and hand it back to her cousin to throw again. They played until they were so tired that they fell asleep almost as soon as they had finished their prayers. Aunt Ella had moved Midge's bed into Marie Louise's room so the girls could be together all the time.

As Marie Louise lay there dreaming, that night, it seemed that her dreams were more real than ever. She thought she was on a lovely hillside. There were many flowers and fields of sweet grass, all turning blue in the evening light. Then a moonbeam came shooting down from the sky, and on it appeared a little girl about the children's age.

"I am a moon fairy," she said, "and if you are kind to me I will give you any one wish you may make. But see to it that you make a sensible wish."

There were many things that Marie Louise wanted; many things that she wanted for her mother. She thought a moment and then said: "Would you make Midge see?"

"Is it a wish?" inquired the fairy, politely.

"Oh, yes, yes," cried Marie Louise in her dream.

The fairy tapped her with her rose-petal fingers, and in a flash was gone. Marie Louise awoke with a start. Sunshine was pouring through the windows.

"Wake up, Margaret Midge," she called. "It's morning and we are going fishing today on the pier."

Midge sprang up, pulling all the covers off of Marie's bed so that she had to get up as well. They dressed in a jiffy, and after breakfast were dancing down the hill to the beach. It was wonderful how quickly Midge had learned, with Marie's help, to run around without bumping.

They sat on the pier, and Marie Louise baited

Midge's hook and dropped the line into the water for her. Marie Louise was not a very good fisherwoman. She did not like to handle the bait or to touch the fish, but it made Midge so happy that she could not refuse. The fish were biting slowly and in two hours they had only caught two.

"Tell me a story, Midge," begged Marie Louise.

"All right," said Midge. "What shall I tell you about? I know! I'll tell you about the King of The Iron Mountain." The girls knotted their fish lines around their wrists and Midge commenced:

"Once upon a time in a far off land, lived a beautiful princess named Snow Blossom. She was the pride of her mother and her father, for in all of the kingdoms of the world there was no other princess as beautiful as she. So great was her beauty that the news of it had spread all over the world and every day many suitors called to woo her and beg her hand in marriage. But when her father, the king, looked at their calling cards he would say, "No, none but the strongest and handsomest and wisest and most cheerful and kind man in all the world is good enough for our daughter. . . . ."

"Wait," said Marie Louise. "I'll go on with the story. . . . One day Oldin, who was the King of The Iron Mountain, heard about this beautiful princess. He made up his mind that he would send in his calling card and if Snow Blossom's father would not let his daughter marry him he would call on the four winds, who were his slaves, and . . . . Help! Help!" shrieked Marie Louise, and fell from the pier. A fish had caught the hook and dragged the little girl into the water after him. Marie Louise could not swim. She struggled and cried and sank out of sight.

"Mary, Mary, where are you?" screamed Midge, groping around with her arms outstretched.

"Here, here," cried Marie as she came to the surface. Midge, Midge, I'm here. Get somebody quickly." She caught hold of a floating log and tried to keep herself above water.

Midge ran here and there crying. Tears poured down her cheeks. She was in danger, herself, of falling off the pier any minute. Marie's cries frightened her so that for a moment she could hardly think. But suddenly she stopped and pressed her little clenched fists to her eyes.

"I've got to see," she whispered. "I must see for just a minute. I must, I must, I must. I don't mind if I never see again. It will not matter. If I can save Marie Louise she will see for me. But for just one teeny minute I will see! I will!"

She felt herself growing dizzy. Down there, in the blackness, Marie was clinging to her log and weeping:

"Quick, quick! I can't hold on any longer."

"I will see, I will!" moaned Midge, and then, suddenly, it was as though a knife had been thrust into her head. There was a blinding flash, a shooting pain, she pressed her fists harder and harder into her eyes, then took them away and . . . SAW!

The light dazed her for a moment, but Marie's cries brought her to herself. There, at her feet, was a coil of rope; she threw it so that the end almost fell into Marie's hands. The child grabbed it and Midge began to pull. Inch by inch Marie Louise was drawn closer and closer to the pier, and then, when she could almost touch it, two men came rushing down the path, reached over the side, and in an instant Midge and Marie Louise were weeping in one another's arms; weeping for happiness. For Marie Louise's life was saved, and little Midge could see. Never again would she have to be told how flowers looked, and birds, and the sky, and, best of all, her chum, Marie, and her mother. Sunshine had come to her when everything was darkest. It was a wonderful world.

JOK SAYS: We can prove that the earth is round by its shadow on the moon.

JOK SAYS: Coal is formed by layers of earth pressing on buried trees and flowers.

JOK SAYS: That a man's height can be told by the length of his stride, but that there are easier ways to measure him.

Hair is a hollow tube filled with coloring matter.

JOK SAYS: Everybody gets a complete new skin every seven years, but that's no reason for not taking a bath every day.

A pin-prick would be fatal if blood did not congeal.

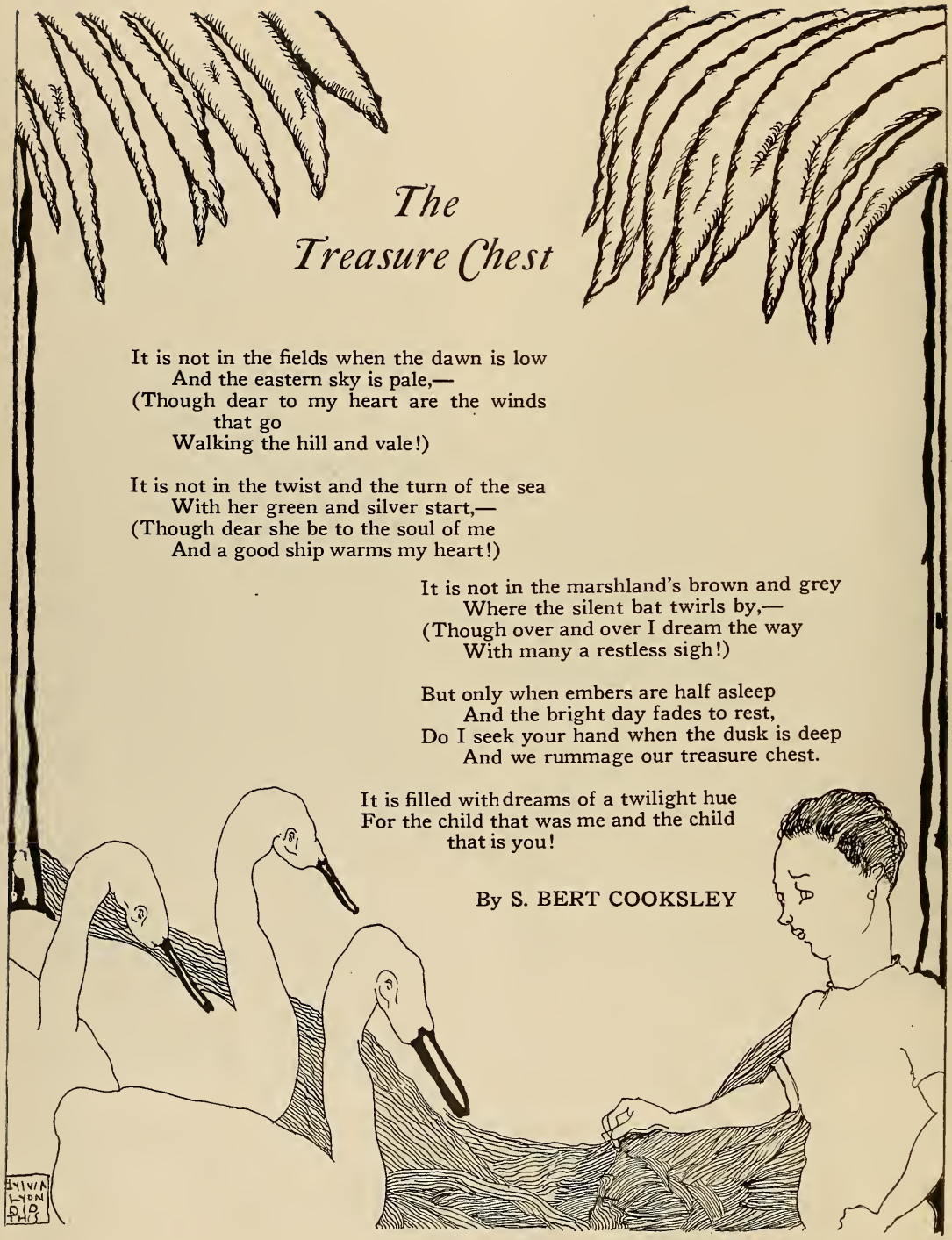
JOK SAYS: That we breathe with our pores as well as our nostrils.

A man's head should be one-seventh of his total height.

JOK SAYS: It may be a waste of time to play, but it's lots of fun.

That there is only about one pound of discovered radium in the world.

JOK SAYS: That the light of fireflies is cold, and if someone could discover the secret of cold light it would change the whole progress of the world.



The Treasure Chest

It is not in the fields when the dawn is low
And the eastern sky is pale,—
(Though dear to my heart are the winds
that go
Walking the hill and vale!)

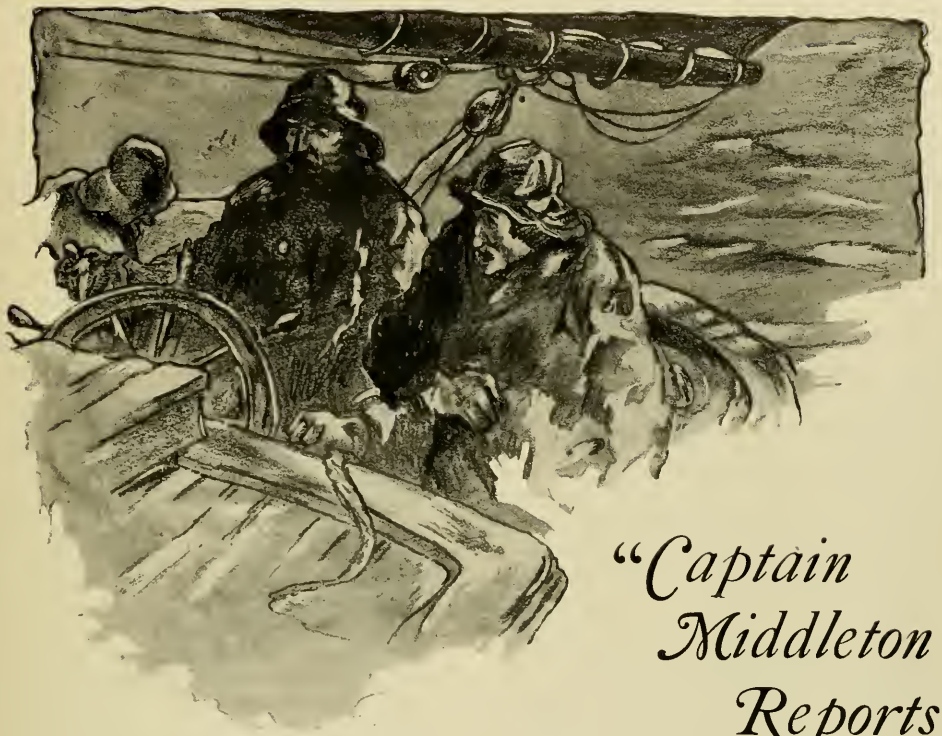
It is not in the twist and the turn of the sea
With her green and silver start,—
(Though dear she be to the soul of me
And a good ship warms my heart!)

It is not in the marshland's brown and grey
Where the silent bat twirls by,—
(Though over and over I dream the way
With many a restless sigh!)

But only when embers are half asleep
And the bright day fades to rest,
Do I seek your hand when the dusk is deep
And we rummage our treasure chest.

It is filled with dreams of a twilight hue
For the child that was me and the child
that is you!

By S. BERT COOKSLEY



"Captain Middleton Reports"

By JOHN B. WOOSTER

"JUST what I said! I was a-sittin' on a rain cloud a-smokin' my pipe and a-thinkin about the sins of men, when along comes a comet. Whang! It hit me in the stern and knocked me off my perch. I fell for about three years and then, kerplunk! I landed all hunky-dory in the ocean."

"Mad," muttered the captain. "Stark, raving mad. Maybe he's been touched by the sun. What do you say, Buddy?"

Buddy didn't know what to think. He had gone through so many queer experiences since the tramp steamer had drifted down the Bay that he found himself all in a muddle. He gazed at the strange creature that the sea had brought to them, and then, staring out across the white-capped waves, reviewed his adventures.

It seemed years ago that he had stood on the back porch, picturing for himself the life of a sailor. He saw himself on the bridge giving orders, while all the old sea-dogs ran here and there and said, "Yes, Cap'n Middleton," and "No, Cap'n Middleton."

"Captain Middleton," he had gulped. "Gosh, would they ever really call him that?" The splendor of the dream was almost too great for him to grasp. He raised a hand to shade his eyes from the glare of the sun, and scanned the wide sea. True, he was only looking at Mrs. Finnegan's vegetable patch and Mrs. Venucci's pig sty, but it was easy to imagine that it was the wide and bouncing, or rather bounding sea. Buddy had **some** imagination!

He had stood there, on the back porch that in his imagination was the bridge of an ocean rover, and then, shrugging his shoulders had climbed down to the family wood shed to think. The wood shed was a fine place for thinking and Buddy had to think. When he got that way he had to take it out on something. So he advanced threateningly to a bag of sand, suspended by a rope from the rafters, and proceeded to punish it.

"Aha, you would call my father a failure," he growled, and swung a right at the bag. "You would try to take our house away!" Smash! Smash! "You big scoundrel, you! Your nose is too big for your

face. I'm going to fix it for you." Smash! Smash! "Take that in your bread-basket." Smash! Smash! Zowie!

The last blow had been so hard that, while making but little impression on the sand-bag, it had skinned Buddy's knuckles. But he felt better. He had given the foe a good dressing down, and so sat on a sack of potatoes, and chewing a raw carrot began to think.

Buddy was the twelve-year-old son of Captain Alois Middleton, a kindly, dignified man, loved by the men who worked under him, and respected by every one. So it was that when Buddy, chancing to pass his father and a stranger in conversation that morning had heard the stranger calling his father a poor fool instead of "Sir" and "Captain," he had stopped to listen.

"You poor fool," the stranger had said, "you ought to be able to get my point. If you can't pay the mortgage I will foreclose."

"But that leaves me only a little more than three months to raise a large sum of money," the Captain had pleaded.

"I can't help that. Your loss is my gain," grinned the long-nosed stranger.

Captain Middleton shook his head. "You can't put us out. My wife can't be moved. It would kill her; you know she is an invalid."

"Tough luck, but you'll pay or get out. Go sell your ship. You borrowed the money, didn't you?"

"I had to, to pay off the mortgage on the ship."

Buddy stopped to hear no more. He couldn't figure it out. How could his father own a ship worth a third of a million dollars and still be in danger of losing a house that was not worth five thousand? Buddy knew that his mother could not be moved. She had been a helpless cripple ever since she had been knocked down by a delivery truck.

The boy puzzled and chewed on his carrot, and puzzled some more. Then he sprang to his feet, his mind made up. He knew what to do. His father was to sail that night at midnight. Even now he was down town obtaining his clearance papers. In fact, there he was now, across the strip of sand that separated the village from the bay. Buddy arose and went slowly to meet him.

"Captain," he saluted, "I want you to know that I am going to stand by you in your hour of need."

"My hour of need? Belay that stuff, you swab," grunted the captain; his eyes piercing his son's.

"Ay, ay, Sir. But dad, I overheard old hawk-face threatening you and I have decided to sail with you."

"Fair enough, but how do you expect to help me?"

"I sure could. A boy comes in handy."

"How about you mother, Buddy? Don't you think she needs you a whale of a lot more than I do?"

"No, Sir! Aunt Rose takes good care of her and I guess I'm more use on the ship than I would be at home right now."

Captain Middleton shook his head. "Lad, you are young yet. I want you to stand by your school. That's where you belong."

"All right, Sir," Buddy saluted, and smiled. Captain Middleton didn't like that smile. His son was a chip off the old block and didn't usually give in so easily.

"What you got up your sleeve, Swab?" he demanded.

"Nothing, Sir. Only I hope mother will not worry too much when we tell her about the mortgage."

"Tell her! Who's going to tell her? She knows nothing about it."

"No, dad? Is it my duty to tell her?" Buddy grinned.

"Put a clapper on that jaw of yours, boy," roared the captain, and his ruddy face grew scarlet.

"Don't you want me to tell her, dad?"

"You just dare it!"

"All right, sir. Gee! I hope it doesn't sort of slip out. I try to keep secrets, but of course if you were away at sea and I was alone with mother I might just by accident say something. It would be a lot safer if I wasn't around. . . . ."

"Why, you little sea-lawyer," the captain shouted with laughter. He slapped Buddy on the shoulder and the boy knew that he had won his point.

"I knew you would see it my way, captain," he announced. "I'm all packed and ready to go. In fact I've told mother already that I intended to go and take care of you. She says she thinks it will be a good thing for both of us."

Captain Middleton laughed once more and placing his huge hands on his son's shoulders, straightened them.

"You win, sonny," he agreed. "Remember, now! If the trip is a success I am out of the hole for good; if it is a failure we lose our ship. I have a good cargo for Pago Pago, and if we pick up an equally good one on the return trip we're sitting pretty."

"Let's go, dad!" Buddy chortled, and led the way to the house.

* * * * *

The "Adventure" had been at sea for four weeks. After leaving New Bedford, the home port, Buddy had taken a few days to get his sea-legs and was now in his element. Clad in a pair of thin blue denim trousers and a denim shirt open at the neck, a mate's cap perched upon his head, the peak pulled down over his eyes, he stood at the wheel of the ship. The course led through sapphire seas. A torpid bronze sun overhead made little swirling eddies of heat rise from the decks. A lazy cloud of heavy black smoke streaked from the stack to the far horizon, and the shadows kindled new colors in the water.

Buddy was thrilled with the thrill that only a

boy can know when he knows that a great ship is cutting the sea under his guiding hand. His eyes ran in a straight line from the waters ahead to the small protected face of the floating compass. Spare-ribs, the wire-haired terrier mascot, lay stretched at his master's feet. But Buddy paid no attention to him. A seaman on duty has no time for dogs and other important matters. Spare-ribs arose disgusted, snapped at a fly, and ambled off to find more companionable company.

A shadow formed on the horizon. Buddy raised his glasses to his eyes and could just make out the faint outline of distant hills.

"Land ho!" he shouted.

"Where away?" called Captain Middleton, his head appearing above the hatch.

"About eight points off the port bow, sir."

"Judson, take the wheel," the captain ordered the third mate.

"West 22 South," Buddy repeated the course and released the wheel to Mr. Judson. Then he stood at his father's side and stared out to sea.

"Where are we, sir?" he asked.

Captain Middleton cocked his head at him.

"The chart room is open. My sextant is on the table and Sparks (the radio operator) will give you the time."

"Yes, sir," said Buddy. He "shot the sun" and worked out the location. The dot of his figure came within a few miles of that which his father had logged. The hills on the horizon stood in back of Pago Pago. He reported location to the captain and then climbed to the extreme bow. He was thrilled. Foreign lands lay ahead and unknown adventure. It was one wonderful life! Pago Pago! Romance! Adventure! And . . . . what was that? Something glinted far off to starboard. He rushed above and grabbing a pair of glasses focused them on a speck that grew larger and larger until he could make out a raft with a figure standing on it, his arms stretched to the sky.

In an instant he had reported to Middleton.

"Take command," his father ordered, and his face flushed with excitement, Buddy dashed to the bridge.

"Change your course to North 9 West," he ordered the third mate. A bell rang, the ship turned and a moment later the raft was directly off the bow. Buddy pushed the control over the half-speed. Headway fell off; then the ship coasted and finally came to rest, rolling easily in a gentle sea, within a hundred feet of the raft.

"Well turned, lad," smiled Middleton.

His eyes sparkling, Buddy ordered a boat lowered. The occupant of the raft jumped around, gesticulating like a wild man. The boat came alongside, hands reached out and helped him aboard and with a few strokes they were again alongside the "Adventure" and the stranger was climbing up the rope.

He came over the side and stood there, grinning. The sun had baked his skin almost black. His eyes were red, his speech thick and heavy. He swayed a moment and would have fallen if a hand had not supported him. He stumbled up to Captain Middleton and saluted.

"Thank'e, sir," said he. "Old Bill Bloke was getting mighty stiff."

"Where you from?" demanded Middleton. "What ship you off?"

The man put his fingers to his lips.

"Keep my secret," he muttered. "I'm a bloomin' archangel."

"You're a what?"

"A bloomin' archangel. A 'toxicated comet got me in this fix."

"What do you mean—a comet," demanded Buddy.

"Just what I said. I was sittin' on a rain cloud, a-smokin' my pipe and a-thinkin' about the sins of men, when along comes a comet. Whang! It hit me in the stern and knocked me off my perch. I fell for about three years and then, kerplunk! I landed all hunky-dory in the ocean."

"Mad," muttered the captain. "Stark, raving mad. Maybe he's been touched by the sun. What do you say, Buddy?"

Buddy didn't know what to think. He had gone through so many queer experiences since the tramp steamer had drifted down the Bay that he found himself in a muddle. He gazed at the strange creature that the sea had brought to them, and said nothing.

"Mr. Hudson," Middleton commanded, "take him below and feed him and put him to bed. Buddy, keep the wheel till the pilot comes alongside. Mr. Thompson, take the crow's nest. You swabs down there, clear deck."

The stranger was led away, men sprang to action, the pilot came aboard and by nightfall the "Adventure" had dropped anchor off the quays of Pago Pago. Lights drifted along the shore; red and green signals flickered, and little boats tooted as they ran busily here and there.

Early the following morning they started to unload their cargo. The task took a week and during that time Buddy wandered through the native village, picking up a few words, together with a smattering of beche-de-mere, the choppy English spoken by blacks and whites. He wandered from ship to shore and back, pal-ing with Bill Bloke who, revived by food and sleep, was once more himself. He and Buddy became firm friends and such a liking did the man take to the lad that he signed on with Middleton for the return voyage.

They loaded with copra, and steaming into the east called at a small island where Captain Middleton bought several tons of pearl shell. After taking this cargo on board they turned the ship homeward.

(Continued on Page 20)

Princess Flavia's Roses

By BETH WENDEL

The Princess Flavia lived in days as far away as the edge of the sky. She was very beautiful and very kind and all the Royal Princes for miles and miles about hoped to win her for their bride.

Now, there chanced to live in a castle out near the sunset, a Prince named Gerwain. He loved her very dearly and wished that she were not the daughter of so wealthy and powerful a king. If she had been a poor milk-maid he could have given her many lovely things that she had never owned. Princess Flavia had, however, everything her heart desired, except the loveliness of Summer which Nature took from her when Winter ruled the earth.

When the days stayed long and the sun breathed hard, Princess Flavia was very gay. Day after day the Princes brought her roses and she held them in her arms until the buds were full blown and the petals started to fall.

Then gruff Winter came and the rose bushes were touched by his long fingers and shriveled. Princess Flavia became very sad and she told all the Princes to go away until Summer came again. They left, Big Black Prince Karl, and thin old Prince Bentback and all the others excepting only Prince Gerwain. He waited patiently outside the Palace gates until the first robin told him that Princess Flavia would soon smile again.

That Summer the King declared that Flavia must soon decide who would be her husband. She looked at the beautiful blossoms she held in her arms and said, "I shall marry the Prince who will always give me roses in Winter."

The Princes shook their heads sadly and decided to seek wives among the maidens who wished for gold and jewels. They went away again, all save Gerwain, and throughout the Summer he thought and planned and prayed to find a way to give Princess Flavia her heart's desire and so win her for his bride. As the days grew shorter and the wind became sharper, the roses sighed and faded. The rose-light left the eyes of the Princess and the breath of blossoms was no longer in her voice.

One evening Prince Gerwain stood by a deep pool, and gazed sadly at his dark shadow. He would rather vanish beneath the water, thought he, than go away without his Princess.

The pool was sheltered from the wind by tall trees, and a bush of wonderfully fine roses still blossomed by the water's edge. In anger Prince Gerwain grasped a flower and crushed it in his hand. Roses made his Princess happy, but they also made her grieve! He glanced at his hand, stained with the moisture of roses and then lifted it to his face. A rich, warm perfume of flowers remained.

Overjoyed, his eyes bright with tears of happiness, he sped home. Seizing an earthen crock he returned to the pool. He was none too soon. As the moon appeared, the wind tore through the trees, beating the blossoms on the bush. Prince Gerwain gathered great handfuls of the pink and white and golden petals and filled the crock. Then, with the aid of a smooth stone he ground the blood of the roses. The wind grew stronger and stronger and the Prince raced against Winter to capture the fragrance of Summer. When Dawn came, the crock was filled with the lovely breath of roses, and Prince Gerwain smiled a weary, happy smile. The wild wind howled with disappointment and filled the sky with angry, fighting clouds. And the rose bush fell into a deep, deep sleep.

Prince Gerwain went swiftly to Princess Flavia. She stood, gazing into the distance from which Spring would come, and clouds were on her brow. Gerwain offered her the crock. His hands trembled so that she knew that he held a precious gift. Wondering, she dipped her long, white fingers into the liquid. A delicious fragrance drifted to her, and hovered before her. She closed her eyes and felt red roses in her arms, and pink roses at her lips and golden roses in her shining black hair. Rose buds entwined themselves at her feet, and white roses were everywhere. Bowing her head, she held out her hand to Gerwain.

"You have made me very happy," she whispered, "and I will be your bride."

* * * * *

The Princess Flavia lived in days as far away as the edge of the sky. Her crock of roses was the first bowl of perfume.

COWBOYS

Cowboys roamed through Hollywood trees,
Red bandanas waved in the breeze,
Old pistol holsters dangled at their side.
Fiery steeds of dapple grey
Took them riding far away.
The cameraman shot them one by one.
Now if you want to see them you must go
Down the old main street
To the silver sheet show.

THE EAGLE AND THE FLYING MAN

The Eagle and the Flying Man
Are captains of the air.
They speed away at break of day
To lonely places far away.
They look down on the ragged cliffs,
And to the ships at sea,
As through the air they ride
So bold,
These captains brave and free.

THE QUARTZ MILL

Stamp, stamp, stamp, the whole day long,
Grinding rocks to the same old song.
Cam-shaft turning, turning in the sun,
Mercury catching up the gold as it comes
From the stamp, stamp, stamp of that old song
The mill-man sings the whole day long.

WHAT'S THE MATTER TODAY?

Goodness me, what's the matter today?
All the town people are running away.
Bolts are sliding across the doors,
Women are hiding under the floors,
Miners are getting their pistols loaded,
And all the children are ready but me
To climb the rafters; for, you see,
Joaquin Murietta's riding this way.
Dear, dear, what's the matter today?

EDNA BUCKBEE.

Roy . . A Story of Achievement

By MARJORIE M. ADAMS

There will be those in San Francisco who will recognize this little incident. It occurred one rainy February evening at a competitive concert given by a certain boys' club in this city. But of the three hundred-odd persons who were present that night, only two knew the story—at the time.

One of these was Roy Becker—a stolid, eyeglassed boy about eleven years of age, who stood waiting his turn to play, violin in hand, gazing off into space with an absent-minded air.

And one was a little man in rain-soaked overcoat and hat, who slipped into the rear of the hall near the end of the concert and sat down, a bit uncertainly, as if doubtful of his welcome . . . . .

* * * * * *

There were six boys in all, fingering their bows and waiting to play before the audience. It was a friendly audience, to be sure, composed mainly of parents and aunts and uncles, but nevertheless, it was an audience, and among the little group were touches of nervousness, that showed chiefly in hands that picked at violin strings or drummed a subdued rat-a-tat-tat on a violin case.

A man who knew boys might have learned a great deal from these twelve hands. Eight were chubby and short, evidently meant for anything but music. Two were white and long, with tapering fingers that held the bow in an accustomed grip. And two were strong and brown, with fingers at once long and square.

The boys were not grouped backstage, but stood a little to one side on the floor of the auditorium. The audience rustled and whispered. Several well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, the judges of the contest, made low-voiced comment on the appearance and probable ability of the six children.

"Now, that little fellow with the black curls and the big dark eyes is my idea of a genius," whispered one of the judges to her companion. "See what beautiful hands he has!"

"Yes——" her companion turned to look at the little group, "and the fair boy in the corner might have talent. Almost any of them, in fact, except that very queer little boy with the glasses and that wooden expression. He might be a mathematician —certainly he is no violinist."

Neither speaker thought to look at the hands of the very queer little boy. Had they done so, they might have been surprised.

Roy was thinking of his father. The expression that had been interpreted as wooden, in reality masked a very anxious little heart. Would his father be there in time to hear him play?

Roy would have liked his mother to be there, too. But she was in Russia, her native country. Starving, perhaps! She had sent Roy to his father in San Francisco only a year before, because Russia was not a good place to live, and because there was not enough money for her to go with him.

And so, a year ago, there had been an end to the wonderful firelight evenings when Roy played for his mother in the little house in Leningrad, and learned the fine inflections of the violin under the instruction of her gentle, work-hardened hands that yet were so nimble on the strings. Wonderful evenings! Their memory survived the terrifying jumble of rushing trains and ocean voyages that followed . . . . .

Up to the last Roy's father had hoped to accompany his son to the concert. Surely he could leave the barber shop one little hour early, to go and hear his boy play upon the violin, at the big music hall? But no! The barber shop must remain open, although it was a holiday, and all the men must work until nine o'clock. After that he could go, yes. But not before. Not before!

So it was that Roy had set out alone through the rain, with his old coat buttoned up around his ears.

How was he to manage it so that he might play last upon the program? Ignorant of the customs of the country, it never occurred to the boy that a simple request to the director of the concert, with an explanation of the circumstances, would be more than sufficient. How was he to fix it so he could play last, so his father might have time to arrive at the hall?

It was this thought that occupied Roy's mind as he stood waiting his turn.

"All boys taking part in the competitive concert tonight, please register their names with me. Names will be called alphabetically in order to insure fair dealing!"

A tall gentleman in full dress suit, apparently in charge of the proceedings, was speaking.

One by one the boys filed up and gave their names. Roy was thinking quickly. In school he sat near the front of the room because his last name began with B. If it began with Z, he would be at the end. . . . .

"Name, please?"

"Zecker."
"Spell it."
"Z-e-c-k-e-r."

* * * * * *

The concert was nearing its close. Five boys had played, including the lad with the big dark eyes and the beautiful hands, who had made the only brilliant showing of the evening, when Roy Zecker's name was called.

As he stepped upon the platform, a quiet, matter-of-fact little figure, judges and audience saw his hands for the first time. They were long, strong, and brown, with square-tipped, capable fingers.

A moment more, and the story written in those strong little hands was told in music.

He played the "Czardas."

High, sweet and clear, the notes of that stirring music penetrated every corner of the big auditorium, thrilling an audience that, even with its small knowledge of professional technique, realized that here was a master's hand.

Those notes were heard by a little man in rain-soaked overcoat and hat, who came hurrying up the stairs and slipped into a seat in the last row.

No one in the audience saw him come in. But the music suddenly took on a firmer tone, madder and more joyous, and for the first time there was a betraying glimmer of light in the eyes behind the thick-lensed glasses.

And then, very unexpectedly, it was over.

There was a moment of silence. Applause was barred by the rules of the club,—and then the four judges rose and passed out of the hall to make their decision. Not that there was any doubt about the decision. But formalities required that the motion of making it be preserved.

Roy had tiptoed down from the stage and made his way to the back row of seats. He sat down by the little man in the rain-soaked hat and coat, and held his hand, very tightly.

"Did I do well, my father?"

"Yes, little son, you did well—very well." There was moisture in the eyes of the father, and the hand that Roy held, trembled. "Surely there was none better than you tonight."

The tall man had stepped up on the stage, and was speaking.

"The judges have decided," he said, "that the prize be awarded to the last player upon tonight's program—a lad eleven years of age—Roy Zecker. Will the winner please come up here to receive his medal?"

"Zecker?" questioned the father in a puzzled tone, "But it is that they have your name wrong, my son."

Roy gave the hand he held a little squeeze as he slipped out of his chair.

"It is all right, father, I will tell you about it later."

The medal had been presented. It was with a curious and rather interested smile that the tall man had given it into the hand of the little violinist.

"You know," he said, "the presentation of the medal at this time is a formality. We will inscribe it with your name before giving it to you for good. Spell your name for me again, so that we will be sure to have it right upon the medal—for you will want to wear that medal for a long time, won't you?"

The boy smiled,—a slow, pleased smile that rendered his plain little face very attractive.

"My name is Becker," he said, "B-e-c-k-e-r. But will you do me a great favor and spell it Zecker on the medal? I would like it that way. Because——" he hesitated, and then said something that still further mystified the already puzzled director, "If it had been Becker tonight I should never have won."

WISE WILLIAM

By JOK

When Willie went shopping with ma
He didn't look so good,—
But then, he was a little lad
And couldn't if he would.

They saw some trousers in a shop
All tied with ribbons neat;
They bore the sign: Ten dollars down!
These trousers can't be beat.

"Oh, ma," cried William, "buy for me
Those trousers right away.
They're just the things I'm looking for,"
But ma said, "Not today.

"Why should I buy that certain pair?
Altho they are quite neat?"
Young William looked with longing eyes
And said, "They can't be beat."

"CAPTAIN MIDDLETON"

(Continued from Page 15)

In his cabin Captain Middleton explained to Buddy the business angles of the trip. He figured that the cargo rates would clear the trip and leave a good piece of change over. In addition the pearl shell deal should easily pay off the mortgage on the house and leave something over to lighten the ship's indebtedness.

"That is," Captain Middleton added, "the old man sea permitting."

"Gee, that's glorious, dad," Buddy shouted and banged his fists on his father's arms. "I think I'll go down and celebrate with Bill Bloke."

"Trot along," the captain nodded, turning back to his desk.

Buddy found Bill braiding rope on the after-deck. Buddy perched on the rail watched him work and listened to the story of how Bill was cast away on the raft for about the fiftieth time.

"Sure, I was some poor fish," laughed Bill. "There we were, me and my cat, Mary-O, a-sittin' on the beach watching the tide flow. There was a bunch of native kids monkeying with a raft and a-tryin' to float it. Me, Bill Bloke, being a kind-hearted zob, I goes down to help them. I shoved it off for them, and then, so that it wouldn't be thrown back on the coral and broken up, I poled it out across the breakers for them. Well, there I was, standing up on it and all ready to jump off and swim back to the beach when I sees a shark swimming around about. Buddy, my lad, take a tip from me and keep away from sharks.

"Well, I sits tight, and when the shark had swum away we had drifted pretty far out. I starts to pole in-shore but that fool pole gets stuck in a coral reef and breaks all to thunderation. And there we was, Mary-O on shore a-whinin', and me and the raft floating out to America. We drifts three days without food or water, the sun a-poundin', the waves a-lickin' around us, and then you comes along, and that's that."

That's that," echoed Buddy, "and it's lucky for you we came along. Say, Bill Bloke, there's a blow coming up."

"There sure appears to be," agreed Bill. "Listen to her howl."

The "Adventure," shoving her nose into the storm, plowed ahead. Black clouds careened across the sky and a wicked wave caught her amidships. She lilted to port and the ropes groaned and creaked.

"The old tub is sure on her ear," shouted Bill above the uproar. "Just see the old girl cant. Come up on the poop, Bud, and watch the fun."

The "Adventure" was fighting gallantly. Mountainous seas were racing upon her. The pitch of the vessel was sickening. Buddy felt his stomach churning. A wild gust of wind almost threw him off his feet. He staggered forward and took his stand by his father.

"How goes it, son?" he asked.

"Not so good, sir. Any danger?"

"There's always danger in a blow, Buddy. Take it easy and we'll be all right. Man, oh, man, see her cant!"

The big ship reeled like a sick man and rode over a giant swell. The ship's bell rang, and rang again. Middleton shook his head.

"First time I've seen the 'Adventure' cant enough to ring her bell in ten years. Buddy, we've a bad night ahead. Go down and get some sleep."

The boy frowned, and then knowing that his father's judgment was best, went below. Without undressing he lay on his bunk and rolled from side to side. Through the shouts and creaking he dozed, only to be suddenly awakened by being thrown to the floor. The "Adventure" was lying at a wicked angle. He heard a rush of feet past the door of his bunk room. Voices shouted: "All up, lads. Sure looks like Davy Jones' locker for us. Avast, there, and keep off my feet. Heaven help us, the cargo's shifted. Pray, you lubbers, pray! Pipe down, you dirty dogs or I'll put a bullet into you. . . Lower the boats, men. . . . Every man for himself . . . "

Shivering with the panic of the men, Buddy rushed up the ladder to reach his father. Men, mad men, were fighting like savages to get to the boats. They rushed here and there and everywhere and screamed and shouted. They accomplished nothing. Waves tore across the rail and barrels went flying from side to side.

Fighting through the mob of fear-crazed men, Buddy struggled to reach Captain Middleton. He saw his father sailing into the crew with flying fists; saw him strike friend and foe alike. He saw the frothing crests of mountainous waves; he smelled the brine; heard the shrieks and groans of men trampled beneath the feet of others. Above them towered the captain.

"To me, Buddy lad," he roared. "Clamp down, you idiots. There's no danger. We are not foundered."

Through the fighting mob strode a huge Czech—Sardolus.

"Like fury," he shouted. "Like fury you say. Well, if we're not foundered we will be in about two shakes. Men, after me. There's room in the boats."

Middleton raised a revolver and leveled it at the egg-shaped head of Sardolus.

"I'm still in command," he roared, "and I'll put a bullet through the first dog to lay a hand on the boats without my orders."

Sardolus glared, and, suddenly leaping, struck Middleton between the eyes. The captain fell. Buddy, struggling to reach him, was brushed aside

like a piece of straw. The boats were lowered. Struggling for places, the men piled over the side. Mr. Hudson, throwing the unconscious form of the captain over his shoulders, went over with the rest. The crew became maniacal. Buddy, swept from one to the other, crushed and bruised, heard Bill Bloke's voice crying out to him. He pummeled his way to the friendly voice; something hit him, he staggered and fell and darkness closed in.

He awoke hours later. It was night. He was stretched on a hammock. At his feet lay Spare-ribs. Standing over him stood Bill Bloke. He winced with pain and closed his eyes for a moment, then opened them again.

"Take it easy, Bud," advised Bill. "We've got lots of time."

Buddy groaned.

"Where's everybody?"

Bill Bloke waved his hand towards the sea and said nothing.

Buddy winced.

"Father gone, too?"

"They carried him over the side, but I'm a-thinkin' he's all right. The storm didn't last long and the boats are strong. Think you can walk, Bud?"

"Sure. See, I'm all right. Look, Bill, there's somebody."

Surely enough, around the corner of the stack peered a face, scared. It was Ah Joy, the Chinese cook. He ambled over to Buddy and Bill Bloke, rubbing his hands together. Too scared to talk, he fell in line with them as they went over the ship. They rigged a couple of oil lights and hung them port and starboard. Another they hung at the mast head. Then they went below. The ship had a bad list to starboard which probably could be overcome by shifting some of the cargo. The fires were out; steam power was finished and they could not shovel coal fast enough to feed the mighty fire boxes.

Bill scratched his head.

"Guess we'll just sit and wait," he said. "If we sit long enough somebody will sight us and pick us up."

" . . . . And then we lose the ship, Bill. Salvage! And all dad's hopes gone sky-high. Bill, listen, Bill! I think we can make it. We're not more than fifteen hundred miles from San Francisco. We've got food enough to last us a year. We've just got to limp in."

"Can't be done, Bud. I don't know enough navigation; don't even know where we are."

"I do! Bill, listen, Bill! Go down and see how much sail we have."

"Sail on a steam vessel . . . .?"

"Go down and see, Bill. I'm in command."

Bill looked at Buddy. He saw the strong, reliable face of the father in the boy. He drew himself up and saluted.

"Ay, ay, sir," he said, and went.

The chronometer was still running. Buddy got his time and made a shot. They were twelve hundred miles from the Golden Gate. Buddy knew that they had to get in; knew that they could make it. He was seized with panic again; the responsibility was so great. He had seen his father fall. He didn't know whether he was dead or alive. He had to take up Captain Middleton's task. He would make good!

Between Ah Joy and Bill and Buddy a jury sail was rigged; not much, but enough to give them fair headway. Buddy set the course and stood by. Bill, on the bridge, kept watch, and Ah Joy busied himself with a thousand tasks above and below deck.

On their fifth day they sighted a ship.

"Quick, run for the flags," cried Bill.

"Lay off," commanded Captain Bud. "We are going to make it alone, Bill."

His eyes lit with admiration, Bill Bloke saluted and turned on his heels.

The hours stretched on and on, a maddening period of aching muscles and weary brains. Sleep could only be snatched a few minutes at a time. Sea, sea . . . and nothing but endless sea. But the sextant was pressed regularly into service and when Buddy felt that he could no longer stand the strain he would shoot, and know that San Francisco was coming nearer and nearer every hour.

One morning, hot and exhausted, he called Bill and commanded him to take the wheel. Then he dropped a rope over the stern and sliding down it held on and trailed along, whipping the cool, refreshing waves with his feet. The rush of waves acted like a tonic; he climbed back to the decks, ready for new efforts. But the grind was terrible. Hour after hour the three queer companions stood at the wheel, or rushed here and there straightening cargo, or strengthening sails. The wind was with them most of the time, and the sea was kind, running swift and smooth.

Finally, after days that seemed a lifetime, Bill Bloke picked up the lightship off the Farallones. Thrilled, the three men stood at the prow, and saw land on the horizon. They were headed straight for the North Channel. Late in the afternoon the pilot boat picked them up. The pilot came on board, a grizzled old sea-dog, wrinkled and stern-eyed.

"Get below, you kid," he said to Buddy. "You look three-quarters dead. Some trip the old scow has had! Go on, now. Beat it below and sleep for an hour."

But Buddy stood his ground. He was determined to be on the bridge when the "Adventure" sailed through the Golden Gate. And there he was, an

(Continued on Page 25)

King Dingleberry and the Ford

A Back-Yard Play

CHARACTERS:

King Dingleberry.	**The Ford.**
Mr. Oomphla.	**The Errand-boy.**
Mary Ann Oomphla.	**The Villain.**

(If you haven't got a Ford a Kiddie Kar will do.)

Mr. Oomphla: "Whatever will I do? Here you are, Mary Ann, almost fifty years old and not married. Every time a nice gentleman wants to marry you that wicked villain draws his fiery sword and drives him away."

Mary Ann: "I do not know what to do, father. I wish some one could help us."

Mr. Oomphla: "Whom shall we ask?"

Mary Ann: "How about Jimmie, the errand boy?"

Mr. Oomphla: "Jimmie doesn't know anything."

Mary Ann: "He does, too. He was the brightest boy in school."

Mr. Oomphla: "All right, we'll take a chance. Jimmie! Hey, Jimmie! Where are you?"

Jimmie: "Here, Mr. Ooomph, up in the apple tree."

Mr. Oomphla: "What are you doing there?"

Jimmie: "Eating apple sauce."

Mr. Oomphla: "Well, come down. We want to talk to you."

(Enter Jimmie)

Jimmie: "Anybody want some applesauce?"

Mr. Oomphla: "No. But we want your advice. Jimmie, what can we do to the villain so that he will let Mary Ann get married?"

Jimmie: "Kill him!"

Mary Ann: "But we can't. Every time anybody tries to kill him he gets angry and draws his fiery sword and then nobody can touch him."

Jimmie: "I have an idea."

Mr. Oomphla: "Yes, yes."

Jimmie: "Supposing we get some gasoline."

Mr. Oomphla: "Yes, yes."

Jimmie: "And we'll throw the gasoline at the fiery sword."

Mr. Oomphla: "Yes, yes."

Jimmie: "And the gasoline will catch fire from the sword."

Mr. Oomphla: "Yes, yes."

Jimmie: "And then the sword will burn up."

Mr. Oomphla: "Wonderful idea, but where will we get the gasoline?"

Jimmie: "Just leave that to me. King Dingleberry, who wanted to marry Mary Ann awfully, has a Ford. When it runs it runs by gasoline."

Mr. Oomphla: "Quick, go get him."

(Exit Jimmie, calling: "Mr. Dingleberry, King Dingleberry, come on over.")

(Big noise outside the garden. Sounds like a Ford with loose screws. King Dingleberry rides in. The villain comes out from behind something (the ash can will do).

Villain: "What do you want?"

King: "To marry Mary Ann."

Villain: "Not while I live."

King: "We'll see about that."

(He draws his sword and they begin to fight. But he can't beat the villain because his sword is all fiery (put some red paint on it). The King is almost beaten when Mary Ann rushes to the Ford and takes a bucket of water out of it and throws it at the villain.)

(He drops his sword and cries: "I surrender." They tie him with ropes and throw him in the Ford and push him out of the garden.)

King Dingleberry: "My beautiful Mary Ann, now you must marry me."

Mary Ann: "May I, papa?"

Mr. Oomphla: "Sure."

King: "I am the happiest man in the world."

Mary Ann: "So am I."

Jimmie: "Applesauce."

CURTAIN.

YOUR CAMERA

Edited by SIGISMUND BLUMANN
Editor of Camera Craft

Send us prints of your snap-shots. Mr. Blumann will discuss your work and tell you what you have done well, and what mistakes you have made.

We will send a check for $1.00 for the best picture made by a boy or girl reader. Print must be in The Treasure Chest Office by June 15th.

PRINT NUMBER ONE

The general conception is very good, the composition being balanced and pleasing, but it will be noticed that the promontory leading into the tree in the left center is rather disquieting. It had been better to have placed the camera ten or fifteen feet more to one side or the other and so to have brought the jutting lands-end beyond the lone tree or to one side of it.

There is one grave fault in the focusing that is very common: The diffusion is not selective, and the trees which are near to the eye are "soft" and so is the distance. Some compensation for this defect lies in the atmospheric haze that suggests distance but this has been overdone and the hills on the right should be printed a little deeper.

The way to get the selective diffusion spoken of is to open the lens to nearly its full working aperture and to focus sharply on the nearest point. At large aperture even the sharpest anastigmat will be found to soften the foreground but the rest of the picture will be diffused more and more as it recedes from the focal point.

PRINT NUMBER TWO

Never, never, never, have pictorial or quasi-pictorial subjects look into the lens. This might have been a most interesting picture if the boys had seemed to have some occupation other than looking at their photos being taken. As they look out of the picture the interest is outside of the frame instead of within it. A grave artistic fault.

The technical fault is that the snow, or what seems to be snow, is blocked up. The negative should have been developed in a very dilute developer, preferably a tank with a minimum of Hydroquinon and Bromide and a preponderance of Metol, or a very dilute Pyro non-staining solution.

PRINT NUMBER THREE

A very pleasing portrait and well exposed, but with two flagrant faults. The camera was so close to the subject that the hand is as large as the head and rather gruesomely flabby through a diffusion that should have enhanced it had it been in proper proportion. The other defect is the lattice fence. The contours of the head, the interest that should center in the face are ruined by the insistent lines.

Put the background sufficiently far behind your subject to fuzz it up.

PRINT NUMBER FOUR

To be really helpful as a critic it sometimes is necessary to be brutally frank. This picture has about every fault except technical that one could devise. The point of interest is the cock on the boy's shoulder, or should be, yet all the upper part of the print is permitted to remain untrimmed and so to dilute the interest. The fence post is ugly, the boy's arm awkward, and those telegraph wires might have been touched out on the negative with a light line of a lead pencil.

To get the proper effect, try masking off the top at just where the lowest telegraph wire shows, and the sides, so that there be only enough space on either hand to give the boy elbow room, and not suggest crowding.

It is a common error to print all that is gotten in the negative. Really the picture is not finished until the non-essentials have been eliminated.

Sigismund Blumann

TRIPS TO WONDERFUL PLACES

A Birdseye View of the Yosemite

By EDWARD S. BROMFIELD

"LET'S GO!" The ground is beginning to move below us. A sudden blast of cold wind strikes my face. The wings of the plane look awfully thin and weak.

I must confess I'm frightened. It's the first time I have ever been in an airship. My father is a news photographer and he is taking me on this flight to get newspaper pictures of the Yosemite Valley. I almost wish I had stayed on land.

I'm all dressed up like an Eskimo, but I'm cold. How the ground does rush! There, a sudden lurch, and now we are in the air. For a second I had a funny feeling in my stomach as though I were going to be sick, but that's all gone now. I'm beginning to like it. I just looked over the side. We are up about 500 feet and Mather Field is way off to our right. Things look awfully funny when one is up in the air. I guess angels feel this way.

Dad just handed me a note. It said, "We are going 120 miles an hour. Do you like it?"

I'll say I do! At this rate we'll make the 120 miles to the Yosemite in one hour. The engine is making such a noise that we can't hear one another talk and have to write notes. We can hardly feel ourselves move. The ground just seems to be creeping past underneath. I see by the funny little thing-a-ma-jig in front of me that we are up 6000 feet. There's a train creeping through the hills. It looks like a worm.

There's no more flat country; just hills and black shadows where the forests are. The earth looks like a relief map down at the Ferry Building.

There is a white road winding through the hills. It looks like a piece of ribbon-confetti. There are little things like ants running along the ribbon. Must be automobiles. Say, this is wonderful! Just like sitting on a cloud and being blown across the sky.

There is a little river below us now; looks like a silver thread.

It's winding into a big hole in the ground. We're there. That's the Yosemite Valley. We are up

twelve thousand feet. Dad's got lots of nerve; he is standing up in the cock-pit, turning the crank of his movie machine. Down we shoot, just like a shoot the chutes. Our nose is pointed right for the center of the big hole. If something doesn't bust I'll enjoy it. The wind is howling through the guy-wires; sounds like one of those fellows playing a tune on a musical saw.

Now we are on an even keel again, quite close to a huge mountain, with one side just a straight cliff. It's El Capitan, standing just like a soldier on guard at the gate of the Valley. On the other side of the gate are three pointed hills: The Three Sentinels. Over in back of El Capitan the Yosemite River is rushing to the edge and falling, thousands of feet, making the Yosemite Falls. Wow, what a turn the pilot made! There's another great cliff, with a hotel on the edge of it. It must be Glacier Point. Yes, there's the Overhanging Rock. Dad told me that they push a fire off the rock every night and it goes bouncing down into the valley just like a waterfall of flames. Then a man comes out and shouts to the people almost a mile below, and a voice down in the Valley calls, "Let 'er go, Gallagher!" That's where that expression originated.

A great big rock is coming towards us. It's about as big as Mt. Tamalpais, and cut right in half, as though a giant had whanged it with a cutlass. That's Half Dome.

We are gliding down again, so that the tops of the cliffs are above our heads. People are waving to us from the floor of the Valley, and a soldier is blowing a bugle.

Now we are over Mirror Lake. The shadows of the plane are on it like the wings of a big bird. The surrounding hills are reflected so perfectly in it that people say that when one takes a photograph of it one can not tell which is reflection and which the original. We must try to see it at sunrise when the reflections are best.

And now we are climbing. A sharp wind is blowing in from the snow fields of Tanaya Valley and I'm glad I'm bundled like an Eskimo. The Yosemite is becoming just a hole in the ground again. Father is handing me a note. This is what is says:

"How would you like to loop the loop?"

I nod my head, and sort of shiver.

We keep on climbing, higher and higher. We can hardly make out anything below. Our nose is pointed straight at the sun. Sudenly we seem to stop. We are at right angles to the earth. I close my eyes for an instant, unintentionally, and then remembering that I do not want to miss the fun I force them open again, and, believe me, that is no easy task! We are going over the top. We don't seem to be moving at all. It doesn't feel at all as though we could fall out. And still, WE ARE LOOKING UP AT THE EARTH! It is over our heads! We are like flies on a ceiling! And then, slowly we start down the sky-hill again, and are right side up and soaring away, towards Mather Field, and home!

"CAPTAIN MIDDLETON"

(Concluded)

hour later, Bill Bloke's arm around his neck. The sun was setting. Golden colors were warming the Presidio hills. Sunlight flamed on city windows, and long purple shadows were running down Tamalpais.

The two companions stood without speaking. It was all so wonderful; life was grand. They drifted past the old Exposition grounds, past Fort Mason, and the customs men and health inspectors came on board. Then a Crowley tug stood by and newspaper men clambered over the side. But Buddy, too tired to talk, too excited to hear what was said, stood gazing before him. Out of the fog that was drifting through the Golden Gate came another tug. A familiar figure stood forward, waving frantically.

"Bill," Buddy shrieked, tears pouring down his cheeks, "Bill, it's dad; it's Captain Middleton, Bill. He's not dead; he's here. Bill, look, look . . . . "

And then Captain Middleton climbed over the side. Stumbling as he ran, he held out his arms to Buddy.

Bud drew himself up and saluted.

"Captain Middleton reports, sir," he said, and fell on the deck, sound asleep.

WILD GEESE

Long drifts of clouds go floating by
Like sails of ships at sea.
They follow close the source of winds
That shriek aloud and hurl the
Russet leaves from off the maple tree.
Against a bright space in the sky
The flocks of wild geese pass
Like soldiers in formation
To fight a stinging blast.
They move in great triangles
And know just where to go.
Battalions of the sky, they are,
Winging home at last.

THE PIRATES OF OLDEN TIME

Who buried the treasure, deep down in the sea?
Who lifted the strong box, and then took the key?
Who dug out the diamonds, the silver and gold?
Who charted the ocean for these pirates so bold?
Who wove their bright jackets, and sharpened their lance?
Who strung up the sails on the old jury mast?
Who walked that slim plank? Well I'm glad it was he,
For a pirate I never wanted to be.

EDNA BUCKBEE.

The Country Fair

The town is full of posters
And bugles bravely blare,
And everybody's coming
To Hickville's county fair.

There'll be side-shows by the dozens;
Ribbons for our aunts and cousins;
Lemonade of pink and yellow;
Peanuts 'nough to kill a fellow;
Wild men come from Borneo;
Bird and Fish and Cattle Show.
Ferris Wheel and Shoot the Chutes;
Elerphants and other Brutes;
Tall clowns, short clowns, fat and thin;
Sailormen with tattooed skin:
Places for to park the baby
Where they'll feed and wash it—maybe;
Toy balloons and toy cigars,
Lollipops and taffee bars;
Hollering spielers all about,
And that's the reason why I shout:

The town is full of posters
And flags are in the air,
And everybody's rushing 'long
To Hickville's county fair.

By S. B. D.

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THE POSTAGE STAMP MAN

Edited by THEODORE L. BEHR
Manager of the Edw. P. Seebohm Co.

Have you stamps to exchange? Do you want to know something about your stamps or some stamps that you do not own? Write to the Stamp Editor of The Treasure Chest, enclosing self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Back in 1845, two years before our Government issued its own postage stamps, the postmaster at St. Louis, Mo., following the example of New York, Baltimore, and a few other cities, thought that he would save the people the trouble of having to go to the postoffice each time they wished to mail a letter. Therefore, on November 5, 1845, he placed on sale a set of two stamps to be affixed to letters indicating that postage had been paid. The design of the stamps is that of the coat of arms of the State of Missouri and, as you see, consists of two bears holding a circular ornament bearing the motto: "United we stand, divided we fall." At that time people did not realize the convenience of postage stamps and consequently only a few were used. These stamps are very rare today and much sought after. The two specimens pictured above have a value of $1200, and if they were on the original envelope would possibly bring twice that.

Do you know what the picture on this stamp and all the other stamps of British New Guinea or Papua represents? It is one of the most curious of all boats, the "lakatoi." They are the sea-going vehicles of a few tribes who are celebrated for their manufacture of pottery, and once a year they journey down the coast to the capital at Port Moresby to market their wares. When the season is at hand, the natives lash together seven or eight large war canoes and cover them with a deck. The masts are set up and large curious sails made of matting are hoisted. Then they set sail with much festivities and prayers for their safe return. The coast tribes of Papua are all hardy navigators and it is not often that a "lakatoi" is lost. Eye-witnesses have said that a lakatoi under full sail resembles some huge sea bird rather than a boat.

There is a peculiar story attached to the issue of these stamps of Sicily. King Ferdinand, upon the throne in 1859, was very proud of his appearance. He wanted very much to have a series of stamps bearing his portrait, but could not bear to think of having his royal portrait blackened up by the canceling stamp. Finally, however, the finest engraver in the kingdom was called upon to engrave a series of stamps which were to bear the portrait of "Bomba," as the king was called. The canceling stamps were so made as to obliterate the border of the stamps but leave the head untouched. Any postal official who was careless enough to cancel the head of "Bomba" was in danger of losing his job. We can believe there were many sighs of relief when the "Bomba" stamps were replaced by those of Sardinia.

If you are just starting a stamp collection, send your name and address on a self-addressed envelope to "The Postage Stamp Man," care of "The Treasure Chest," De Young Building, San Francisco, and we will send you an envelope of stamps FREE.

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CONTRIBUTION PAGE

By YOU

This is your page: Helen Louise's, and Frank's, and Barbara's and Robert Louis' (with the wonderful name), and George's and all the rest. Every month the Editor is going to send a crisp check for $1.00 for the best contribution received. This month's check has been mailed to Brooks Hale. Perhaps it will be you next month.

MY CONSCIENCE

My conscience is the only thing
I wish I never had;
It tells me when I'm not so good
And when I'm very bad.

—By Helen Louise Newman—Aged 9.

We're going treasure hunting;
A pirate friend and me.
We've got a map to guide us
To Farmer Jones' ash tree.

It's got a skull right on it,
It's got a cutlass, too.
Say! Won't we have adventure
Before our hunt is through.

It's hidden in the ash tree,
Rests on a nat'ral shelf;
I know the right location—
I made the map myself.

—By Brooks Hale, Alameda—Age 14.

MY EVENINGS

I love to help my mother,
And do things good and nice.
To help her cook the dinner;
Potatoes, meat and rice.

For when the meal is over,
And the house is dark and still,
My mother tells me stories;
And oh! how they can thrill.

She tells me funny stories,
Of ghosts and goblins, too.
And I lay chilled and scarey,
Until her tales are thru.

But when I have been naughty,
My heart is like a stone.
And till I'm truly sorry,
She leaves me there, alone.

By Don Avery, San Francisco—Age 13.

MYSTERY OF THE SUSSEX VILLAGE

By Robert Louis Stevenson
(Aged 11)

Third cousin of the author of "Treasure Island"

Seeing that this is a short story, I will make it short.

Well, in Sussex, England, in a big castle, there lived a man. He stayed there for almost twenty years and he had one man for his bodyguard. Well, this man went insane and killed his bodyguard and hung his bones all around the castle. Then he went to the front door and sat on top of the door and tied a rope around his neck and killed himself. And nobody came to the castle for years. The people never saw any lights so they thought he was dead. So one man went in and when he opened the door he pulled the man down. He saw the bones hanging around and got frightened and went out and said, "It is haunted."

Well, of course the people would not come in. A whole bunch of tramps went in and saw the bones and said, "Haunted! Too bad!" and went to the bedroom and got a whole lot of white sheets and took a sleep.

Well, in the morning they took the bones down and took the man out and buried him in the yard, and when the next night came they put the white sheets over their heads and went out into the yard and ran around trying to scare the people out of town, but they did not succeed. The people got the police and they got the tramps out and searched the castle, and on the top of the roof they found a little house and they broke it down and found a boy about seventeen years old and his father, about eighty-nine, with food and one paper which said that they owned the castle and it had been stolen from them by the old man and he had put them in the house on top of the roof. Well, the boy and father got the castle.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

OUR LONELY TOWN

Around our town there's never cheer
For no big cities are we near;
No movies nor theatres any place;
Oh, this is such a lonely place.

No place to ride our Kiddie Kars;
No place for hammocks, swings or bars;
Not one child with a cheerful face;
Oh, this is such a lonely place.

Not a parade nor circus clown;
Everyone with a miserable frown.
No place to play at prisoner's base;
Oh, this is such a lonely place.

Miserable people and miserable town;
Everyone with a miserable frown.
Not one child with a cheerful face;
Oh, this is such a lonely place.

By Barbara Dickson—Age 9.

THE FIRE

We were just going to leave for a trip by boat to Seattle. The whole family was going: mother, father, my two brothers and I.

We rode to the docks and boarded the ship. At six, when the ship started, it was dark, for it was late in the fall.

A steward took us to our rooms, and later returned to show us to the dining room. Directly after supper I went to bed as I was very tired. I do not know how long I slept, but I was awakened by hearing some one shout: "Fire! Fire!"

I jumped out of bed and dressed in a hurry, then I opened the door. Sure enough! The whole deck was in flames. I ran in and woke the family. My two little brothers were crying; so was I. We were all afraid.

Just then some one called: "A ship! A ship!" We rushed on deck and saw a ship coming to our rescue. It sent out boats and picked us all up. As it was going to San Francisco it carried us all there.

"Well," said my mother, "I will never take another ocean trip if I live to be a hundred."

—By Frank Bales, Sausalito—Age 9.

WIND TALES

Say! Ofttimes when it's raining
And a winter wind will moan,
Then I curl beside the fireplace
And read my books alone.

I love to read the stories
Of pirates, cowboys, too,
The Whigs that fought the Tories,
Or Harvard and her crew.

One day I read of pirates
Who buried treasure deep,
'Twas when the night was darkest
And all lay rocked in sleep.

Bill Bones, one of the pirates,
Kin of a swarming brew,
He stabbed all of the others
And stole their treasure, too.

Well, I was badly frightened
And only read one half,
And then I read another one
Of clowns, that made me laugh.

—By GEORGE HARGENS, JR., Age 14.

FISHING TIME

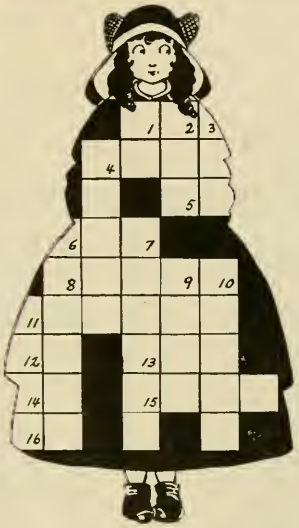
When flowers first are budding,
And new leaves paint each tree,
And bees are busy buzzing,
It's fishing time for me.

For when my school is over,
And for awhile I'm free,
You'll find me down beside the creek;
It's fishing time for me.

—By RAYMOND L. HARVEY, Age 14.

—and Other Things

By US



CROSS-WORD MARY

Vertical

1—to depart.
2—a drink made of fruit juices.
3—a cushion.
4—to discharge a gun.
6—three times ten.
7—to mumble words.
9—a place to sit.
10—a mistake.
11—an explosive shell.

Horizontal

1—an opening.
4—a refreshing drink.
5—a boy's nickname.
6—another nickname.
8—a dwelling.
11—not sweet.
12—a conjunction denoting alternative.
13—a thick liquid from coal or wood.
14—abbreviation of a big hill.
15—a boy's collar.
16—near.

PUZZLE

Fill in the missing word and win a prize—then try to get it.

Hot – – – – – – –
Jumpin' – – – – – – – –
So's yer – – – – – – – –
Leapin' – – – – – – –
Where have I heard that one – – – – – –
Like – – – you did.
Give yourself – –
– – – air.
Where did you get – – – – – – – –
Good – – – – –
Where do you get – – – – – – –
Go – – – – – – – – – lake.
Ah! Go feather – – – – nest.
– – – – – sent me
He's the guy with – – – – – – – – gloves.
Not – – – . Just fair.
Why – – – – – – – – – How could you?
– – yourself.
What! No – – – – – – –
An' that's – – – –
So's your – – – – – –

"WHEN I WAS KING"

They were not very spiffy,
They were not very fine,
But when I pulled them on me
I knew I looked divine.

They were not made of broadcloth,
Their shape was not the thing,
But when the fellows saw me,
I felt just like a king.

They were not very costly,
But nothing could malign
The thrill that swept me when I wore
Those first long pants of mine.

By JOK.

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WELL---

Here we are
On Page 32
Just this one column
And our task is through.
But now we'll tell
A secret true:
We've no more copy!
What shall we do?
To leave blank space
Would make us blue
And certainly not be
Fair to you.
We've lots of ideas,
Old and new,
That we intend
To print for you.
But then we wish
To save a few
For next month and
For next year, too.
Aha! Through the window
An idea flew.

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THE TREASURE CHEST

FOR CALIFORNIA BOYS AND GIRLS

VOL. I
NUMBER 2

JULY, 1926

$2.50 per year
.25 per copy

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

If, before another month, the editor's hair turns grey, it will be because we have had so much advice that we do not know what to do first. We find ourselves in the position of the man and the boy and the donkey. You remember the old man who tried to please everybody and ended by losing his donkey and pleasing nobody.

Firstly, several of the younger boys and girls want a cut-out page. We told some of the older fellows that we had arranged for a circus cut-out and they said: "What are you doing? Trying to make The Treasure Chest a baby-book?"

No, we're not. But we've got the cut-out page and if the older readers don't like it they can tear it out. But it is in to stay.

Twenty readers said they wanted more pictures. So we've gone broke on drawings and cuts. By the way, what do you think of the frontispiece by Sarkis Beulan? Personally, we get a thrill every time we see an original of his. We would give a year of our life to be able to draw one line as well as he does every line. In fact, we are so keen about his work that we have contracted for four frontispieces. They are going to illustrate a series of splendid stories based on the Nibelungen Lied. The Nibelungen Lied is the story of the German Volsunga-Saga, and Wagner's wonderful operas of "The Ring" are based on it. So Sarkis is going to draw Brunhilde for us, and Siegfried, and the Daughters of the Rhine, and the Wild Ride of the Valkure. We believe that boys and girls of every age will be thrilled by these stories and drawings.

People are so funny. Last month Beth Wendel wrote us that perfectly good story about Princess Flavia, and this month, up to the time of going to press, she has not been able to write a word. She says she doesn't know how to write for boys and girls. We wish you would write us a letter and tell us if you liked Princess Flavia. We did.

Marjorie Adams, who holds down an awfully big desk at the San Francisco Call, and who is no bigger than a minute, herself, has written another story for this month, "Doughnuts." She says she has so many stories to tell us that she wishes we would come out once a week. Well, even if we have to lock them up in the safe, we are going to buy all the Margie Adams stories we can get.

Speaking of letters, we have had so many requests for free foreign stamps that the stamp dealers are wondering what has happened to them. But we have hundreds more, and all you need to do to get yours is write and ask, and send a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Jok says that if any more boys phone in to ask if you can really measure the distance that an echo travels by counting the seconds, he is going to jump out of our fourteenth story window to prove how long it takes for the sound of the smash to come back to us. About ninety people want to know who Jok is. But we are not telling.

We have had an interesting letter from the head of a detective agency. He says the secret codes in "Dots and Dashes" are too easy. Wait!!

Before we forget, we have a message for high school boys and girls. We want a story by a student. It should run about fifteen hundred words. It must be a good story; good enough to appear in any magazine. We will pay fifteen dollars, or a cent a word for the best story that we receive before August first. If there are several good stories we shall be glad to buy them all, but we are particularly interested in the prize story. Can you write it?

The print shop has just telephoned and said we have reached "the Dead Line." So our worries are over for another month. But wait till you see our August number!

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GRANT AVENUE GEARY STREET

THE TREASURE CHEST

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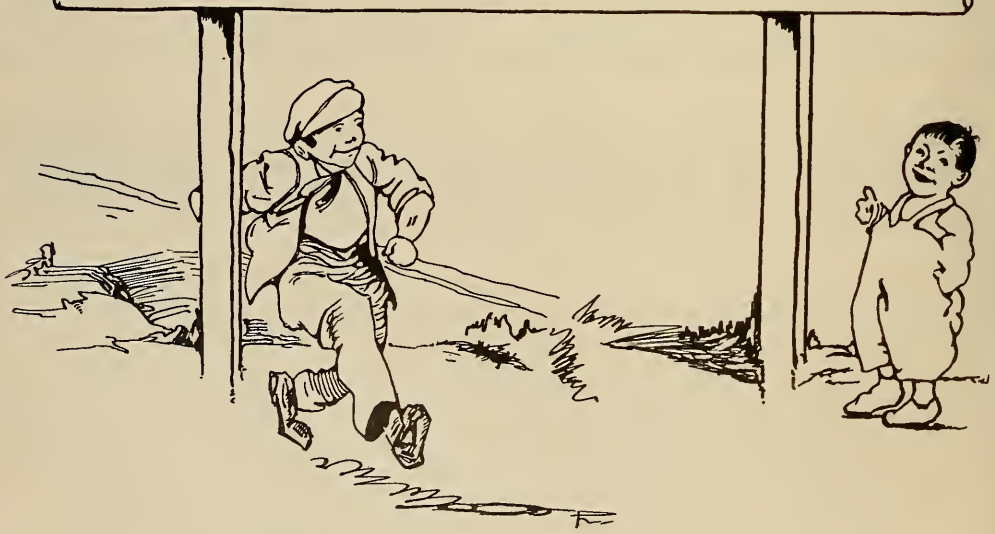

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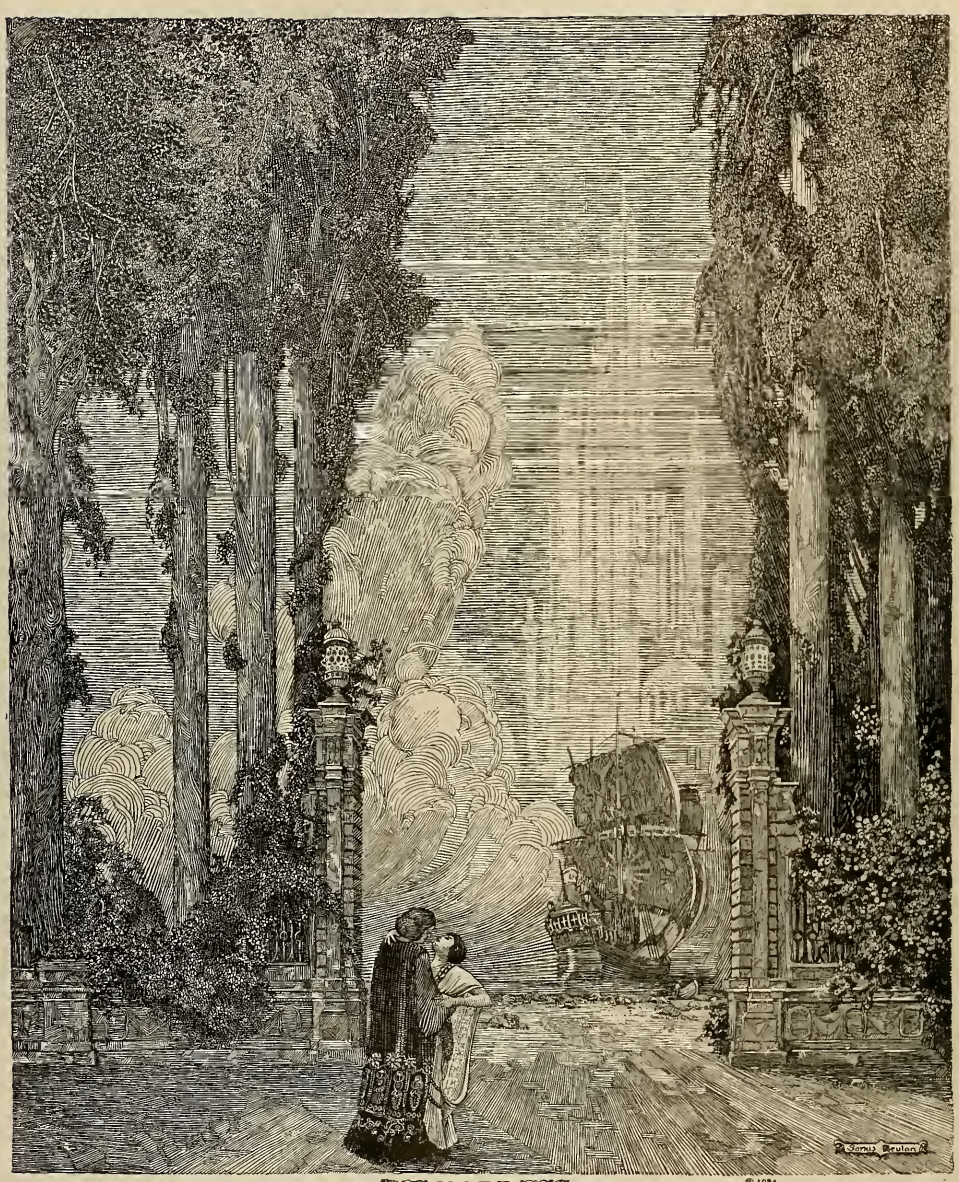

HOPE

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WITH A YOUNG LAUGH AND A GAY LAUGH,
WITH A FIRM HAND AT THE WHEEL;
WITH A TRUE HEART AND A HIGH HEART
AND A FAITH THAT IS SURE AS STEEL:

WITH NEVER A DOUBT WHEN THE DARK COMES,
WITH NEVER A PATH ASTRAY—
WITH A "HAIL, LASS!" AND A "SPEED, LASS!"
AND A PRAYER FOR YOU ALL THE WAY!

—By B. VIRGINIA LEE.

THE CLOTHING OF ULLOA

By JOHN B. WOOSTER

MANY, many years before man had found even the first secrets of fire-making, a tribe of cliff-dwellers shivered in the chill of the Great Cold. That was the era during which the great glaciers were creeping over the face of the earth, and ice and snow were everywhere. From time to time an opportune thunder storm would sweep across the cliffs and kindle fires. Then warmth and good cheer came to the tribes.

Before such a fire sat the counsel of the tribe of Chieftain Swift - Like - The - River. Hairy men with primitive clubs and spears at their feet, they squatted and scowled at one another, and grumbled in their strange language. Women, clothed like their men, peered from the dark mouths of their caves, and scolded. Naked children ran here and there and everywhere, or sat like little hunched balls and shivered with the cold.

On a rugged great rock sat Ulloa, the son of Swift Like The River. Ulloa sat and watched the tribesmen and scowled. Not always did Ulloa scowl, but this night he was miserably cold in his nakedness. He could not clothe himself for it was the law of the tribe and the custom of the cliffs that none might dress until he had, with his own manly strength, killed the animal large enough to furnish fur for a dress.

So Ulloa sat and scowled. He sat alone for he was too old to sit with the younger children. Thirteen years was very old in those days. He had to have clothing; he had to make his kill. For after the first kill the women of the tribe would be forced by tribal custom to make him clothing for life.

Ulloa glanced with envy at Agar who sat crossed-legged by the fire. Agar had brought in, over his shoulders, a dead Beela (Boar), the most vicious animal of the forests. Ulloa wondered how long it had taken Agar to carry in his kill. The beast was ripe; no blood stained his shaggy sides. But there, protruding from his throat was the haft of Agar's spear.

Ulloa leaped from his perch on the rocks and crept towards the warm fire. He knew the penalty of being there. He would be unmercifully beaten, for that was the fate of all who intruded on the counsel of wisdom.

Ax-chin, so called because he had lost the greater part of his chin in battle, was speaking.

"Food will die in the long cold. Men will die in the long cold. Men must eat. Already our children are sickening. The spirit of trouble is in our camp. There are mutterings among the men."

Swift Like The River then rose.

"What will you do, Oh, Ax-chin?" he demanded.

"Find the secret of the Red Flower - That - Eats - Through - Wood."

"The Red Flower comes from the Rain Clouds," said the Chief.

"You have said," Ax-chin bowed. "Let us then command a great hunt. Let men and boys kill for food. Let the food be placed in the ice-caves where it can not decay. Let all the men search for the Red Flower."

"You have spoken wisely, Ax-chin. The young men and the boys shall kill for food. The warriors shall search for the Flower. The old men shall keep alive this bit of Red Flower that burns upon the ground. On so slender a thread hangs the future of our tribe."

Ulloa had crept nearer and nearer, fascinated. Here was talk of strong men and brave deeds. He was thrilled through and through. He moved a bit carelessly and a twig snapped. Agar sprang to his feet.

"The council is violated," he cried. "Here is a beardless boy, naked and unhonored, and he listens unbidden to the wisdom of his elders."

At once there was a great stir. The fact that Agar was as beardless as Ulloa meant nothing. Agar had won the honor of clothing.

"Come before me, boy," commanded Swift Like The River, not unkindly. Ulloa was a great favorite of the chief and received many favors at his hands. "Know you that you must pay for listening to the conference of the tribe," he continued.

Ulloa advanced, shivering. He knew well the impending punishment; that the chief would never make an exception of his case.

"I meant not to listen," he whispered. "But I was

cold and The Red Flower That Eats was warm. Your talk was great and I did listen."

"Beat him, beat him," softly crooned Agar.

"Beat him," echoed the tribe.

The chief placed a hand on the boy's shoulder.

"I like not this medicine, Ulloa," he said. "There are those far more worthy of being whipped. But the tribal law rules. The Lash!"

A three-lashed rawhide was placed in his hand. Ulloa crouched forward on his knees and lowered his head. The hand of the chief rose and descended. With a crying swish the thongs of leather hurtled down and tore the unprotected back of the helpless boy. Six times the lash descended and each time Ulloa closed his eyes and only permitted himself to shiver when it was over. He dared not cry.

He crept from the council fire. He saw the fierce look of satisfaction on the face of Agar. He felt hatred flame in his heart. He lay in his cave that night and moaned. His little dog whimpered by his side and licked his wounds. He awoke at sunrise, every inch of his body aching. He could hardly move without crying out. He lay there and thought of his shame. His humiliation turned to rage when he thought of Agar. He would have greatly enjoyed punching the too prominent nose of his enemy. But this would have earned him a worse beating, as no boy was considered the physical equal of the wearer of a skin. Ulloa gritted his teeth and swore that, no matter how his bones ached, he would become the equal of Agar. Once that was accomplished what a beating he foresaw for the other.

Thus strengthened with determination he started after conquest. He chose a spear with great care. He wanted a shaft that would at once be light enough for him to hurl and strong enough to down a beast. Then slipping out into the cold of the morning, he picked his way painfully into the dense blackness of the forest.

For hours Ulloa tramped. But all of the game that he saw was either too small or too elusive for his mark. Early in the morning he killed a squirrel and pelted it, but the stretched skin was not large enough for the suggestion of a dress. A deer leaped across his path. He cast his spear and missed. The spear struck a rock and snapped at the head. Ulloa sat down and faced the situation in which his folly had placed him. He was miles from the tribal caves, alone and unarmed.

Something had to be done at once. Realizing this, he cast about until he found a rock that could be used for a spear head. It was black and very hard. Ulloa had never seen a rock like it before. To try its hardness he threw it against a brown rock that stood nearby. It did not break, but a strange thing happened. As stone met stone there came a bright spark and then a little cloud of smoke. Ulloa stared. He could not understand what had happened. It was not until the cloud of smoke had taken on a red glow, that he realized he had found the secret of The Red Flower. He stamped on the blaze that the spark had started in the dry grass. Again he struck the rocks together and again there was a spark. No longer would the cliff-dwellers have to wait for a rain-cloud to bring the Red Flower. Ulloa gathered a quantity of the black stones and cached them. Then he commenced to repair his spear. He made tendons of a squirrel hide and tied a sharp rock to the shaft. Then he tightened the squirrel thongs by dipping the spear-head in water.

He was at his labors when he was surprised by a growl and a grunt in the bushes. Raising his eyes he saw a boar charging him. He started to run for a tree and then stopped. Here was his chance for a kill. He turned and faced the beast and drew back his spear for the throw. The maddened animal dashed at him and he drove his spear downward with great force. There was a squeal, the flesh of Ulloa's leg was ripped by the fanged teeth of the brute, and a great tug tore the spear from his hand. Unarmed, the boy faced his enemy.

Beela, the boar, ran back a few paces, then again lowered his head and charged. With a vicious lunge it lowered its tusks to attack and then, suddenly staggering, rolled over on its side. Beela was dead.

Ulloa drew a shaking hand across his forehead and wiped away the cold perspiration. He sat down for a moment to collect his wits. But the time for action had come. Ulloa knew that he was a boy no longer; he was Ulloa, the huntsman. He lifted the body of Beela over his head and wrapping it around his neck and shoulders staggered towards camp.

At the edge of the cliff he met Swift Like The River. The chief clapped Ulloa on his shoulders and between them they carried the beast to the council fire. The tribesmen met them with songs and cheers of joy for they feared Ulloa had been killed. But he told of his kill and of the finding of the strange black stone. The tribesmen would not believe that the secret of the Red Flower had been discovered. They laughed and shook their heads and said that Ulloa was young and foolish. So he bided his time.

Meanwhile the women had torn a great strip of hide

from the breast of the boar and quickly fashioned it into a robe for Ulloa, the huntsman. Days passed while the hide was dried and salted and shaped, and all that time Ulloa lay before his cave in the cliff and talked to no one. The children of the cliff-dwellers crept near to gaze in wonder at the boy-man who had slain Beela. They whispered among themselves, but none dared draw near enough to hear the story of the kill from Ulloa's lips.

Finally the women came and handed Ulloa his boar-dress. He stood and gazed at it, thrilled, and then girded it about him. The children danced around and shouted, and the women smiled and hugged their fat stomachs. Through the crowd marched Ulloa and to his rightful place at the council fire. The tribesmen glanced at him and then turned back to their affairs, taking his presence as a matter of course. Finally Swift Like The River arose and commanded that Ulloa tell the secret of the Red Flower. All watched him intently as he took the brown stone and the black stone and struck them together. But he was nervous; his blow was not sharp, and nothing happened. The tribesmen laughed. Then Ulloa kneeled and scraped together a little pile of dry leaves and twigs. Again, carefully but swiftly, he struck the rocks. A spark sprang into the night. The men grew still. Again he struck: again the spark flew, and again and again. Then a curl of smoke twisted up from the pile and in a moment a breeze had fanned a flame. The men sprang to their feet. They shouted and jabbered and the noise was so great that no one could understand what was being said. They fought for possession of the rocks and tried to make the Red Flower themselves. But they were so eager and so many hands were clutching that no one accomplished anything. Finally Swift Like The River took command. He took the rocks and carefully imitating Ulloa, soon had a second blaze burning. Then he carried the precious treasures to his cave and ordered the tribe to go out and find Rocks that Bring The Red Flower for all. He said that Ulloa should lead them to the cliff where he had found them. But Ulloa was gone. In the excitement of his success, he had almost forgotten the other mission that he had promised himself to do. He had sat by the council fire and watched the men experiment, and suddenly had discovered his rival, Agar, peering at him through the trees. Noiselessly Ulloa arose and in a flash was flying down the face of the cliff after the other. Agar ran swiftly, but not swiftly enough to out-pace his pursuer. From rock to rock they sprang, over tree trunks and under overhanging cliffs. At the foot of the cliff Agar stumbled, and in a flash Ulloa was upon him.

Far above the tribesmen lay on their stomachs and gazed over the edge of the cliff at the combat. They laughed and cheered and shouted as Ulloa punished Agar; laughed as Ulloa's eyes snapped like the sparks of the Red Flower and his fists flew in and out, in and out, now whirling like a windmill, now pounding like the rapids of the river. Agar hid his head with his arms, only to drop them to protect his body. His groans were mingled with the shouts of the tribesmen. Only Ulloa was silent as he pounded and pummeled, only pausing to wipe the blinding perspiration from his eyes.

Finally Swift Like The River cried:

"Enough. Agar has been punished."

Agar sat, his head buried in his arms, and groaned. But his eyes were full of admiration for the victor. Finally he shook himself, and rising placed his hands on Ulloa's shoulders. Swiftly Ulloa reached out and answered the salute with his arms reaching around Agar's back. Then, sworn to friendship for the rest of their lives, the two boys slowly climbed back up the face of the cliff to their places at the council fire.

JOK SAYS our fingers are so sensitive that we could hear with them if they were trained.
Gold signs on windows are made of real gold beaten to sheets about 1-1000th of an inch thick.

JOK SAYS certain families have made a living for generations and generations by beating gold.
The lens of a camera is patterned on the lens of our eye.

JOK SAYS glass may be bent in oil.
If you dip a bottle in oil, tie a hot wire around it, and tap the neck, the bottle will break where the wire is tied.

JOK SAYS there is no such thing as a vacuum.
Our hair and nails continue to grow after we are dead.

JOK SAYS India Ink is made from a species of octopus called the Squid.
Helium is the lightest gas known to man.

JOK SAYS smoke is lighter than air.
Safety matches may be ignited by striking on glass.

JOK SAYS the bow was the first spring invented by man.
Muscles are the reward of merit.

The Worm

Lets concentrate upon the worm,
Observe him twist, observe him squirm;
Just note the way he flits his tail
And guzzles green leaves by the bale.

He is a homely little squirt
Who lives within the darkest dirt,
Who does not wash his face nor try
To keep his little body dry.

His color is a faded pink,
He does not stalk, he does not slink,
But oozes off into a bush
With half a hump and half a push.

He cannot speak, he has no voice,
If feeding's good he don't rejoice,
If he is squoze he will not squeak,
He'll only leak and leak and leak.

He loves the sidewalks when it rains,
He loves the puddles and the drains---
He loves most anything thats damp,
The squirming squidgy little scamp.

By
S. Bert Cooksley

Sue Rundle - Detective

By MARY ELLEN FORSYTHE

THE trouble all started when Sue Rundle's Australian uncle sent her five dollars for Christmas with instructions that she was to spend the money any way she pleased. The letter came, addressed to Miss Sue Rundle Grey, and was marked "Private and Confidential." You can imagine how excited Sue Rundle was when she opened the envelope and out fell a five dollar bill. She showed the money to her mother and was given permission to go down town and spend it all alone. She put on her blue coat with the fur edging, and the blue velvet hat to match, and started out. It was quite a problem to have to spend so much money all at once. Sue Rundle didn't know where to begin. She walked up High Street looking in the windows, and finally came to the sign of The Spindle Book Shop. The window was just crowded with interesting looking volumes that Sue thought she would like to own. But there were so many that she could not decide what to select. Furthermore, the store was quite full of customers and she felt rather queer at the thought of going in without her mother. What should she do?

"I know," said Sue Rundle, "I will telephone."

She went into a candy store and phoned to The Sign of The Spindle.

"I wish some books," she said.

"Yes, some books. Five dollars' worth."

"Who for? Why, for—for a man."

"What does he like?"

"Why, he likes—he likes exciting books."

"Yes, I think detective stories would be just fine. Please send me five dollars' worth of detective stories."

Then she hurried home. She was so excited that she could hardly wait for the package to arrive. But it came, at last, and there they were—books and books and books. Books about Sherlock Holmes and books about Arsene Lupin and books about Nick Carter. Sue Rundle read and read. She read until her eyes ached and her mother took the books away from her. But the damage had been done. For there and then Sue Rundle made up her mind that she would be a detective.

It took a very long time for Sue to start to practice her chosen profession. She made herself a false moustache out of cotton dipped in ink, but she could find nothing to detect. She could not do any detecting in school, for her code would not allow her to spy on her girl friends. There was no use detecting at home, for everybody knew everything that happened at home. But finally her opportunity came.

It was just at the close of school. Sue Rundle was going with her chums, Babs, Peggy and Violet Ann, to a summer camp on Vancouver Island, in back of Victoria. Their teacher, Miss Cavanaugh, was in charge of the party, and a wonderful summer had been planned.

"I think," remarked Violet Ann, "that the invigorating climate of our glorious Northwest should be of vast benefit to us." Violet Ann just couldn't help talking like a dictionary.

"She means," giggled Babs, "that the weather will be swell."

"We'll find heaps of new flowers for our class collection," said Peggy.

"And I am going to swim all morning and climb all the trees in British Columbia in the afternoon," Babs shouted.

"As for me," smiled Violet Ann, "I shall concentrate upon my studies, thereby improving myself mentally as well as physically."

"Applesauce," cried Babs, throwing a cushion at her. "What will you do, Sue?"

"I," replied Sue Rundle, "shall detect."

* * * * * *

Two days later, the little camp was struck on the shore of a small, land-locked bayou. The four girls shared a tent. Next to them was the tent of Miss Cavanaugh and her niece, Alice. Beyond were the tents of more girls, and the cook. Surrounding the ten acres of wild woods was a high stone wall, and over it strangers rarely ventured. Here Peggy collected her flowers, while Babs swam and climbed and shrieked like an Indian, and Violet Ann sat in the crotch of trees and read books and recited poetry with long words. Only Sue Rundle was dissatisfied, for here, as well as at home, there were no dark mysteries to be solved. But finally something happened.

One day, when Babs and Sue were strolling along the beach, they found foot prints in the sand. Dropping to her knees, Sue Rundle tied her cotton moustache rather crookedly on her lip, and then began to examine the marks.

"They are a man's steps," she announced triumphantly. "See, Babs, they are twice the size of our foot steps."

Cautiously they started to follow the trail, tip-toeing from footprint to footprint. After walking almost a quarter of a mile, Sue Rundle stopped.

"I think," she announced, "that we can detect better at night. What do you say, Babs?"

"Anything you say is O. K. with me," agreed Babs. The two girls returned to the camp and after supper announced their discovery to their chums.

"I'd be scared to go with you," cried Peggy. "Something awful might happen."

"And I," announced Violet Ann, "think it very much more judicious to go to our tents and slumber."

"Hurray," cried Babs, for which she received a pillow in the face from Violet.

"I shall retire," said Violet Ann.

"Old encyclopedia says, 'Let's hit the hay,'" said Babs. "But I'm going detecting, and so is Sue Rundle, and you two can stay here and see that no one steals the camp."

To leave camp after dark was definitely against Miss Cavanaugh's rules, and so two very nervous, very excited small girls crept out of their tents an hour later, and stole down to the water. The moon was very bright and the beach and the leaves on the trees were all silvery white. Somewhere in the forest an owl hooted and Babs clung to Sue Rundle's arm. But Sue, on a detective task at last, was too excited to be nervous. She had carefully tied on her cotton moustache and had pulled her straw hat far down over her eyes. On and on they crept, coming to the footsteps in the sand, and following them into the shadows. Here and there they missed them in the dark, but they always found them again when they came into a patch of moonlight. Sudenly Sue stopped and held Bab's hand. For there, not a hundred feet away, was a camp fire, and a man lay asleep beside it. Creeping on their hands and knees the girls came closer and closer. The man was very dirty; his clothes were torn and crumpled. A heavy black beard covered most of his face, and—he held something in his hand.

Nudging Babs, Sue began to creep backwards. She followed her quietly as a mouse, but when they were out of hearing she laughed and said:

"Sue, you are **some detective**. That poor man was just a tramp."

Sue shook her head.

"Didn't you see?" she whispered. "His hand? He had a revolver in his hand."

Babs stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth to keep from screaming, and then, like a flash, Sue Rundle began to run, her moustache flying behind her towards camp. On and on they raced through the camp and past it, down to the stone wall. In a flash they were over it and down the automobile road. There, coming towards them, was the headlight of a motorcycle. Sue stood in the middle of the road and waved her hat. The motorcycle came closer and closer and finally stopped. A man in a mechanic's suit jumped off and ran up to them.

"What's happened?" he demanded.

Their teeth chattering so that they could hardly speak, the two girls told their story. The man whistled.

"This is serious," he said. "Stay right here till I come back."

He jumped on his wheel again and whisked back down the road.

Babs and Sue Rundle sat under a tree, shivering, wondering what would happen; wondering if they would be sent home from camp for leaving it against the rules, wondering what their chums would think of their exciting experience.

Back came the motorcyclist, and with him, three others in the uniform of the Canadian Mounted Police. They gathered around the girls while Sue told what they had seen.

The mechanic shook his head.

"What do you make of it, Pete?" he asked of one of the officers.

"Make of it," replied he who was known as Pete, "Sure as my name's Peter Woods, these young ladies have discovered the hiding place of Black Saunders after all the police in Canada have been looking for him for a week. You youngsters had better run along home. There's bad work ahead."

"No," said Sue Rundle. "We detected him and we want to be there when he is captured."

The officer's eyes twinkled.

"Charlie," he ordered the mechanic, "you keep in the background with these young ladies, and let them be in at the finish. Now, show us the way."

With drawn revolvers, the three officers started

across the wall, Sue and Babs following with Charlie. They crept past the camp and down to the water where the footsteps started. Then, into the forest they went, and it seemed as though they had walked miles. There, ahead of them, was the camp fire and the man. Charlie stopped behind a tree with the girls and the three officers circled the fire.

Suddenly a revolver shot rang out; then another and another. There was a loud groan and a rush of feet through the leaves. Voices came calling through the trees and up came Miss Cavanaugh, with Violet Ann and six other girls.

"Sue Rundle," cried the teacher. "What in the world have you girls been doing? How dare you leave the camp without permission? Who are these men? I am simply amazed."

But before Sue or Babs could answer, the officers came through the trees leading the bearded man, handcuffed.

"Mam," said the man who was known as Pete, "these youngsters are the bravest I have ever seen. They have found Black Saunders, the worst desperado in the Canadian woods. We have been hunting him for a week. There is a two thousand dollar reward for him, dead or alive, and these young detectives have earned half of it."

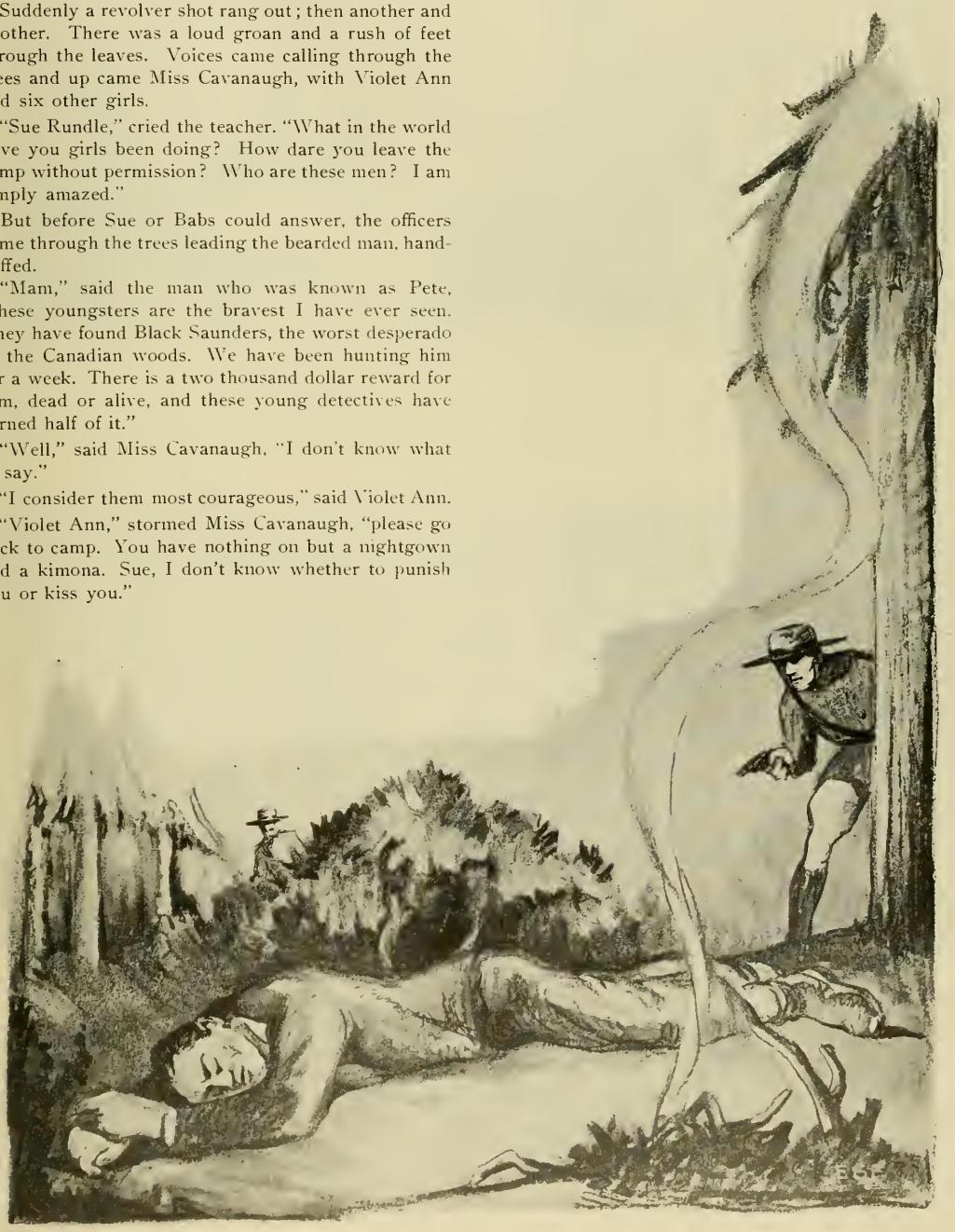
"Well," said Miss Cavanaugh, "I don't know what to say."

"I consider them most courageous," said Violet Ann.

"Violet Ann," stormed Miss Cavanaugh, "please go back to camp. You have nothing on but a nightgown and a kimona. Sue, I don't know whether to punish you or kiss you."

Babs giggled and pinched Sue's arm, and, as they started back to camp, Sue Rundle whispered to her chum:

"You heard what he said? He said we were detectives. I just knew that I could detect."



DOTS AND DASHES

By S. B. DICKSON

Chapter II

WHAT WENT BEFORE.—Bill Hodgkins (Hoxie), the captain of the Varsity Squad of Midway College, is a radio fan. Listening-in to a message of dots and dashes he finds that he can not decipher them although he has studied all codes. But Frenchy Lafitte, who understands such things, sets to work to find out what the message is about. While they are working, a group of Midway men rush in and announce that Freddie O'Neil, their prize quarter-back, has deserted and gone in for professional football. In a flash Hoxie is out of the room and off to find O'Neil.

AFTER Bill Hodgkins had left the dozen excited men in his den, Big Morg Lindsey took command.

"Gang," he ordered, "pipe down. Blondie, you and Tommie Blewitt and a bunch of you hyenas go for a walk and don't come back till I send for you. If I have any news I'll hang the auction flag out of the window. If it's bad news I'll tie a black sock to it. I don't know where Hoxie has gone or what he is going to do, but I'll gamble on it he'll get action. Foots, you are to stay here. We'll hold the fort if it takes till Christmas."

The excitement quickly subsided. One by one the men retrieved their caps and started for the door. But Lindsey stopped them.

"One thing more, fellows," he said. "Remember what Hoxie said. Mum is the word. Not a word about O'Neil or any of this business to a soul on the Quad. Now, breeze!"

Confident that their affairs were in good hands, the Midwayites filed out. As the door closed on the last of them, Lindsey turned to Lafitte.

"Frog," he announced. "You are the only cool-headed man in the bunch. What do you make of it?"

"What should I make of it? It's clear enough, isn't it? O'Neil has gone professional."

"Yes—and no. It's clear that he wants to go professional, but it's not natural. He's been strong for his college for four years. He's prize-baby of the team. I can't figure his deserting two weeks before the big game."

Lafitte grunted. He walked around the room, indifferently examining Hoxie's trophies. Then he lay on the couch and gazed quizzically at Lindsey.

"Morg," he said, "when anything stumped my father; whenever he came to cross roads and didn't know which way to turn, he'd play a game of chess."

"Fair enough," agreed Lindsey, "but I don't play chess."

"Neither do I," Lafitte laughed, "but I've got something just as good." He tossed Lindsey the page of code letters and grinned as a blank expression crossed the big fellow's face.

"Looks like Greek," said Lindsey.

"That's exactly what I said an hour ago to Hoxie. But it isn't. Let me show you."

In a few words he explained the receipt of the radio dots and dashes, and showed Lindsey the progress he and Hodgkins had made. Lindsey was interested. His eyes scanned the page quickly.

"Looks like that fourth word from the end is S E E," he said.

Lafitte nodded. "Probably right. Let's put an S under every U."

"Begins to look like something," said Morg, growing excited. "Look at the fourth, fifth and sixth words from the end. Don't they look like 'AND I CAN SEE'? . . . ."

"They sure do. Put a D under the Q's and a C under the A's."

"Ninth word from the end is 'GOOD,'" Lindsey said.

"Sure thing! Write in the O's under the L's."

"Here's another lead. That word X L L is T O O."

"Right again."

"Look at the fifth word. It must be T H E. . . . ."

"Lead on!"

They quickly wrote H's under the R's. Suddenly Lafitte sprang to his feet, grabbed the paper from Lindsey and began pounding him on the back.

"Well?" roared Lindsey. "Gone crazy?"

Lafitte could hardly speak.

"I told you so. I told you so," he mumbled over and over. "It's dirty work and it's come home to roost."

"What do you mean?"

"Look, look," Foots gasped. "What is the twenty-sixth word?"

"The twenty-sixth? Let's see. Twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty . . . Holy mackerel! It's HODGKINS! What does it mean, Frenchy?"

"Ask me. Get out of the way, Morg, I'm going to find out what it means. Man, oh man, look what I've got. This seventh word! If it isn't FOOTBALL I'm no Frenchman."

Morg Lindsey, like most big men, was a slow thinker.

"Football," he gasped. "I see light. Football! Hodgkins! Professional! O'Neil! What is it all, Feets?"

Lafitte paced the room.

"Morg," he ordered, "go out and find the Deacon and a couple of other level-headed men. I can finish this thing in a couple of minutes. I'll have it worked out when you get back."

Lindsey saluted and left the room. Then Lafitte settled down to his task. Filling in the seventh word: FOOTBALL, and placing the F's, B's and L's through the rest of the code he presently threw his pencil down and read the message aloud:

WRITE TO ME WHEN THE SECOND FOOTBALL SQUAD BREAKS TRAINING. THE CARDS ARE STACKED AND I THINK WE HAVE SMOOTH SAILING NEXT YEAR. DON'T TAKE HODGKINS TOO SERIOUS, HE IS A WEAK SISTER. YOU ARE DOING GOOD WORK AND I CAN SEE BIG TIMES AHEAD. . . . . .

"It certainly is Greek," he grunted, "but we've got to find out what it's all about."

Obviously some one, some where, was planning to throw a hammer into the machinery of the varsity team. So they thought Hoxie a weak sister; did they? They did, did they? Well, that could be argued at a later date. "Write to me when the second squad breaks training!" What in the world did the training of the second team have to do with it? Unless . . . . was there, perhaps, a deep plot to ruin next season's team, too?

Shaking his head, Lafitte put on the ear phones, the dial of the radio set where the mysterious message had come in. A voice piped in a baby falsetto:

"I mith my swith; my swith mith mitheth me. . . ."

With a grunt Foots twisted the dials a couple of points and a sweet, cloying voice told him to "add the whites of two eggs, lightly beaten; a pinch of baking soda, a dash of vanilla and . . . ."

"Excuse me if I seem to be butting in, lady," said Foots, and pushed in the plug.

He sat in deep thought for a few minutes. Through his mind ran the names of men who had taken an active interest in Midway Technical College football. Captain Hoxie Hodgkins, a prince of fellows! Dean Snow! "Tubby" Brown! "Red" Summers! Arthur Criton! O'Neil! All clean, upright men, proud of their college, proud of their record! O'Neil could not be a traitor. Some deep motive must have prompted him to betray his school.

Lafitte's meditation was interrupted by the return of Morg Lindsey with Dean Snow and "Red" Summers.

"Couldn't find the Deacon," said Lindsey. "Tell Snow and Red what's in the wind."

"On the air," Lafitte corrected him.

As quickly as possible he explained the situation to the newcomers and read them the message. The four Midwayites sat in a brown study, staring at each other as though seeking a solution of the riddle in one another's faces. Finally Dean Snow spoke. He was a serious lad; a "grind;" a scholar, considered an obnoxious high-brow by many. But Snow was a human fellow, with a sympathetic understanding of the men he met. He thought a great deal and said but little.

"Frenchy," he suggested, "this radio stuff can't be coming from a very great distance. It it had there would have been interference and fading and you never could have picked up the complete message without losing something. Some amateur not far from here is sending out the sparks."

"He would have to be licensed."

"Yes, according to the law, but some one may be getting by the law. It's my opinion that some school boy down in the village has rigged up a set, and if that is the case it won't be hard to locate him."

"How?"

"Well, the simplest way would be for us to borrow a portable receiving set and take it out in the Ford. The stunt is to go in the direction that the loop points when the reception is loudest."

"That might work," Lafitte agreed, "but meanwhile we'd better be on the watch for more messages."

"What do you want us to do?" asked Red, "sit with the phones on our domes all night and day?"

"That won't be necessary. Dots and dashes come in loud. Just stick on the loud speaker and set the dials and one of us will stay here all the time."

"Not a bad idea," Snow nodded. "Put it on now."

Lindsey turned on the power but the air was still. He placed the loud speaker on the table in the center of the room. Lafitte lay on the couch studying the queer, decoded message. Snow sat at the desk sketching "Red" Summers. The freckle-faced, square-jawed countenance of Red grinned from the paper in a moment. With a red marking pencil Snow blotched in a mass of red hair. As he sketched he reviewed the situation.

(Continued on Page 63)

The Pony Express

By GEORGE STERLING

OH WEST, dear West! the old romance is fading,
In the afterglow upon the hills of Time.
Slowly the shadows of the night, invading,
Upon the mountains climb.

Far days and deeds, far perils and far glory!
They who remember still are going fast,
And soon the voice alone of song and story
May tell us of the Past.

From out those years that every year grow stranger,
Brightest, I think, the fearless riders gleam
Who took their part in all that joyous danger,
To serve the human dream;—

Who bore the mail by desert or by fountain,
Braving the savage and the tempest's wrath,
Across the plain, across the midnight mountain,
Taking the lonely path.

Not of themselves they thought, but of the duty
That bound them to the work that must be done—
The stern resolve, the spirit's hidden beauty,
By which the race is won.

Trails of the mountain, you have known them, feeling
For foothold in the long and starless night!
Suns of the desert, you have seen them, reeling
Across the leagues of light.

But neither hill nor plain beheld them scathless
From anxious starting-point to journey's end;
And neither sun nor moon beheld them faithless
To master or to friend.

Theirs was no voice to cry to men their peril;
Theirs was no bard to term their toil sublime;
But through the desolations, vast and sterile,
The mail came in on time.

Now they have rest from that intrepid riding;
Now they have peace of grave or fireside, they
Whom failing memories are still dividing
From our forgetful day.

The courage that was theirs may Time make stronger,
As now the new romance begins its reign
And high above the trail they take no longer
Flashes the aeroplane.

"Doughnuts"

A Story of Faithfulness

by Marjorie M. Adams

THE freight train lurched around a curve, and Casey, who had been balancing a doughnut on his nose for the edification of the rest of the train crew, dropped it, recovered it, and conveyed it half way to his mouth when he was stopped by Jock Mullany. "Wait!" said Mullany, taking the doughnut from Casey's fingers. "I'll show ye a thrick that will beat that." The entire crew followed him as he made his way to the rear of the train, swung overside, and dangled by an arm and leg above the roaring rails. Down the track a brown object appeared. At closer range, it resolved itself into a dog—a small shaggy Airedale, with expectant ears pricked toward the approaching train.

"Now!" said Mullany, shifting the doughnut to his free hand, "Watch this wan. Hey there, Doughnuts!"

He tossed the tidbit. The dog described a perfect arc as he soared into the air and caught it.

"Wags his tail before he even comes down," chuckled Mullany, climbing back on top of the car. "How that pup does hate doughnuts. That's where he got his name."

But even Mullany, who had tossed doughnuts to the crossing flagman's dog for several years past, never guessed what became of the food. Had he watched Doughnuts, trotting soberly along the track down to his master's shanty, he might have seen that the dog held the delicious morsel carefully between his teeth—so carefully that not even its golden-brown, aromatic crust was broken.

Denny, the aged crossing flagman, had limped back to his chair outside the shanty after flagging the highway traffic back to safety as the train approached. There was a queer, unaccustomed shakiness in Denny's limbs as he seated himself again in the sunshine. It had been hard to get up out of the chair. Harder still to make his way out to the crossing and hold up that little crimson strip of cloth that meant life or death to those who passed the cross. He leaned back with a groan that was partly simulated, partly real.

"It does ye good to grunt when ye sit down," was Denny's contention, "I ain't gittin' old, for all o' that."

Doughnuts! Faithful little pal of the past seven years—or was it eight? Denny had forgotten. Only, it seemed to him, as to the Division, that there had never been a time when Doughnuts had not been there, sitting erect on his little bobbed tail in the sunshine, and laughing with mouth and eyes. Years of companionship had blotted out for the master that sharp defining line between animal and man, and when he spoke to Doughnuts it was as a friend.

The dog came trotting up now. Still sober-faced—still without a betraying wrinkle of the nose to show that he would have liked better than anything in the world to bite into that hungry-smelling morsel.

It was like a ritual—the thing that followed.

Doughnuts laid the tidbit in his master's hand. Denny divided it, and offered one piece to the dog. Doughnuts drew back, the picture of offended virtue. An injured bark showed that he was deeply hurt. And the piece of doughnut was withdrawn, to go the way of its predecessor down Denny's aged throat. Doughnuts wagged a satisfied tail. Once more he had played convincingly the role of having-had-something-to-eat.

The little ritual was over. Denny leaned back in his chair and the dog curled up at his feet. Man and dog were motionless, but with a difference. Denny had relapsed into the easy sleep of age, while Doughnuts' black-currant eyes were alert for everything that moved, while his furry ears questioned all the air. He was listening for the bell inside the shanty.

That was a most important bell. As a small puppy, Doughnuts had come to associate its ringing inseparably with Denny's absences from the cabin. When it rang, it brought Denny to his feet as though a wire had pulled him upright. Then the flags were snatched up, and out of the door went Denny—that door which was Doughnuts' whole horizon in those far-off puppy days—to his whimpering dissatisfaction.

Overhead the bell would clang and jingle, terrifying in its very insistence. And to the puppy's ears would come the humming roar of an approaching train. Then he whimpered indeed—cried and howled and burrowed beneath Denny's ricketty cot to escape the terror. But it always passed the little shanty by, and in time he came to believe that it was Denny who staved off the danger.

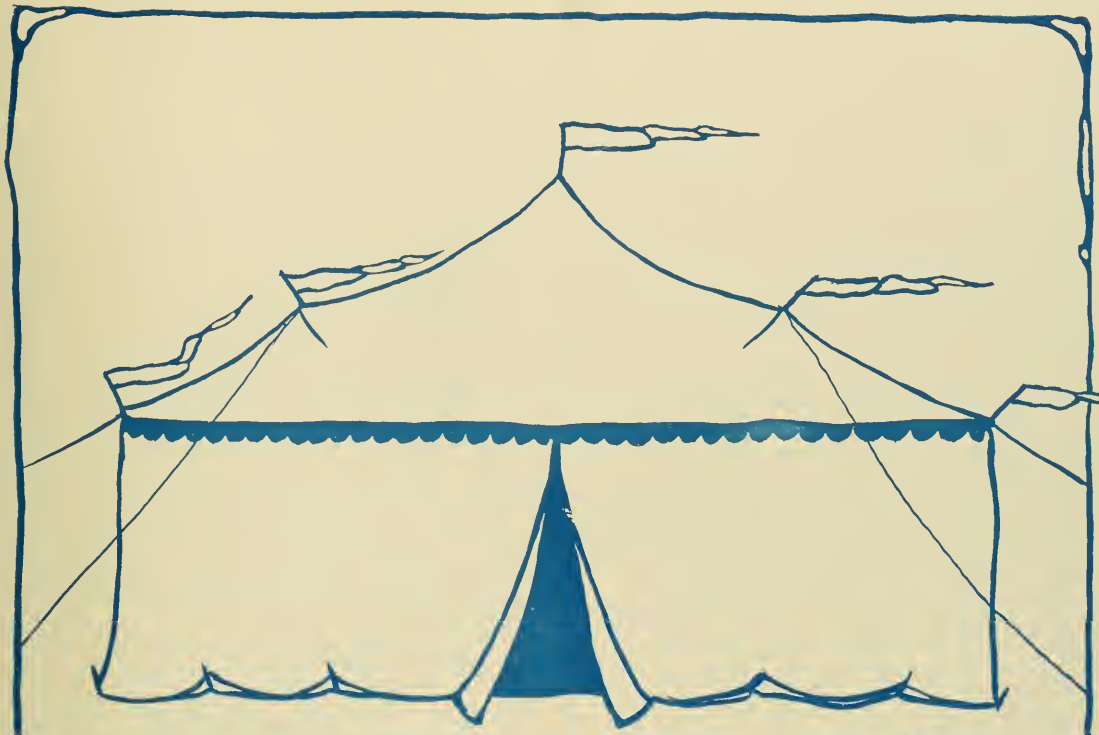
Then came the day when Doughnuts followed his master to the door.

Denny limped down along the right-of-way to the highway crossing, and stood there, flags in hand. On one side, the mountain road serpentined down into the hazy valley. On the other, two ribbons of steel ran up the line for half a mile and then vanished around a sharp turn—known as one of the most dangerous on the Division.

Three machines approached the crossing, and Doughnuts was startled to see that they paid no attention to his all-powerful Denny. Nearer and nearer—and then Denny held up the little red flag. The cars stopped. Suddenly a train appeared around the curve and went roaring past. Denny put down his flag, and the cars went on. That solved the mystery for Doughnuts. It was not Denny, then, but the little red flag, that stopped things.

Less than a year later there had been a never-to-be-

(Continued on Page 53)



THE CIRCUS CUT-OUT

For Small Girls and Smaller Boys

Here is your circus! Just see the big giraffe and the little pony! What a silly grin the clown has! What a wonderful animal the monkey is! He can hang by his tail or his toes and go to sleep a-hanging there. He is just as happy up-side-down as right-side-up. LET'S CUT THEM OUT. We must have a sharp scissors. We must be very careful not to cut off the pony's head-piece or the giraffe's radio-horns.

Do you like the circus? Very well; then cut the funny things out and lay them away in your scrap-book till next month. In August there will be more of the circus, and more each month, till we have everybody. The fat lady and the thin man; the ring-master and the water-carrier; the elephant and the hippo; the bare-back rider and the trapeze acrobats and all. Then, the first thing we know we will have the whole circus and the editors will try to find a tent to keep it in. Some day we hope to have an exhibition of our circuses and there will be a prize for the boy or girl who has been most careful in his cut-out work. So keep your fingers clean and your scissors sharp and let us see who can do the best work.

CUT OUT ON THIS LINE AND SAVE YOUR MAGAZINE

THE CLOWN

Oh, see the funny circus clown
Now jumping up, now falling down.
A-bouncing 'cause his pantaloons
Are almost filled with toy balloons.

His face is painted black and white;
He looks just like the sky at night.
He falls down on his pantaloons
And bounces on the toy balloons.

A smile is painted on his lips
So tightly that it never slips.
His head shines like a brand new penny
Because of hair he hasn't any.

We shout when he begins to skip
Because we know he'll surely trip.
He'll bang upon his pantaloons
And burst a couple of balloons.

THE GIRAFFE

The Big Giraffe's a wondrous beast;
He looks like he's been raised on yeast.
His biggest problem is, by heck,
To get a collar for his neck.

His hide is covered with big spots.
They look like sun-bonnet poker dots.
His hair, it isn't bobbed. Instead
Two radio knobs grow on his head.

When he wants to eat the tops of trees
He's got to crawl upon his knees.
And when with "flu" his throat grows raw
They swab it with a twelve foot straw.

So when I see a Big Giraffe
I stop to frown and then I laugh.
For though I'm not as queer as he
He always must look down on me.

THE MONKEY

The monkey is the queerest beast.
  He's always in a rage.
I laugh and wink at him. At least
  When he is in a cage.

The monkey chatters as he swings
  A-hanging by his tail.
He scratches fleas and other things;
  His hand is mostly nail.

The monkey can sit any place;
  His antics make me laugh.
He perches with a serious face
  On horns of the giraffe.

I wish I was a monkey small;
  I'd in the circus dwell.
And nothing'd trouble me at all,
  I love the circus smell.

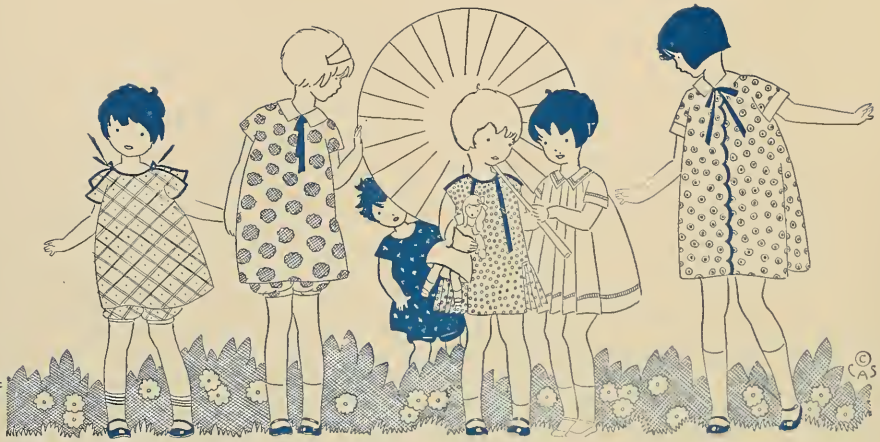
THE PONY

The pony is a gentle pet
  Who prances in the ring.
But he will neigh and kick and fret
  When clowns begin to sing.

He dances when the music plays
  And makes a lovely bow.
He even bends his knee and prays;
  Its strange that he knows how.

The boys chase him around the track
  And try to steal a ride.
But as they climb up on his back
  He throws them far and wide.

The pony is a gentle pet;
  He looks so soft and nice.
The boys all want to ride him, yet
  They never try it twice.



New Fashions for Wee Ones

And an Old Lesson in Manners

"What's your name?"

"Beatrice. What's yours?"

"Betty Jane. My mama said I could play with you."

"Oh."

"My mama said you were the best-dressed little girl at the hotel."

"Oh."

"Where did your mama buy your dress?"

"I won't tell you."

"It's funny, anyway, with those little marks all over it."

"That's printed. Silly! Most of the nice vacation dresses are printed."

"Where did your mama buy it?"

"I won't tell you. All these other little girls' dresses came from there, too."

"If I give you a stick of candy, will you tell me?"

"No. But it's a store that has all the newest styles for little girls and boys."

"Aw—tell me what store!"

"No. Oooooh, there's mama! Why, she's been sitting on that bench all the time."

"Why, Beatrice, where are your good manners? Never let anyone tease you for an answer. Now tell the little girl where Mother bought the dress."

FIFTH FLOOR

O'Connor Moffatt & Co.

121 Post Street SAN FRANCISCO between Grant and Kearny

FIFTH FLOOR

DOUGHNUTS

(Continued from Page 48)

forgotten instance of this. A truck had stalled on the crossing, and Denny had tried to aid the driver in moving it when the little bell in the shanty commenced to ring. Shouting at the driver to abandon the car, Denny had grabbed the little red flag and run as fast as aged legs would carry him, straight up the track.

And Doughnuts—watching from the door, all a-shiver with excitement—saw the train come into view. Saw the little red flag waved aloft by his master's frantic hands, and the train brought to a halt—in time to prevent a wreck that might have derailed the biggest engine of the Division . . . .

Doughnuts thought of all these things and many more as he lay there in the sunshine with his beloved Denny. The power of the railroad danger signal, that stopped iron monsters in the winking of an eye, was one of his favorite puzzles. It worked—but how?

It was warm there in the sunshine. Doughnuts' eyes began to droop, his alertness gave way to a sense of sleepy pleasure. One of Denny's hands rested upon his head. It was too nice for anything—but—sleep—

Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-ring!

His eyes shot wide open. The bell! He leaped to his feet, and ran to the shanty to get the flags for Denny. Bearing them in his mouth, he came bounding out of the door and stopped in utter surprise. Denny had not moved! He dropped the flags and barked. No response. He barked again without result. Then a queer cold chill fingered its way down Doughnuts' little spine. What was the matter with Denny?

Three women and a man in a machine chugging its way toward the crossing saw a frantic dog tugging at the sleeve of an old man apparently asleep in his chair. But as they watched, the man toppled from his chair and lay still—face downwards.

"Something's wrong there, Mary!" exclaimed the driver, bringing the car to an abrupt stop, "I'm going to get out and see!"

He leaped from the car and ran toward the scene.

Neither he nor the three women left behind in the car—sister, mother, and wife—saw that the wheels of the machine projected almost across the railroad tracks in a position where the car would inevitably be side-swiped if the train should come. Neither he nor they heard the ringing of the little bell in the shanty.

The man had lifted Denny and put him gently back in the chair. From the car, the three women stared at the little tragedy, silently. There was nothing they could do. There was nothing anyone could do. Denny was dead.

It was Doughnuts, who in all the wild abandon of his grief, first noticed the position of the car. He barked at the man, trying to call his attention to it. But the stranger started back in fright, thinking the dog mad. Doughnuts barked again—ran toward the car, with the insistent ringing of the bell in his ears.

Were they deaf? Were they blind? Could they neither see nor hear? He barked again—and the women screamed, and drew back.

Then Doughnuts stood still. What if they did not get out of the way? Did it matter—did anything matter at all, now that Denny was dead? Oh, to feel the touch of his hand again, the hand that half an hour ago had been quick with life! Doughnuts turned away. He would go back and lie beside his dead master. If these people knew no better than to be killed, so be it.

Then he heard the train. Drumming, humming, the far-off roar of it came to his ears. And with that sound all that was weak and grief stricken in Doughnuts gave way to the trained response of an automaton. One more glance at the occupants of the machine. They had not moved. Very well, he must save them. There lay the little red flag—

Up the track, running, with the little red flag in his mouth. Up the track toward that terrible sharp turn from behind which the iron monsters came with puff and roar. Up the track, away from Denny, to save men and women he had never seen before—

Train No. 1 was late. Shanahan, the engineer, commented upon its lateness fluently and with much force as he watched the track ahead and opened the throttle beyond the last notch of safety.

"It's chancey," he said to himself, "running around these kind of mountings at top speed. But if ye're late on this line, ye might as well be dead—so far as the Chief's concerned."

The engine swayed and swung, rounding a sharp curve, and Shanahan leaned sideways, the better to see the track ahead: leaned sideways—and saw Doughnuts, racing toward the train with something in his mouth. The fireman caught sight of the dog at the same instant.

"Stop the train!" he yelled, "You'll kill 'im!"

Shanahan's jaw took on a grim line.

"Stop nothin'," he said, "I haven't risked your neck and mine, me boy, racing these mountings like a wild goat to be stopped by a dog."

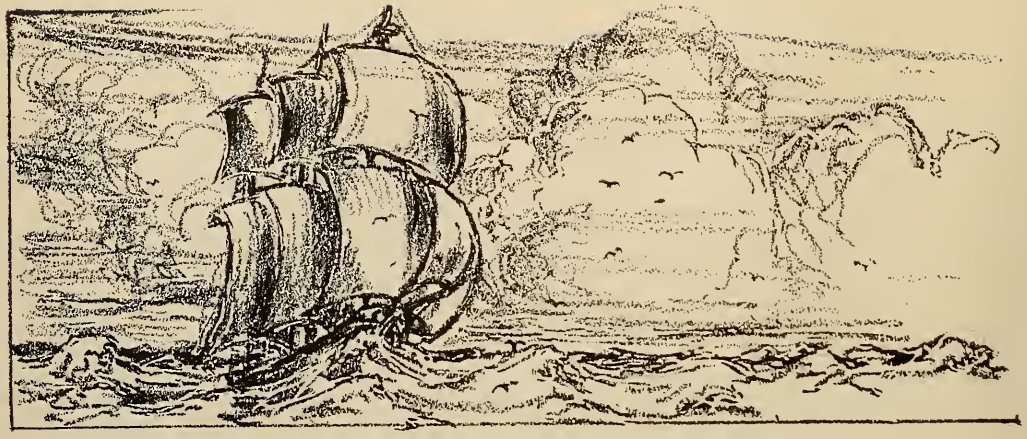
"Then look at what he's carrying!" yelled the fireman jumping for the open throttle, "HE'S GOT A RED FLAG!"

Crash! Every car in the train shrieked protest as the brakes were slammed into place. Engineers do not stop to question whether a red flag is carried by man or dog when danger is ahead. Shanahan and his fireman worked frantically, bringing the train to a standstill just as its pilot-box swung around the last curve and disclosed what lay ahead—

Passengers crowded around the frightened, chattering man and hysterical women who had been in the car that had "stalled" on the crossing. Even the train crew got down and talked it over.

But Shanahan, the engineer, walked back along the track to the place where a small brown object lay across the rails with the half of a stick in its mouth.

"Doughnuts!" said the engineer, dropping down beside the pitiful little heap of fur, "I'm sorry.—Why—why—he's smiling!"



I Wonder Why!

By EDWARD S. BROMFIELD

IT SEEMS only yesterday that we sat on the edge of the cliff with Old Man and he told us stories. We sat with our feet hanging over the edge of the rocks and Old Man would look ever and ever so far away and talk to us. We called him "Old Man." When we asked him what his real name was, he answered he was too old to remember. Maybe he was: he must have been at least a hundred. So we came to call him "Old Man" and he called us "Lads."

We knew him for a whole year and a year is a very long time. Old Man said that it was the happiest year of his life and yet we didn't do much; just sit on the edge of the cliff and he told us stories. But we liked it and he liked it.

We lived right by the ocean. There is a cliff that falls away to the sea just before our gate. Beyond there are miles and miles of water. Ships pass. When they have sails that bend to the wind Old Man's eyes grow ever so soft. I wonder why! I wonder where they go, those white-bird ships, and where they come from. Old Man called them "Flying Dutchmen".

We were sitting on the cliff that first day that Old Man came along the goat-trail. He looked so very old that I thought I had better help him sit down. But I didn't. I just stood up and lifted my hat, and he sat down beside us and looked out to sea. We sat until the sun set. When the sky was very red and the sun almost gone, tears came into Old Man's eyes. I cried, too. I didn't know why. Old Man looked at me and smiled and said: "Thank you, Lad." That was all he said.

He came again the next day, and almost every day after that. We, Jack and I, would sit with him and very seldom talk at all. Jack said it was like a spell, and if we talked the charm would be broken. So we sat, and always, when the sun was setting, Old Man would get up, and salute the sunset and walk away. After a while we saluted with him and he seemed to like that. He smiled when we did it and more tears came into his eyes. He had the most watery eyes.

We seldom spoke about him at home. Jack said that that might break the charm too. But the grown-ups wondered. They said that the Old Man must be mad. Mother said he might be dangerous. One could not be too careful with strangers. But we knew that Old Man was not dangerous. I don't know why.

One day a sailing vessel passed. It was a three-master, and the sails were very brown and tattered. Old Man asked us if we would like to sail on such a vessel. We said that we would, but Jack thought that a steamer would be better. Old Man shook his head. "Sailing vessels are ships," he said, "and steamers—steamers are machines". He told us that he had been the captain of a sailing vessel, years and years ago. He had sailed all the lanes of the sea. Up into the frozen Baltic and down into the Indian Ocean where the sea-weeds were so thick. He said he would tell us about the sea-weeds. But then the sun commenced to set and Old Man got up and walked away.

Things went on that way for a long time. When the sun was bright Old Man was always to be found sitting on our cliff, looking out to sea. But when it was foggy and the ocean was hidden, he never came. I wonder why! He said that the sea and the sky were everything to him. He never called the sky "Heaven". He called it "The Port Beyond the Rim".

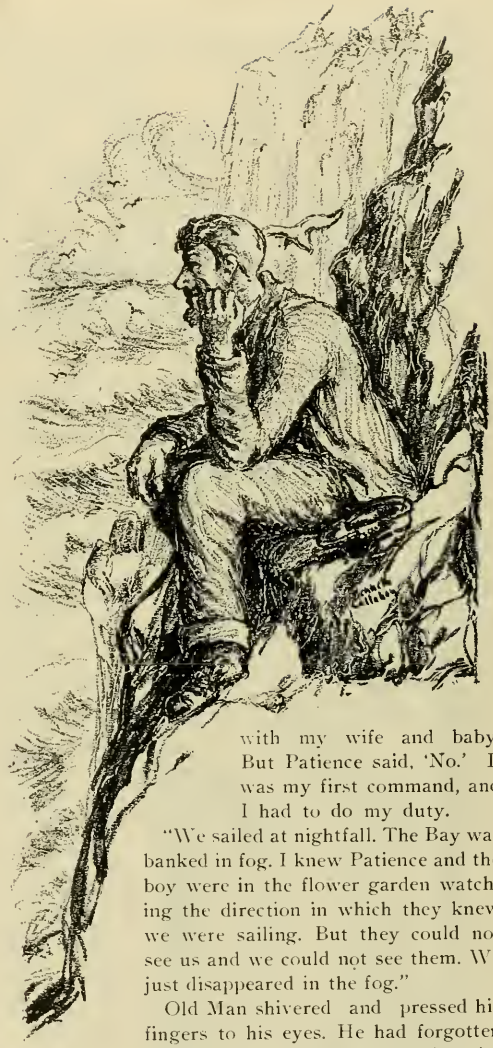
One day, a very bright day, Old Man came along the goat-trail with his hands clasped behind him. He was smiling a very broad smile and his eyes were kind and soft. He sat down beside us on the edge of the cliff and talked more than he had ever talked before.

"I dreamed a dream last night," he told us. "It was a very wonderful dream. I don't think there will be any more fog hereafter. I don't like the fog. I remember fogs that were so thick the deck beneath my feet could not be seen. Fogs that were bad dreams for old sea-dogs. There was a fog one night—but that was not where the story began. It was many years before that. I was a lad of twenty back in Nova Scotia. I had been to sea for five, no, six years. I always came back to Nova Scotia because that was where my mother had lived. She died on one of my trips and then there was nothing to take me back to Nova Scotia. But I always came. I liked to see the garden that she had planted and the many intimate things around about. So it was that I came back on one trip. I went to the garden and there was a girl tending my mother's flowers. She was a small girl with soft hair and kind, dancing eyes and —I married her. I stayed home that time almost a year, but then the sea called and I was off again, to Singapore. Out of Singapore we were becalmed for a long time; weeks and weeks. We lay there, rocking in the hot trough of the sea and it was as though that was all the world and there was nothing else.

"I used to sit on the baking hot deck and look out into the heat waves and think of Patience. That was my wife's name. I used to see her face in the haze, and then I almost went mad with loneliness. One day a breeze came and we canted and were off, straight for the coast of North America. We made Nova Scotia early in October. We came up the bay and there was the cottage, just as I had left it, and the flowers, and Patience out there, pulling weeds. And there was another; a baby boy. Patience said he looked like me, only he had no beard. We sat out in the garden, Patience and the boy and I, and I told her all the things we were going to do together now that I was home. I promised to build a swinging hammock under a tree for the boy and to bring up some sacks of sand for a play box. Then Patience and I were going to take a trip into Massachusetts. We were going to have such wonderful times to make up for the good times we had missed.

"And then the message came. Captain Hibble, our skipper, had had a heart attack. He had died. I was next in command; I was in command! I was to weigh anchor at sunset and set sail for Boston and then the Mediterranean.

"I read the order and even as I read it the sun became overcast and a fog swept into the garden. I swore that I would not go. I wanted my good time



with my wife and baby. But Patience said, 'No.' It was my first command, and I had to do my duty.

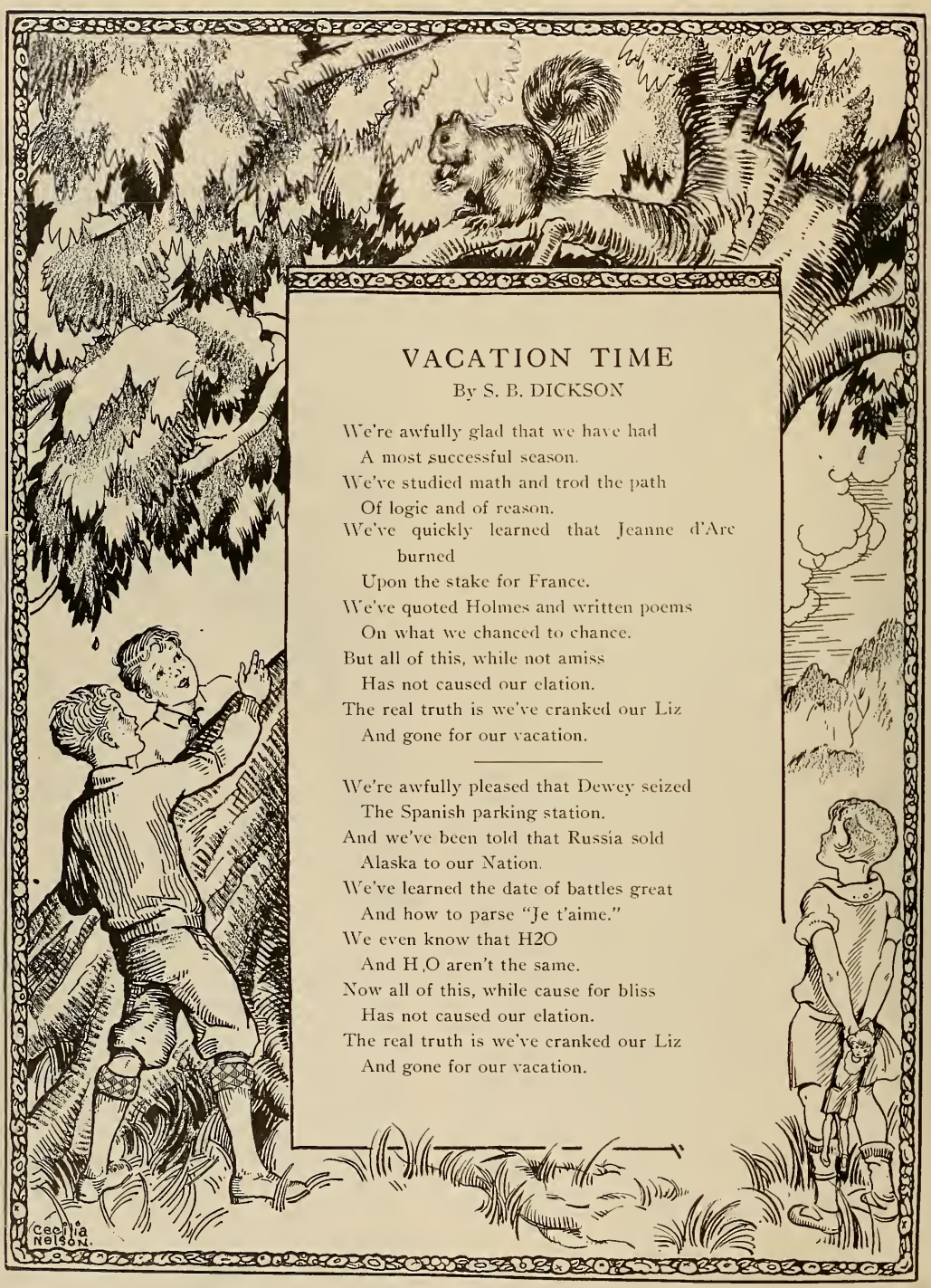
"We sailed at nightfall. The Bay was banked in fog. I knew Patience and the boy were in the flower garden watching the direction in which they knew we were sailing. But they could not see us and we could not see them. We just disappeared in the fog."

Old Man shivered and pressed his fingers to his eyes. He had forgotten that Jack and I were there beside him on the cliff, afraid to speak for fear of interrupting him. He shook his head and pointed out to sea.

"We sailed out into the fog; out into another world. A week later we left Boston and were reeling across to Port Said.

"Port Said was very dirty and murky. You know how it is when the sky is hot and grey and people say: Earthquake weather. It was the kind of weather that made you know that something was going to happen. I was glad to get away. I went up the gang-plank at sailing time and a black cat almost tripped me. On board everything seemed to have gone wrong. The cook was sick and the second mate had cut his foot on a barnacle. We weighed anchor and nosed into a beautiful storm. The old wind howled like a siren. Mostly

(Continued on Page 66)



VACATION TIME

By S. B. DICKSON

We're awfully glad that we have had
  A most successful season.
We've studied math and trod the path
  Of logic and of reason.
We've quickly learned that Jeanne d'Arc burned
  Upon the stake for France.
We've quoted Holmes and written poems
  On what we chanced to chance.
But all of this, while not amiss
  Has not caused our elation.
The real truth is we've cranked our Liz
  And gone for our vacation.

We're awfully pleased that Dewey seized
  The Spanish parking station.
And we've been told that Russia sold
  Alaska to our Nation.
We've learned the date of battles great
  And how to parse "Je t'aime."
We even know that H2O
  And H,O aren't the same.
Now all of this, while cause for bliss
  Has not caused our elation.
The real truth is we've cranked our Liz
  And gone for our vacation.

Prince Ivan

By BETH WENDEL

IVAN'S father tilled the soil for so many years that his large, coarse hands had become shaped to grasp the plow handles. His back had grown so bent with constant stooping over the ground that he could not unbend to see the moon rise.

Ivan's mother stirred unexciting food when the coarse clothes had been washed and the rough, dirt floor swept. She could find no time in the evening to sit before the stove and rest; there was always so much work to be prepared for the next day.

Ivan watched his brother's hand grow to fit the plow handles. They could still spread their broad fingers apart, but the bones cracked in a mocking way.

Ivan had been a nuisance in the fields. Times without number he had forgotten the straight path for the plow while he dreamed and watched the birds wing their way overhead. He dreamed of palace gardens he had never seen and of fountains he had never heard.

The village cobbler said to Ivan's father:

"A pretty fellow like Ivan is not for the hot fields. Let him mend shoes. Ay, and a splendid business he would make of the mending of soles. The village girls would walk miles to wear down their heels and so find reason to talk with him."

Ivan did not mend shoes much better than he plowed. But the cobbler's trade flourished. Ivan's dreamy smile brought half-worn shoes to be poorly patched, and his shining eyes excused rough-edged soles.

He sat at his bench in the little web-covered window of the cobbler's shop and the village girls came and smiled in at him as he dreamed. At his side sat Nina, the cobbler's daughter, and as her clever fingers flew at her lace making, she told Ivan of her visit to the city.

"You look just like the great gentlemen," she said. "Their hands are long and white like yours. I saw a nobleman whose hair grew off his forehead just like yours. Ah, Ivan, I believe you are a real prince in disguise."

Ivan believed her. His dreams of palace gardens and palace folk seemed so real.

One day a large coach thundered through the village, and as it careened past the cobbler's shop a huge trunk fell from the top of it and landed wrong side up in a puddle. All unaware of their loss the grand folk in the coach sped on. In awe, Ivan carried the trunk to his attic room. A part of the great world had come to him. He tore off the straps and hammered upon the lock till it fell away. He trembled as he lifted up the lid. On top was a beautiful suit of smooth black cloth. Below were all the garments of a great gentleman. There were thin-soled shoes and a slender cane and a shining black hat.

Ivan's heart beat quickly. He closed his eyes and dreamed of slender-legged horses bearing graceful riders. In palace halls beautiful music played for lovely dancers. Ivan opened his eyes and found Nina watching him.

"I will be a prince tonight," he told her. "Meet me on the high road by the three trees."

"I am a prince, a prince," he whispered over and over again.

Then quickly he donned the garments of his dream world and slipped out into the night. He walked quickly and easily, as great gentlemen do. He held his head erect and looked straight ahead. There, at the three trees, was Nina. She saw him, and cried with joy. It was true! It was true! Ivan was a prince!

So they walked quietly between the trees and Ivan told Nina of his dreams. But, back of the trees huddled a group of angry-voiced men.

"Our backs are bent like twisted trees," cried one. "We must work like beasts of the field to pay the noblemen."

"Ay," they all cried. "Like beasts of the field!"

"Remember our vow," another commanded. "Each of us is sworn to slay a nobleman."

"Ay," they cried. "A nobleman for each."

One pointed. Ivan and Nina passed down the avenue of tall trees.

"I shall have the first chance," he cried.

"Are you sure he is a nobleman?" one asked.

"See his hat! The clothes! The way he walks!"

Stealthily he crept towards Ivan. There was a rush of feet; a scuffling in the dry leaves. Nina fell back, her hands pressed to her heart, while the men swarmed about the cobbler-prince. Blows fell upon him from great rough fists; hands tore his fine clothes; feet trampled him. Then, when Nina feared that they would kill him, a voice screamed: "Stop!"

A man fought his way through the flying maze of swinging arms and pushed the men aside like straws.

"A prince!" he laughed. "A fine prince, indeed. 'Tis no other than my brother, the cobbler boy.

(Continued on Page 64)

YOUR CAMERA

Edited by SIGISMUND BLUMANN
Editor of Camera Craft

Send us prints of your snap-shots. Mr. Blumann will discuss your work and tell you what you have done well, and what mistakes you have made.

We will send a check for $1.00 for the best picture made by a boy or girl reader. Print must be in The Treasure Chest Office by June 15th.

PRINT NUMBER ONE

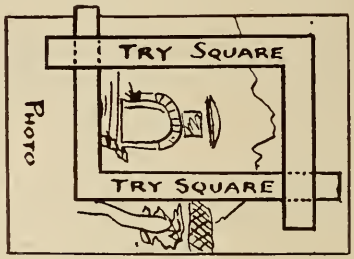
A most interesting picture and one that needs very little to make a really fine thing of it. The first fault that hits the eye is the cutting off of half a boy at the right and the shoulder and arm of another boy at the extreme left. It is always well to leave room to show there is a whole boy and some air behind him, for good measure.

Then too, one must guard against having the subjects looking at the camera. Looking at the print in cold blood as you and I now can, we note that the group are not at all interested in the billiard or pool players, as they should be, but in the camera. As the game in progress is the matter of importance this takes our attention away from where it should be and we find ourselves, in turn, looking at the faces which stare out at us.

PRINT NUMBER TWO

A picture is not always good because of what is in it but because of what has been left out. This is called trimming in photography. The interest in this print is in the Mission doorway and its immediate context. Note how the uninteresting foreground and unnecessary wall at the right detract from the pleasure of the part enclosed in the line-drawn rectangle.

As an aid to judging what should be trimmed it is well to make for yourself a pair of try squares about an inch and a half wide and with each of the arms from six to ten inches long, according to the size prints you generally make. These squares should be of black or dark grey mountboard, and having been carefully drawn with pencil may be cut with a pair of shears. To use them lay them as shown in the drawing herewith.



PRINT NUMBER THREE

All right and rather hard to criticize. This is more a portrait than a picture and as such the tree trunk should have been printed darker or lighter than the boy's face. This is known as establishing planes. The

face would stand out in relief if the background were of a different degree of density.

PRINT NUMBER FOUR

This is not only pleasing in itself but is a difficult bit of photography. Photographing against the light is not easy. The shadows are apt to get very black—blocked up we call it—and the light to spread—which is known as halation—yet here we have every detail clear.

In trimming this we feel the reader may not agree and we should not blame anyone for differing in a matter of taste. To us the interest in the little bird is greatly intensified by eliminating the bulky lower half of the cage. A delicacy and grace are added and the curvature of the dome widens to a comfortable base and stops. However, be it noted, a perfect square is not to be recommended. Unless inevitable, try to trim to an oblong.

NOTE

For the second time in our experience the Engraver has unintentionally played a joke upon us. In commenting on the fourth print in the last issue of the Treasure Chest, I bemoaned the obviousness of certain telegraph wires which in the photograph looked like sharply drawn lines across the face of the print. In the reproduction these were not only not obvious but most conspicuous by their absence. After you have had your laugh at my expense, and I am joining you in the joke, take my word for it that the telegraph wires were there.

LET'S LAUGH

Now what if the ball did go over the fence
  And break ma's French window in half;
Our tears will not mend it, so let's show good sense
  And hope that our mother will laugh.
And if in our hurry we break the best dish,
  And while stooping down to reclaim it,
Our neighbor's black cat stole all of the fish,
  Let's pick up the pieces and frame it.
If when we were washing, our pal, Georgie, called,
  And we jump with a dash to the door;
And the tap was left on and our feelings were palled
  For the water ran over the floor.
There's no use in weeping, it makes noses red;
  We're all out of breath if we sigh.
Sit down and be laughing till ma comes, instead,
  —And then there'll be reasons to cry?

J. B. WOOSTER.

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We have been unable to find space to print all the stories and letters that have come in from the boys and girls. We have selected those that we think are the best and here they are. Remember, The Treasure Chest is giving a dollar prize each month for the best contribution.

FROM TELEGRAPH HILL

Here I sit at evening tide,
And watch the ferries, low and wide,
Plying the dark blue waters of the bay.
There below me lies the city
With its streets and parks so pretty,
Stretching far o'er hill and hollow.
As I sit here, thinking, dreaming,
Gradually, the lights appearing,
Seem like myriad fireflies.
And slowly the sun sinks out of sight
Making the cloudy heavens a mass of ruddy light,
And still I sit here, thinking, dreaming in the dark.

—GEORGE CHADWICK, Jr., age 13 years.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS NOT AFRAID

Once upon a time there was a little girl who was not afraid of anything. One day she wandered away from home. Pretty soon she came to a forest and she said to herself: "I'll go through this forest and I may find my way home." So she walked until she came to the middle of it. There were all kinds of animals. But she walked right past them all. Soon she fell asleep and dreamed that she was up at the North Pole. All the Eskimos wanted her to come into their houses. She visited many. When she went into one she asked questions. She wondered how they got light in their lamps. The Eskimos told her that they killed seals and whales and got the oil from them. Emily was shivering because she had on a thin dress. One of the Eskimos gave her a fur to wear and then she wasn't cold.

When they went to bed she had to lie on a shelf of ice covered with a fur skin and a few furs over her. They sat on the floor to eat. Her reindeer liked her very much and licked her face. But just then she woke up and found that she had been dreaming. Her dog had found her and was licking her face. He took her home. She did not wander away again unless some one went with her.

—AUDREY JONES, age 8 years, 1578 Eighth Avenue, San Francisco.

* * *

It is with a great deal of pleasure that we are sending Audrey the One Dollar prize for this month. Her little story of the Eskimo dream is so real that we could almost feel the cold when we read it. Audrey must have been up in Alaska and lived with the Eskimos to have known so well how they lived.

KITTIE KAT

Little kittie
It's a pity
You scratched me.
I'm not a flea.

—FRANCIS ALLAN, San Jose, age 8 years.

THE NIGHT

The stars like lamps are shining,
The moon is climbing
The sky so dead and dark.
I hear a singing;
It is the lark.
No, it is the nightingale
Sitting on the trees,
He loves to send his golden notes
Out into the breeze.
I see the light of houses
Far away.
The night has come at last,
The night has come to stay.

—SALLY ANN LOWENGART, aged 7 years, Portland, Oregon.

NAUGHTY BILLY

Billy threw an apple core
Through the open parlor door.
When it struck poor Elinor
It spoiled the pretty dress she wore
And knocked her on
The kitchen floor.

—JOELLE KAUFMANN, age 9 years.

* * *

That is a very nice poem, Joelle. But when Billy threw the apple core it must have hit the fifth line, for something certainly happened to it.

* * *

And now I'll tell you something more.
The thing that made poor Billy sore
And made his ma with anger roar,
Was not the fate of Ellie.
But mother coming from the store
Just chanced to pass the parlor door
As the apple landed on the floor
In the form of apple jellie.

I sometimes think of days gone by,
Of times both sad and true.
Again, of things too deep for me,
Of things I'll have to do.

I think of days when old and grey,
Days with no joy in store.
For when my heart thinks thoughts like these,
It hurts, clean to the core.

But I should think of other things,
Of things to do and play.
Tomorrow never yet may be,
And this is still today.

—DON AVERY, 13 years.

I love to do the housework,
And make the dishes clean.
And sweep the floor and scrub and mop,
And work till I am lean.

I love to weed the garden,
And cut and hoe the lawn,
And chop the wood for mother,
And make the fire at dawn.

I love to clean the cellar,
And work when it is hot,
But what's the use of saying more,
Cause really I DO NOT.

—OLIVE DAVIER, age 10.

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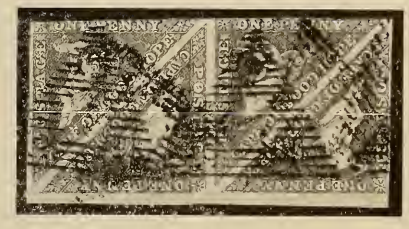
THE POSTAGE STAMP MAN

Edited by THEODORE L. BEHR
Manager of the Edw. P. Seebohm Co.

Have you stamps to exchange? Do you want to know something about your stamps or some stamps that you do not own? Write to the Stamp Editor of The Treasure Chest, enclosing self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Perhaps you have wondered what is considered the world's most popular stamp. Because of its peculiar shape and the simplicity of its design, the triangular Cape of Good Hope stamps bear that honor. They were first issued in the year 1853, and were designed by the surveyor general of the colony. We illustrate a block of four of the rare "One Penny" on blue paper, the first triangular stamps ever issued. Special cancellers were sent to the colony with the stamps. They were also in the shape of a triangle. These



handsome stamps were issued in a series of four values, one penny, four pence, six pence, and one shilling. Early in 1861 the supply of one penny and four penny stamps was exhausted and as it would be months before a new supply could be ordered from England, it was found necessary to issue locally made stamps of these values. They were in imitation of the beautiful engraved stamps and were printed from stereotypes mounted on wood. For this reason they bear the name of "woodblocks." They were issued in the same colors as the regular issue, red for the one penny and blue for the four penny, but in making up the plate for printing the workman mixed up the "cliches," as they are called, and put a one penny cliche in the four penny plate, and a four penny cliche in the one penny plate. Consequently, in each sheet of the penny stamps would be one red "fourpenny" and in each sheet of the four penny stamps would be a blue "one penny" stamp. These errors are very rare and are worth $1000 each.

Did you know that the first stamps of Canada were printed in the United States? They were engraved and printed in New York and by the same firm of printers who made the early United States stamps. The first set consisted of three values: 3-pence, red; 6-pence, violet; and 12-pence, black. The design of the 3-pence is that of a beaver, the 6-pence bore the head of Prince Albert, and the 12-pence the portrait of Queen Victoria. The 12-pence stamp is one of the world's rarest stamps. There were very few of them used, and after the issue became obsolete all those left in the postoffice were burned. Today there are less than a hundred specimens known and its market value is in excess of $1000. The 6-pence, which we illus-

trate, is quite rare. It is particularly interesting because five different kinds of paper were used in the printing. Each of these forms a distinct collectible variety. The 3-

(Continued on Page 68)

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Albums—Catalogues—Packets
Sets and Accessories

(Continued from Page 46)

"We've come through the season with flying colors. Milton 'Aggie' gave us the only real fight of the year. Even then their only score was a fluke. Next Saturday we play Brigg's Polytech. It'll be a lead-pipe cinch. We could beat them with Hoxie and you out of it, Morg, as well as Freddie O'Neil. But . . ! In two weeks comes the Big Game. St. Dominic has the best team they've ever had, and that's saying a lot. They've held us to a tie or a mighty small victory for the past three years. They've got Curran, the best full-back within a thousand miles, but you will take care of him, Morg. They have, in fact, three backs who are making history. Their quarter, Lundt, is not as good as O'Neil but there are darned few better. Their defense is beautiful and the only department in which we can play rings around them is the forward pass, and that means O'Neil all the time. Fellows, do you think St. Dominic's is framing this?"

"Ten to one they are," growled Lindsey.

"Twenty to one they're not," grunted Lafitte.

"I think you're right," Summers chirped in.

"Of course he's right," agreed Snow. "What do you think college football is? A bowery prize fight?"

"I don't know what to think," groaned Lindsey. "I'm getting the willies. I say I'll go bugs if something doesn't break. . . . . Say, fellows, what do you think has happened to Hoxie?"

"Dot—dash—dot—dot—" piped the radio. Lafitte grabbed his pencil and while the others watched breathlessly, he scribbled the signals as they came in. The four men were at a tension. Perspiration stood on Morg Lindsey's forehead. He got up and tip-toed around the room, his heavy tan Oxfords creaking with every step. "Red" Summers threw a cushion at him and he subsided into the Morris chair. The minutes seemed hours as Lafitte wrote. Finally there came a pause.

"Keep your ear on the phones," Foots said to Snow, and started to transpose the dots and dashes into his own simpler alphabet. It took him only a few moments to have the following message written out:

QXWUYTVDB TFQ QCVOOUG

XDUVC TFQ QOVCCUG YTU

LUFDQ HUUO TXGBHVDQ

FRFS MEXW TVW GXDY

CUY NXTDQXD RUFHUD

MXEAU YTU VQQPU

VWWUGVFYUCS FDG VM V

AFD BUY FRFS V RVCC

LU XD YTU IPFG YXDVBTY

FY YRUCJU DUFE YTU

MXPDYFVD VM V AFDY

WFHU VY V RVCC QUDG

F WFD MEXW YTU

XMMVAU RTX VQ GFMU

TU RVCC RUFE F RTVYU

AFEDFYVXD UVYTUE TU XE

V RVCC GEXO F RFCCUY

FQ RU OFQQ SXP LUDYCUS

QFSQ

"Now, my hearties," laughed Lafitte, "stow the noise and let me decipher. There are a lot of single V's. That's probably I, so we'll take a chance and put an I under every V."

He scribbled rapidly, and then scanned the page again.

"I see five Y T U's," said Lindsey. "Think that is T H E?"

"Most likely. Anyway we can't be shot for trying."

In went the T's and H's and E's under the Y's, T's and U's.

"The eighth word from the end has only one letter," said Snow. "I suppose F stands for A."

Lafitte placed an A under each F. As he finished there came a pounding at the door. Lafitte sprang to his feet, and slid the code into the desk drawer. Then he put his fingers to his lips and called, "Come in."

The door opened and Sammie Murk walked in. His usually grinning face was drawn and white. He looked around the room and nodded to the four men.

"Hullo, fellows," he said. "Hoxie come back?"

"Not yet," Snow answered. "Why?"

"Oh, I dunno," replied Sammie. "You just didn't stick the auction flag out of the window, and it's two hours since Hoxie left. I was just sort of nervous."

"What are you nervous about?"

"Dunno."

"Give him a cracker and a glass of milk," suggested Lindsey.

Lafitte frowned. "Keep still, Morg. Sammie, where are the gang?"

"There's a bunch of them waiting outside for the flag."

Frenchy went to the window. A dozen men were standing below. They waved when they saw him, and he laughed and shook his head.

"Morg," he said, "there is something queer about this. Hoxie should have been back by now."

As Lindsey started to answer the door burst open and a freshman burst in, panting, his face scarlet from running. He could hardly speak.

"Lindsey . . Lindsey . . ," he spluttered. "Mr. Lindsey, come quick . . ."

The Midwayites sprang to their feet.

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"What's the matter," demanded Lindsey. "Calm down."

"Hoxie . . ," gasped the Freshman. "Hoxie . . . Bill Hodgkins . ."

"What about Bill?"

"They've got him. I'm afraid they've done him in."

"How do you mean?" shouted Lafitte.

"I heard them through the wall. In O'Neil's room. He has the next room to mine. I heard them talking in there."

"Who?" shot from Lindsey and Lafitte.

"I don't know. A lot of men. They were talking with O'Neil and Hoxie. Then they got mad and began shouting. Then something fell with a bang, and everything got quiet. I don't know what happened. I ran like the deuce. . ."

He looked around and found himself alone. The three had dashed out of the room after Frenchy Lafitte.

Save this issue. The next instalment will give you the solution of the cypher and another cypher for you to work out. There will be one each week. Keep ahead of the game by working out the answer yourself before the solution arrives.

PRINCE IVAN

(Continued from Page 57)

Be off, fools. And you, Ivan, get you back to your bench."

He strode away and the ruffians followed him, laughing and chattering like crows.

Nina sat on the ground with Ivan's bruised head upon her knee. She smoothed the hair back from his burning eyes, and her cool hands soothed the ache and pain.

Ivan groaned. He opened his eyes a moment, and smiled.

"I am a prince," he whispered. "Isn't it wonderful, Nina?"

Then he closed his eyes again.

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I WONDER WHY

(Continued from Page 55)

it was a dry wind but sometimes it would flood us with a sheet of rain and then dry up again.

"It was a dreadful night. I stood on the bridge, drenched one minute; dry and hot the next, and the wind screamed and it seemed the whole world had gone crazy.

"In the morning the wind had gone off to the South, and we were lying in an endless blanket of fog. Way off on the starboard we heard a foghorn blasting and moaning. A shivering gull swooped down over our heads and sailed away into the fog. I thrust my hand into my coat pocket and found a paper. Some one had rushed up the gang-plank with it just when the mate had cut his foot. I had forgotten it. I ripped it open. It was a cablegram. Patience and the baby were dead.

"I don't know what happened then. I lay on my bunk and would not talk. We were buried in fog. The first mate came to me and said something. I waved him away but he would not go. He was insisting. I saw red. I shot him.

"They left me alone, then. Another storm came up. I lay on my bunk; the second mate had a bad leg; the first mate had a bullet in his chest.

"Then we struck the rocks. There was no one in command. The crew went mad. They lowered a boat and climbed into it. A wave took it over like an egg-shell and smashed it against our side. The crew all went down; all of them. And I lay there, like a dead man.

"When help came, I was alone. The crew were drowned. The first mate was dead and I do not know what happened to the second. They took me, these men who had came out of the fog, and fed me and brought me back to land and the sunshine."

Old Man stopped and looked at us. He had forgotten that we were there. He shook his head and smiled and stood up.

"Laddies," he said, "the sun is setting."

He saluted and we saluted and he went away. He never came again. I wonder why! Jack and I went to the cliff every day just before sunset but he never came. One day Mother told us that our Old Man had died. Jack looked at me and I looked at Jack and we crept away to the cliff. It was very foggy; we could hardly see the ocean. We sat there and we cried and cried. Then, the fog-blankets parted and the sun was just above the edge of the water. When she touched the waves we stood up and saluted. And then Jack said, "Look!"

Way out, in a cloud that he said was in "The Port Beyond the Rim", we saw Old Man standing. He was saluting us, and smiling. He turned around and pointed away, 'way off into space, and nodded his head and smiled. I wonder why!

THE END

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THE POSTAGE STAMP MAN

(Continued from Page 62)

pence is particularly interesting because of the number of fine "double transfers" to be found on the plate. The "double transfer" varieties are often very puzzling to collectors and some time in the near future we will tell you all about them and just how they occur.

While we are on the subject of odd-shaped stamps, let us examine this beautiful first issue of Nova Scotia. It is one of the finest examples of the engraver's art ever conceived for a stamp. The design, as you see, is the British Royal Crown in an octagon. Above it is a rose, to the left a shamrock, to the right a thistle, and at the bottom a mayflower. The first three are emblematic of England, Ireland and Scotland, and the mayflower is emblematic of the colony. There were three stamps issued of this type, a three pence, six pence, and one shilling. The colors were blue, green, and deep violet, respectively.

In the days when these stamps were used the postage rates were fixed according to the weight of the letter and the distance it was to travel. Consequently, these three stamps were not able to take care of fractional rates and the government permitted them to be cut in half and used for half their value, and even passed them through quartered. These should be collected only when on the entire envelope, as otherwise there is no real proof of its genuineness.

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THE TREASURE CHEST

FOR CALIFORNIA BOYS AND GIRLS

VOL. I
NUMBER 3

AUGUST, 1926

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

Once upon a time the People-Who-Really-Knew said that San Francisco was the most artistic and literary and romantic city in America. Bret Harte loved it, and Robert Louis Stevenson dreamed in it, and Rudyard Kipling wove tales about it. Jack London was an oyster-fisher in the waters of its bay; Frank Norris knew its strangest corners and queerest folk. There were countless others: Joaquin Miller and Mark Twain and William Keith; Will and Wallace Irwin and Gelett Burgess; Lola Montez and Lotta Crabtree and John McCullough—singers and poets and dreamers and mimics, all building up the traditions of the City on the Hills.

Years pass and dreamers come and go, and now the People-Who-Really-Know say that the old San Francisco is dead; that there are no Frank Norrises, no Jack Londons, no young boys and girls whose visions carry them beyond the activities of modern life.

We wonder! We sit at our editorial desk, and they come to us — the little foreign girl who has tales to tell stranger than the weird tales of Poe; the young girl from Switzerland who wants to write but does not know how to write "American;" the son of the sea captain who feels the romance and mystery of the sea but does not know how to make his pencil say it.

These are the stuff of which Stevensons and Camilla Ursos are made. We want to help them.

Therefore—

Beginning with Wednesday afternoon, September 1, The Treasure Chest Short Story Class will start. We will meet every Wednesday afternoon at fifteen minutes past four in The Treasure Chest Office, and study short stories. The class will last for four months. Then, if we feel we are accomplishing our purpose, we will start another class in January. There will be absolutely **no charge.** Our reward will be ample if, in our effort, we can discover and help develop one or two of the men and women who will carry on the traditions of California romance.

Remember!

The class will be limited; our office is small.

The first boys and girls, between the ages of twelve and sixteen, who come in and see us, will be enrolled for the first class. If you are interested, we suggest that you communicate with us before the tenth of August.

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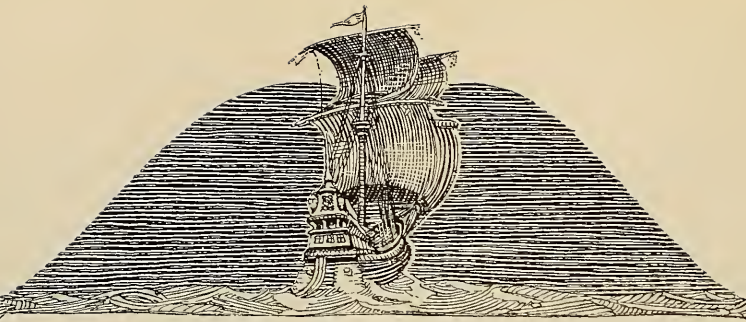

THE TREASURE CHEST

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We shall be glad to consider manuscripts available for publication. Same will be paid for at current rates. All manuscripts must be written on one side of paper, and if their return is desired, must be accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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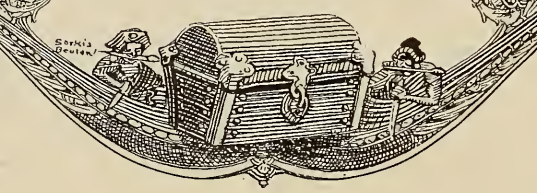

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THE GOLD OF THE RHINE

Retold by S. B. DICKSON

Illustrated by Sarkis Beulan

DOWN where the shadows of the River Rhine were deepest, there lived in the days of the gods and the pixies, three sisters. Strange creatures they were, playing there, far below the surface of the river. In and out of the shadows they splashed and danced, and the long warm fingers of the sun could never reach them. The people of the Valley of the Rhine went here and there and to and fro, and none could see the Rhine maidens nor hear their strange songs. There, safe from mortal eyes, they played, darting in and out of the rock caves in the river bed, or floating with the tide among the reeds and water lilies. Once, a goat-herd, resting beneath the branches of a great tree, thought he heard the river sigh. Strange music came to him, and voices sang:

Wallala! Wallala!
Lalalelai! Leialalei!
Heia! Heia! Ha! Ha!

He laughed and shook his head and said that he had drunk too much goat milk; that the singing voices were only creatures of his dreams. How amazed he would have been had he but known that between the silence of the morning and the whispering of the trees he had heard the play-song of the happy, beautiful daughters of the Rhine.

Throughout the day the maidens played and sang and were happy. For even as the gods ruled the sky and the clouds and the rain and the sun, even as the earth-dwarfs who were called Nibelungs, ruled the dark places inside the earth, so did the Rhine maidens rule the waters.

One day a Nibelung, digging for gold far down in the earth, paused at a cleft in the rocks, and squinting his ugly old eyes, looked out into the green and blue waves of the river. He was a queer little old man, almost all nose and hair and hump on back. What hands and feet and arms and legs he had, were long and thin and knobbed like the branches of the oak trees. He leaned over a calm pool, and saw his ugly image. He laughed, for it was funny to think that anybody could be so ugly. He squeezed between the rocks and drifting up through the waves, sat on the bank and kicked his toes. He leaned over the water and drank, and his long nose sent ripples running to the bank. They cleared and he saw a vision so beautiful that his heart thumped and sounded like a chirping cricket. There, playing tag with her sister, Wellgunde, was the Rhine maiden, Woglinde. Here, and there, and all about they darted and splashed, their long golden hair waving after them like soft, lovely sea weeds.

On a rock sat the third sister, Flosshilde, laughing at them as they played, and combing her hair with a golden comb. Down darted Woglinde, with Wellgunde after her, then up, up, to the surface they rushed, and there Woglinde saw Alberich, the Nibelung.

"Hei! Who is there?" she cried.

Alberich squinted and puffed and screwed up his nose and winked at the maidens, and they swam about him, giggling and splashing. Old Alberich reached out his long, bony hand and tried to seize Woglinde. He looked so sad and loving that Flosshilde almost slipped from her rock, so hard was she laughing. But away splashed Woglinde, teasing Alberich to follow her. From rock to rock he sprang, and always, just as he thought her within reach, away she darted. The earth-dwarf wisely decided that she was a fickle girl, and that he could love her sister, Wellgunde, just as well. So he turned his attention to her, but as he dashed after her, Flosshilde swam between them and waved her long hair in his eyes so that he could not see.

Then the three Rhine maidens joined hands and danced a wild dance around him, kicking their feet and splashing waves over him, and he darted here and there without knowing where he was going, just as though he were playing blind-man's-buff.

Suddenly, as they played, a wonderful shaft of gold light pierced the water. Alberich looked up, and there, in the heart of the river, he saw a mass of gold, with rich golden rays darting from it. Before he could speak, the Rhine maidens began singing to the light the song of the Rhinegold.

"Heia jaheia!" they sang.

"Heia jaheia! Wallala la la la leia jahei!

"Rhinegold! Rhinegold!"

"What is it," demanded Alberich, "that yonder gleams and shines?"

The sisters told him then, the story of the Rhinegold. Their father, the ruler of the Rhine, had commanded them to guard well his most cherished treasure: the gold that would bring power to him who could fashion a ring from it. The wearer of the ring would go through the world and all the mortals and all the gods would be his subjects, forced to do his will. But, explained the sisters, none might possess the treasure save the man who would forget all about love.

"And," they added, "love is part of living. No one would live without love."

Alberich thought but a minute. Which meant more to him, love or power? Why, power, of course, for with power he thought that he could buy love. He snapped his fingers and laughed a horrible laugh.

"I forswear love," he cried, and leaping from his rock-perch sprang for the wonderful mass of gold, and swam off with it. The three maidens wept and wrung

their hands and cried out to Alberich to bring back their treasure. But Alberich was gone, and the Rhine grew dark.

* * * * *

Now, while the Rhine maidens bewailed their loss, and were sad, happiness reigned in the Kingdom of the Clouds. For there, Wotan, king of the gods, sat with his wife, Fricka, and watched the workmen put the finishing touches to the castle that he had commanded the giants, Fafner and Fasolt, to build for him. It stood at the cliff's top and could only be reached by a rainbow bridge. In all the world there was not a more beautiful castle and Wotan could hardly wait until the last stone had been laid. While he sat with Fricka, and watched the work progress, the giants Fafner and Fasolt came to him and demanded their pay. Then Wotan and Fricka grieved and tried to break their bargain, for they had promised the workmen that when the task was finished they would be given the Goddess Freia, the beautiful sister of Fricka. Freia was the fairest and loveliest of the goddesses. Her task was to care for the golden apples that grew in Wotan's garden. They were most wonderful apples, bringing health and beauty and youth everlasting to all who ate of them.

Wotan pleaded with the giants that they spare Freia and take some other reward for their work. When they refused, the god called Donner, the god of thunder, to slay the giants. But the giants were stronger than thunder. Then came Loki, god of fire. He, it was, who had bargained with the giants and therefore Wotan demanded that he find some other gift more precious than Freia. Loki laughed. He had thought of a cunning plan. Traveling through the earth he had heard the Rhine Maidens weeping for their lost gold, and then he had met Alberich, the Nibelung, polishing his stolen treasure.

He told the gods and the giants of the wonderful power of the Rhinegold and the eyes of the greedy giants began to snap with envy. Finally they agreed that they would take Freia away and hold her until Wotan had delivered to them the gold of the Rhine. Lifting her in their great arms they strode away with her and her cries came back to the terrified gods.

Now, no sooner had they disappeared than a strange change swept the home of the gods. Lines began to appear on the face of Wotan and Fricka; their hair commenced to turn grey and their bones became old and weary. In the garden, the golden apples had begun to rot and die, the apples that brought youth and health to their owners. "Quick, Loki!" cried Wotan. "We go in search of the gold. Freia's ransom we go for."

Swiftly Loki led the way, down and down and down, through clefts in the rocks, through dark caves and damp caverns. Water dripped about them and slimy creatures scurried about their feet. Far off in the distance they heard the hammering of metal against metal; it sounded for all the world as though thousands of blacksmiths were toiling at their anvils. On and on the gods worked their way, closer and closer to the clanging sounds. Then, there came the cries of men until the din was so great that they thought the world was falling on their shoulders. A dim light appeared before them. They passed through a chimney-like opening in the rocks, and there saw a strange sight. Hundreds of little old men were toiling, beating their anvils from which millions of sparks flew. In the midst of them stood Alberich, wielding a great whip. At his feet crouched his brother, Mime, groaning and crying as the blows fell on his back. Mime had been toiling night and day, and had just completed a wonderful helmet. Made of the gold of the Rhine, it allowed its wearer to turn into any shape he pleased, or to disappear entirely. Anxious to see the task completed, Aberich rained blows on the hide of his poor brother, until the helmet, shining and beautiful, was placed, ready to wear, in his hands.

Swiftly he clapped it on his head. Wotan grasped the arm of Loki and cried out in amazement, for the Nibelung had disappeared. But his voice was heard, only a few inches away, laughing and singing and crying that now he could rule all the world. Then he came into view again, swinging his whip here and there and everywhere, and the hundred workmen scurried to their tasks like frightened rats. Dancing between the flying sparks he came before Wotan and Loki and saluted them, demanding whence they came.

Loki told him that the gods had heard of the wonderful Nibelung and his great power, flattering him so that he laughed and was pleased. He pranced about, ordering his servants, shouting and jeering, and boasting that, in all the world there was none so great as he.

"Look," he cried, "I am now able to take any form that I fancy. No one sees me, search as he will. But I am always there. Look, Dragon dread! Wreathe thou and wriggle!"

Came a flash of light, and Alberich was gone. In his place a great green and golden dragon whirled itself at their feet.

"Ohe! Ohe!" shrieked Loki, pretending great fear. "Ohe! Horrible dragon! O, swallow me not! Spare the life of poor Loki!"

The dragon laughed and was gone, and there danced Alberich.

Then said Loki:

"A giant snake thou were in a trice. Couldst thou turn to something quite tiny as well as bigger?"

Alberich shouted with glee.

"Look at me now," he yelped. "Crooked toad, creep and crawl there!"

Again he was gone and in his place a green and gold toad hopped from rock to rock. In a flash Wotan placed his foot on the tiny reptile, and as it cried and squirmed, Loki seized the helmet off of its head, the

gold Rhine ring from its claw, bound cords about it, and there stood Alberich shorn of his power.

"Now swiftly up," cried Loki, and with Alberich between them, the two gods returned to their abode.

At the foot of the rainbow confusion reigned. The golden apples so long neglected had withered and faded, and even so the gods had aged and grown wrinkled and grey.

Swiftly they sent for the giants, Fasolt and Fafner, telling them that they had gained the gold to ransom Freia, and demanded her return. They came then striding across the clouds carrying the beautiful goddess and placed her before her sister.

"Let Freia's form be the gauge of the gold," they commanded.

Loki placed the ring of the Nibelung on his finger and ordered the earth dwarfs to bring the gold. Up from the earth they staggered, bearing great masses of the precious metal. Up and up they heaped it, about the feet of the maiden, until all but a bit of her was hidden.

"More, more," cried the giants. "Come, fill up the crannies."

More and more they heaped the gold, until only an eye could be seen.

"More, more gold," cried Fafner.

"But," complained Wotan, "only the ring remains."

"Give that to close up the crevice," the giant demanded.

"Not for all the world would I give you the ring," said Wotan.

"All is off," proclaimed Fasolt. "Fair Freia is ours forever."

"Help me! Help me!" wept the maiden.

Then came Fricka and demanded that Wotan ransom her sister as he had promised. Erda, goddess of the earth, came and added her plea.

"Hearken," she whispered. "All things will end shortly. And for the gods dark days are dawning. Keep not the ring."

Her words struck horror to the heart of Wotan. Sighing and lamenting, he placed the ring upon the pile. Swiftly the giants released Freia, and then fell upon the gold, dividing it into portions. At once the curse of the ring, placed upon it by Erda, began to take effect. The giants fought among themselves for their shares until, with a mighty blow, Fafner felled Fasolt and, as Fasolt died, his assailant strode away into the clouds with his dangerous treasure.

Far below sad cries came up towards the gods, clustered about the beautiful Freia. They were the sobbings and lamentations of the maidens of the Rhine, bewailing their loss.

"Rhinegold, Rhinegold.

"Rhine gold, pure," they cried. "Give us the gold. Once it shone upon us. For its lost glory we are grieving. Oh, give us the Rhine gold again!"

Across the clouds strode Fafner, bearing his treasure—the stolen gold of the Rhine that would bring unhappiness to all who would in the future possess it.

Scars

A gruff old tar sat on the quay,
  Watching his ship near by.
Ten livid scars ran down his face,
  One passing near an eye.

"Old man," said I, "Those scars you
    have
  That show so livid blue,
How were they gained; did some
    wild man
  Thrust out to cut you through?"

"It happened long ago," said he,
  "Way off the beaten way;
We stopped hard by a tropic isle
  To fill the casks one day.

When Capt'n Jones and Bosun
    Brown,
  Along with me and others,
Were walking on the tropic sand,
  Less like a crew than brothers.

Well, suddenly there was a yell,
  And from the brush near by
We saw a thousand niggers run
  With murder in their eye.

The Capt'n told us not to shoot,
  The bosun stood beside him,
The mate laid down and threw the
    sand
  Upon his back to hide him.

The Capt'n stopped them with a
    word,
  He said we wanted honey,
The niggers brought him all they
    had
  And took his wooden money.

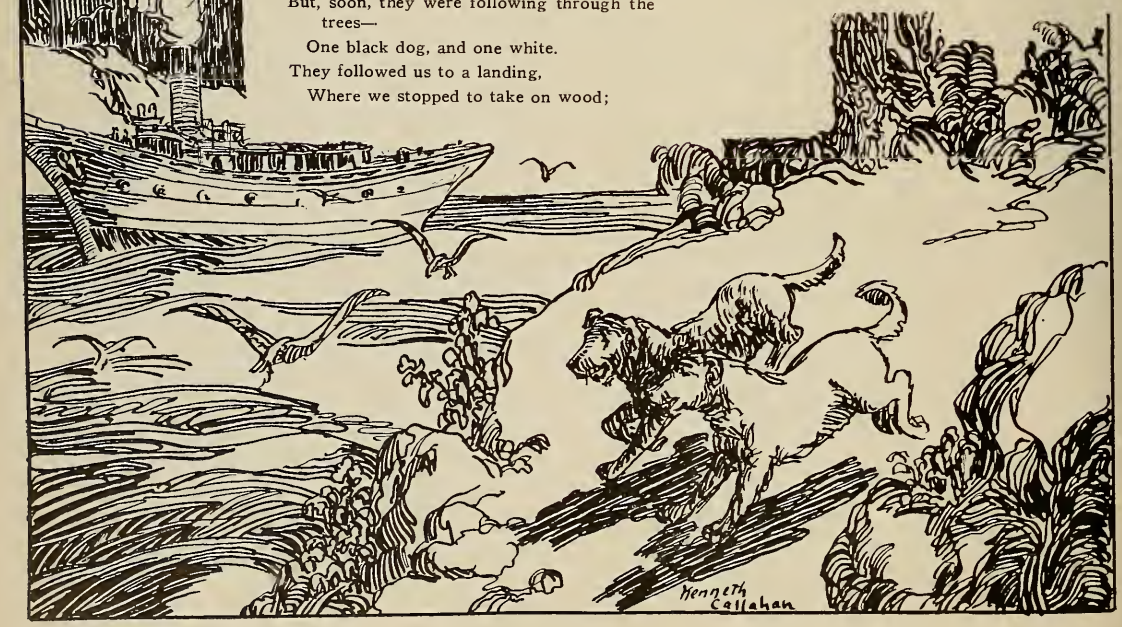
So when we stove the cargo in,
  Why, mate and all went bathing."
"The scars!" I said, "How came they
    there?"
  Said he, "I got them—shaving."

—John Wooster.

Two Little Dogs on the Yukon

By FLORIDA WATTS SMYTH

Two little dogs on the Yukon,
  Playing along the shore,
Saw the old steamer coming,
  That they'd often seen before.
They knew that it meant a dinner—
  Bones, and buns, and things—
But broad are the bends of the river,
  And only the gulls have wings.
Patiently, through the willows,
  They trotted, side by side;
They scrambled along the steep bank;
  But the space was deep and wide.
Though we threw to them scraps from the pantry,
  The shore was too far away;
And the gulls swooped down, with greedy cries—
  The gulls that follow all day.
At last the captain's heart softened,
  And the hearts of all the crew.
They turned the boat's prow in to the bank,
  And the little dogs had their due.
Ribs of beef, and beefsteak
  Were strewn along the shore;
And the two little dogs just ate and ate,
  Until they could eat no more.
So, we waved a farewell slowly,
  And steamed on out of sight;
But, soon, they were following through the trees—
  One black dog, and one white.
They followed us to a landing,
  Where we stopped to take on wood;
And, there, they sat down on the other bank,
  And wondered if they could
Swim over the rushing river,
  Where it sweeps around a bend.
Each one looked at the other,
  As friend would turn to friend.
And then they plunged in together,
  Into the roaring stream—
Two little dogs in the Yukon,
  Where the currents flash and gleam.
But they had run long and swiftly,
  And eaten, and drunk their fill;
They knew the old Yukon was strongest,
  And turned their heads back to the hill.
Drifting with the mad current—
  Their little heads side by side—
They landed far down, and safely,
  Swept in by the swirling tide.
Two little dogs on the Yukon
  Sat down, and watched us there;
And looked at one another,
  And pretended they didn't care;
But it hurt their pride immensely
  To have failed to swim across.
They thought of the bones and beefsteak,
  And sadly mourned their loss.
So, there, we left them sitting,
  Longing for bread and meat—
Two little dogs that have never had
  All they would like to eat.



A Legend of Old China

By JOHN FINN, JR.

Illustrated by Kenneth L. Callahan

MANY, many years ago, when the great city of Nankin was the capital of China, there ruled an emperor whom all the people loved, because they believed he was sacred. After some years, however, he became very dissatisfied with everything. He no longer found any interest in the affairs of his kingdom, nor in his vast possessions.

He had a hundred wives, and in all the kingdom it was said there were none more beautiful. He had many wonderful palaces in the woods; his streams were well stocked with fish; his forests were alive with deer and birds of many kinds. Thousands of his people had no interest or duty in life other than that of keeping their emperor happy. But all failed. He became very, very weary of it all, and retired to a secluded palace, shutting its doors to the outside world. Then the prosperity of the land waned.

China was in the grip of feudal wars, and the Emperor's presence at court was of vital importance. Hundreds of little kingdoms, ruled by lords and princes, paid tribute to Nankin and the elect of heaven. These feudal lords made great pilgrimages from far away kingdoms, across vast deserts and great mountains. They came to the palace of the hermit-ruler, only to be turned away. Then they returned to their homes, angry, and refused to pay tribute. In such cases, it was the custom of the court to have the wise men send soldiers to collect or fight for the payments. This meant war and trouble. Something had to be done to make the Emperor enjoy the affairs of state, and return to the court.

The wise men spent many hours discussing ways and means of bringing their ruler to his senses. Finally, when all else failed, they decided to get him a new wife.

They went to him in his secluded palace and he reluctantly consented to see them. The wise men told him of the kingdom's needs and of their plan to make life more pleasant for him. But the idea of a new wife did not arouse the Emperor. Had he not a hundred wives already? Many of them he had never seen. According to the old marriage custom of China, the ceremony was celebrated in the absence of the bride and groom, the marriage being arranged by the parents. The bride, carried in a chair on the backs of coolies, followed by a procession of all her worldly possessions, would journey to her husband's home. The chair in which she rode was surrounded by red paper. The husband's first view of his new wife was when he broke the paper and helped her from the chair. But the present Emperor would not even go to that trouble, so he had never seen many of his wives.

The wise men returned to Nankin and called a session of court. Envoys were chosen to go to all points in the land to select the most beautiful maiden. They were sent to Canton and Congmoon in the south, but they returned discouraged. Many beautiful maidens had they seen, but none more beautiful than the Emperor's wives. They traveled to Chingkin, Inhang, to Pekin, Pinlu and cities of the north, but without success. Then they went to Suchow and returned to report that the maidens there were so beautiful that it would take many days to choose an Emperor's bride. This interested the ruler. He sent a troop of soldiers to accompany the envoy and to escort to him the bride whom they might choose. Time dragged slowly in Nankin and the Emperor grew so impatient that he sent more envoys and more soldiers to watch the first ones. Finally, with great ceremony, with the blaring of horns and the ringing of temple bells, the most beautiful maiden of Suchow was chosen and brought to Nankin. The Emperor was so anxious to see her that he cast aside the custom of the land and peeked from behind a screen before she was brought into his palace. A cry fell from his lips. Never in all

his very much married life had he dreamed of a maiden so fair. Being a queer old ruler, he fell madly in love.

Wonderful days followed. Through the gardens of the palace the Emperor walked with his new bride, speaking poetry for her, playing his Chinese harp for her, telling of the legends of his greatgreat grandsire's great-great grandsire. And, as you might well expect, he neglected all business and instead of improving, the affairs of the nation grew steadily worse.

The soldiers and people murmured against the Emperor, and warnings that his life was in danger, came to his ears. Taking the beautiful maiden of Suchow, and a few faithful attendants, he fled west. After many weary days of travel they came to a great mountain which seemed to reach the heavens. Its base was a hundred miles across. The natives worshipped it and called it Omay. Up its sides the Emperor's party traveled, but now his attendants murmured and told the Emperor that unless he permitted them to take the life of the maiden of Suchow, they would desert him and return to Nankin. He protested, begging his people to stand by him and not harm his bride.

"She must perish," they cried, and brandished their great swords.

So, the Emperor, being Chinese, consented, and the maiden was put to death. She lay on the mountain side and winters and summers came and swept across her. Then a strange fate befell the people of China for a dread disease crept upon the body of the dead maiden. Thereafter, all who came and looked upon her and touched her fell victim to leprosy, the first leprosy to cut down the masses of the Chinese nation.

Meanwhile the sorrowing monarch returned to Nankin, a broken-hearted man. He did what he could to improve conditions in his court, but his heart was with the maiden on the mountain. He commanded that a monastery be built over her body, and there it stands to this day, the crystal monastery of Satchwan.

The Emperor then issued a proclamation stating that to whomever could bring him ease from his grief he would give great riches. But whoever tried and failed should be tortured and put to death. Unafraid of the penalty, many tried and died. Finally, a very wise men from the South came to Nankin and stated that he could cheer the Emperor, but at great cost. The Emperor replied that cost meant nothing, but warned him of the penalty of failure.

"Oh, Imperial Son of Heaven," cried the wise man, "I have consulted the gods. They have told me that none can cheer you but the Suchow Maiden."

The Emperor said that this was good sense and commanded the wise man to proceed.

"Oh, Imperial Heaven Born," continued the old man, bowing low to the earth, "I will send your soul to be with the soul of the Suchow maid."

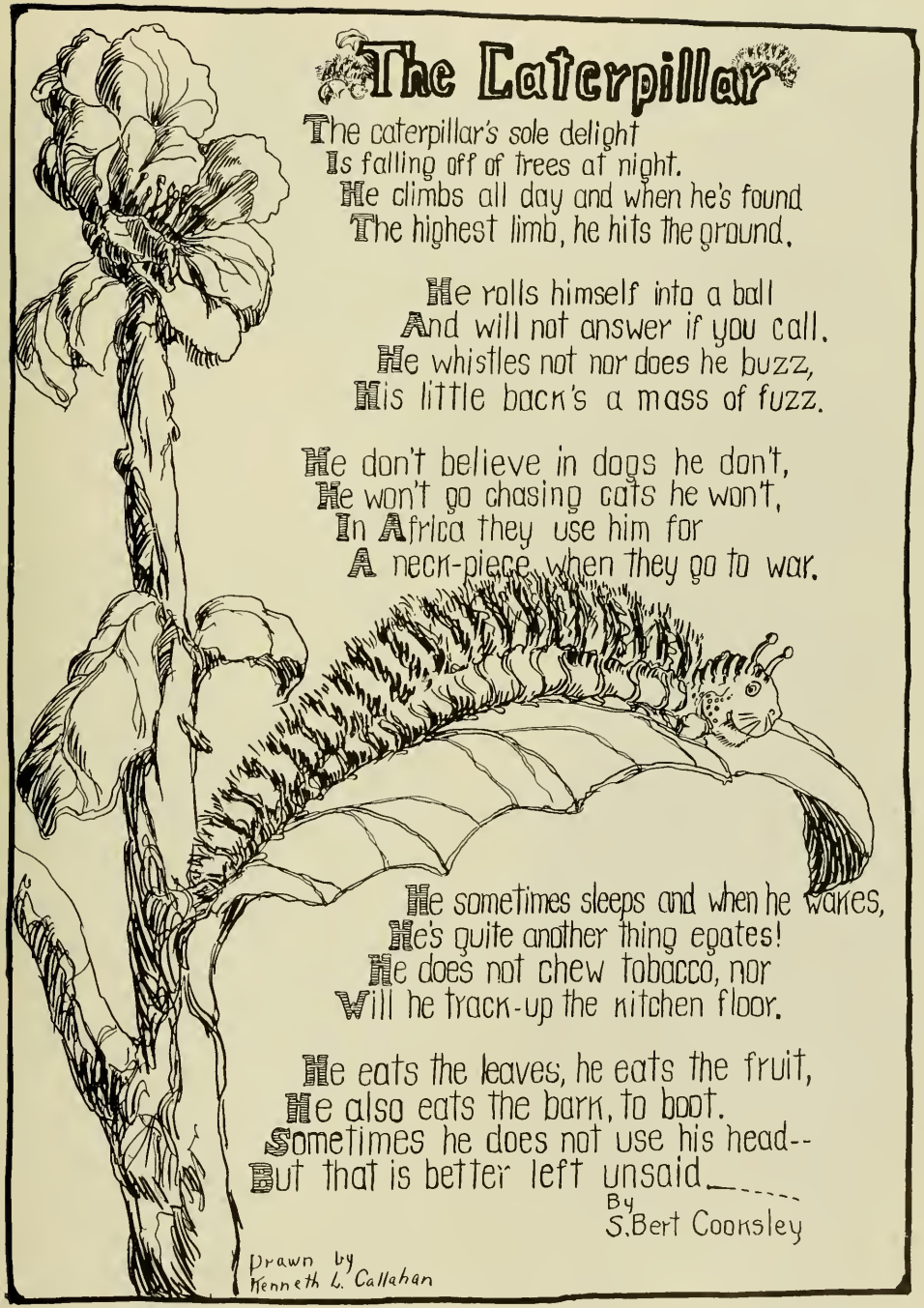
To do this he ordered that a palace be built, a palace of black wood, eight-sided and surrounded by a moat. At once work was started on the palace, and it may be seen in Nankin to this day.

The wise man entered the blackwood structure, drawing up the bridge after him, and there fasted. For it was believed that, to send the soul on a journey, it would be necessary to weaken the body so that its hold on the soul could not be too great.

Finally the body of the wise man was ready. He called his retainers to his side, and closed his eyes. Swiftly his soul left him and sped to the underworld. There it sought, high and low, for the Suchow maiden, but without success. Then the soul went to Heaven and sought and sought, but no trace of the Suchow maiden was to be found. Sorrowing, the soul of the wise man started on its return journey to earth. On the way it came to a beautiful lake. In the center there was a lovely wooded island, where the wind blowing through the trees became soft, sweet music. There the soul of the wise man found the maiden. He begged her to return to the Emperor, but she refused. But, knowing the fate that awaited the old man if he failed in his mission, she leaned towards him and whispered into his aged ears a message for him to take to her royal husband.

Outside the moat of the blackwood palace, the Emperor awaited impatiently. His soldiers paced nervously to and fro awaiting a sign from within.

(Continued on Page 95)



The Caterpillar

The caterpillar's sole delight
Is falling off of trees at night.
He climbs all day and when he's found
The highest limb, he hits the ground.

He rolls himself into a ball
And will not answer if you call.
He whistles not nor does he buzz,
His little back's a mass of fuzz.

He don't believe in dogs he don't,
He won't go chasing cats he won't,
In Africa they use him for
A neck-piece when they go to war.

He sometimes sleeps and when he wakes,
He's quite another thing egates!
He does not chew tobacco, nor
Will he track-up the kitchen floor.

He eats the leaves, he eats the fruit,
He also eats the bark, to boot.
Sometimes he does not use his head--
But that is better left unsaid.....

By
S.Bert Cooksley

Drawn by
Kenneth L. Callahan

Dots and Dashes

Chapter III

By S. B. DICKSON

Illustrated by C. Nelson

WHAT WENT BEFORE.—Bill Hodgkins (Hoxie), the captain of the Varsity Squad of Midway College, is a radio fan. Listening in to a message of dots and dashes he finds that he can not decipher them, although he has studied all codes. But Frenchy Lafitte, who understands such things, sets to work to find out what the message is about. While they are working, a group of Midway men rush in and announce that Freddie O'Neil, their prize quarterback, has deserted and gone in for professional football. In a flash Hoxie is out of the room and off to find O'Neil.

Meanwhile Lafitte and Big Morg Lindsay work on the secret code, and, deciphering it, find that a plot is afoot to harm the football team and get Hoxie. The boys decide to trace down the sender of the message. As they talk, another code message comes in. They immediately start working on it, but are interrupted by a freshman, who rushes in, shouting that Hoxie has been captured and probably injured in O'Neil's room. Losing no time the Midwayites start out to aid their captain, leaving the dazed freshman alone.

MEANWHILE, banging his cap on his head, Hoxie Hodgkins dashed down the corridor, leaving Frenchy Lafitte, Morg Lindsay and the rest of the excited Midwayites clustered over the mysterious code. He leaped down the steps, four at a time, swinging himself along the stair-rail. Shooting through the swinging doors of Men's Hall, he took the final set of steps at one jump and, whirling swiftly to the right, crashed into the arms of Dr. Sonntag, Professor of Biology.

"Nghh, nggh!" grunted the professor, clearing his throat. "Nggh! Well, well! Most extraordinary! Well! You're going to have an accident, my young friend, if you go at that rate."

Hoxie hesitated, red in the face, and then suddenly darting ahead, he shouted over his shoulder: "So's your old man," and disappeared around the corner of the building. Professor Sonntag pinched the nose-piece of his eyeglasses, waved his head from side to side to see if it was in its correct biological position, grunted "Nggh, nggh! Extraordinary!" and traveled on in the opposite direction.

Hoxie, slowing his dash to a dog trot, finally slackened into a quick walk.

"Got to know what line I am going to take with O'Neil," he argued to himself. He stopped, and

leaning against the ivy-covered walls of Gym Hall, considered. If Freddie O'Neil had sold out to the professionals, no hot-headed argument would swerve him. Hoxie realized that it was going to be a case of cat and mouse, with the cleverest animal winning. It called for the craft of a diplomat, and Hoxie was no statesman. He would have to bring school-spirit arguments into play and the duties that one brother owed to another. Hoxie was poor at sentiment, and knew it. His choice of methods would have followed a line buck, a center rush right into the heart of the scrim.

"Well," he laughed, "I guess that there is no use planning what I am going to say. Probably won't say it anyway. Here's trusting to luck."

Freddie O'Neil roomed at Mother Wilson's, on Starkweather Avenue, a quarter of a mile beyond the campus gates. "Mother" Wilson, a slender, spectacled spinster, sat on the veranda fanning herself with a copy of the Police Gazette as Hoxie approached.

"See you've taken to literature, mother," said Hoxie.

Miss Wilson glanced at the sheet in her hand and flushed.

"Certainly not," she said. "I just picked this up in Mr. Jones' room. It looks as though it might be quite entertaining."

"No doubt," Hoxie winked. "Freddie O'Neil in, Miss Wilson?"

"Believe he is," she replied. "Least wise I haven't seen him go out. You know where his room is?"

Hoxie nodded, and mounted the steps. Coming to O'Neil's door, he knocked and entered without waiting for an invitation. Freddie O'Neil sat at the window, sewing a button on his pants.

"'lo, Hox," he said. "What blew you in?"

"Oh," Hodgkins shrugged his shoulders, "just thought I'd breeze over to see what you've got on your mind."

"Not a thing, Hoxie. Not a feather."

"Ain't it the truth?"

"Ain't it?"

They stared at each other a moment, like wrestlers watching for a break, and then grinned. Finally Hoxie's face became grim.

"Freddie," he shot at the other, "you going professional?"

"Sure."

"What for?"

"Who wants to know?"

"I do."

"Well, I don't have to tell you, do I?"

"You do if I make you."

O'Neil sprang to his feet.

"Look here, Bill Hodgkins," he shouted. "Don't come that line over me. I don't have to take it from you. I'm my own boss, and you darned well know it. Think you can come in here with a high hand and tell me what I've got to do? Not on your tin-lizzie! Change your line, Hox, or get out."

Hodgkins knew that he had made a bad beginning.

"Don't be an ass, Freddie," he said. "Sit down and keep cool. Go put your head under the faucet. You'll feel better."

"That's all right. But don't try to run me, just because you are the captain of the Varsity."

"All right, all right. I was wrong. Now that's settled, why are you going professional?"

"Because I want to."

"Sure. What other reason?"

"Money!"

"Much?"

"Enough."

"Going to be a 'Red' Grange and make a half a million and get your picture in the paper?"

"Mebbe."

"That'll be swell. Use Freddie O'Neil Shaving Powder! That's what made him beautiful! Mothers all like Sarah's Soothing Syrup, recommended by Freddie O'Neil, the Midway College quarterback!"

O'Neil laughed. "You never can tell, Hox. Maybe they'll want me to go in the movies."

"Sure they will. Frederick O'Neil, Sheik of The Tanks, in 'Why Girls Leave College.' Little Freddie Belasco O'Neil, the Child Wonder, in 'The Freckle-Faced Macbeth."

"Shut up."

"Make me. Say, Freddie, why don't you play Shakespeare?"

"Shut up."

Hodgkins walked around the room, his fists clenched in his trouser pockets. He kicked a brief case across the floor, and yanked the window-shade up and down. He turned and stared at O'Neil and thrust out his jaw. Then he crossed the room and clapped his hands on the other man's shoulders.

"Freddie," he said, "listen to me. I'm no blamed good at tact; I'd make a rotten politician. But this thing has gotten under my hide. Will you listen to me?"

"Shoot, but it will do no good."

"Fred, you're no 'Red' Grange. There's only one Grange in the country. Never met him, but I've a hunch he's a pretty level-headed bird. There wasn't a hero in the country when the newspapers grabbed hold of him. They took him and made him. He didn't have to let his school down. He played the last game that the Conference rules entitled him to. He played the game on the square, and reaped mighty big benefits. He went into the thing clean, and with the best of intentions. But he gave college football one of the blackest eyes it could possibly get. Every kid who gets a job as water-carrier runs around in front of the press cameras in hopes someone will grab him and make a professional out of him."

"I've heard all of this over and over again, Hox."

"Sure you have. But you haven't wanted to think about it. Fred, you've put in four years of study: four years of friendship with a mighty decent bunch of men. You are going out into life labeled 'College Man.' Lots of merchants and financiers are going to hold that against you. They don't seem to like college men as much as they used to. But others are going to know what it really means. They'll know that you have a cleaner, firmer grip on the worthwhile things of life. You've learned not to laugh at ideals. You'll get commercial, Freddie. I guess everybody does. But put it off, man. Try to get something more out of life than just dollars and cents and seven hours a day at a desk."

"That's all there is to it. That's why I'm willing to go professional. I figure to clean up enough in a couple of years to put me on easy street. I won't have to worry about the grind then."

"What'll you do?"

"Nothing, if I don't want to."

"Sure you will. Everybody's got to do something. You'd go clean bugs if you didn't have to do something. Anyway, this is getting away from football. Fred, we're going to play St. Dominic a week from Saturday, two weeks from today. If you are in the game we will win. If you're not we'll lose."

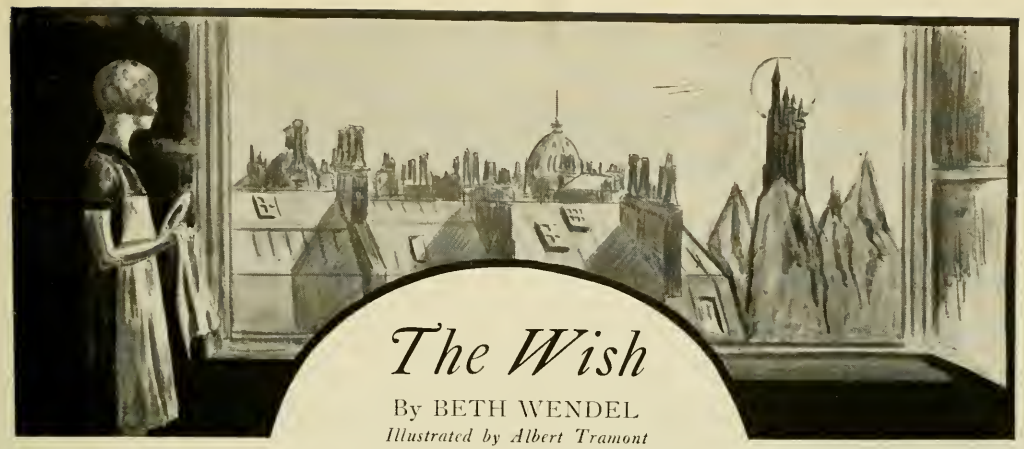
"What ice does that cut? We'll go out and scream our fool heads off. If we win we'll celebrate. If we lose we'll be sorheads for a week, and then it will all be forgotten."

"No such a thing."

"Why not?"

Hoxie grinned and rubbed his chin. "Freddie," he sighed, "I'm the cat's whiskers when it comes to being solemn and talking about the soul and all that sort of thing. You know me! But I tell you, you owe it to yourself to play the game. You're clean and straight and proud of your body and your mind and your character. Now take it squarely from me. You slip just once, just a little against your own conscience, and a gol-darned good man is going to be wasted. Gee, Fred, I feel like a regular minister.

(Continued on Page 94)



The Wish

By BETH WENDEL

Illustrated by Albert Tramont

ELLEN lived over her father's grocery store and there were only three small rooms for the entire family.

Louise lived in a large house where there were separate rooms for each person and extra ones for books and music and company.

Louise invited Ellen to her birthday party and Ellen's father had two days of "special prices" so that his little girl might have a new blue dress to match her eyes, and black slippers that would make her take small, important steps.

The party was like a wonderful dream from which one hates to awake. The house was filled with flowers and laughter and Ellen's heart behaved like a hurdy-gurdy.

Ellen's eyes grew wide as she sat at the dining room table.

"Once I went to the country," she whispered to Louise, "and I walked along the railroad track. The longer I walked the more beautiful the scenery grew, so I have always believed that railroad tracks must end in heaven. This long, narrow table seems to lead to heaven, too! The knives and forks and spoons are the shiny tracks. The children in their bright dresses are flowers growing along side."

"Railroad tracks don't end in heaven," Louise disagreed. "They end in New York, a horrid city full of places where children are too young to go."

"This is such a beautiful house," Ellen sighed, "the lights are just like dew-drops."

"They are crystal," Louise told her, "but they look like tears to me."

"I wish I lived here," Ellen cried. "I wish I were you!"

"I wish I were you," Louise answered. "I wish I lived in your house. You have nice rockers to sit in and we have only straight-back chairs."

"Mother said that rich people don't use rockers any more," Ellen said, "so we buy them for very little money."

As the two girls were speaking the great doors of the dining room opened and a lovely fairy in dazzling white appeared. She wore a white silk mask and carried a golden wand.

"She looks like my governess," Louise cried softly, "but she is smiling and Miss Brown never smiles."

"Maybe she is smiling," Ellen answered, "because she wears a mask and thinks we do not know her."

"I have come to tell you a story," the fairy said, and she told them all about a little boy who found a wishing ring.

The children applauded when the tale was finished and the fairy raised her wand to ask for silence.

"Now," she said, "I shall walk around the table and you may each make a wish. Tomorrow your wish will be granted."

Each little guest asked for a doll or a toy or a book, but when the fairy asked Ellen her wish, she said, "I wish I could be Louise!"

The fairy looked surprised and quite amazed when Louise said, "I wish to be Ellen and live in her house."

The fairy gazed at both little girls and then said slowly, "When you are with your family this evening, think of your wish. When you kiss your parents good night, think of your wish. When you lie awake in bed, think of your wish. Tomorrow, if you both wish to be the other, go to the fountain in the park. If you have changed your wish by then throw a kiss to the first star of the evening."

Ellen looked about the beautiful house rapturously. Tomorrow it would be hers! Tomorrow she would go to the fountain.

Louise's heart pounded with joy. Tomorrow she might read in a rocking chair and eat jam right out of the jar. She could wear gingham dresses to dinner and eat in the kitchen. She could wipe the dishes and

play with the little black kitten. Tomorrow she would go to the fountain.

Ellen skipped home, carrying favors and prizes from the party. Her mother waved to her from the window, and suddenly Ellen stopped skipping and walked slowly, feeling a little sad. If she were to be Louise, she must give up her mother and father, too! A lump rose in her throat when mother kissed her—and the baby looked so chubby and sweet sitting there on the floor. At dinner, the simple meal tasted unusually good and it didn't take so awfully long to dry the dishes. When she went to bed, she could not bear to think of Louise using her ugly, funny quilt, or have Louise see the moon from her window. All at once she felt like crying and fell asleep sobbing into her hard little pillow.

Louise's father came home after the children had left and asked all about the party.

His blue eyes twinkled as she told him about foolish Mary's guessing that there were only twenty beans in the big glass jar.

Daddy looked a little tired, Louise thought, and he would be very sad not to find her here tomorrow night. Of course, he would have Ellen, but Louise did not like to think of daddy loving another little girl.

When she went upstairs her room looked so bright and cheerful! The little chintz-covered chair was really quite comfortable, after all. Lying in bed, it was very nice to gaze up at the lacy canopy.

When daddy kissed her good night, she cried softly and he said, "Too much party, girlie?"

Daddy always said, "Too much party?" when Louise felt like crying, and it seemed a good explanation for everything she didn't want to talk about.

The next day Ellen hurried home from school and helped with the house work and the baby. She answered the door bell without grumbling and thought it was fun to set the dinner table.

Louise drove through the park with Miss Brown and enjoyed the swift, smooth automobile. Miss Brown looked at her queerly as she passed the fountain.

"Would you like to stop here?" she asked.

Louise remembered that the fountain was the place where she would become Ellen. Her face grew very red. "No, Miss Brown," she said, her voice trembling, "let's call for daddy."

That evening as the sun set and the sky grew a deeper and deeper blue, two little girls stood by their bedroom windows.

The street grew quiet as automobiles neared home, and the business cars rested for the night. The trees turned lavender, then purple. The birds were hushed in their nests.

Two little girls looked upward intently until the first star appeared faintly, far away.

Two little girls quickly threw it a kiss, and then sent more and more kisses to make sure that the star received one.

The next day Miss Brown took Louise and Ellen down town and allowed each of them to select a lovely doll.

On the way home she looked at their contented faces and smiled.

The two little girls saw the smile and then said to themselves, "She does look like the fairy!"

THE CIRCUS CUT-OUT

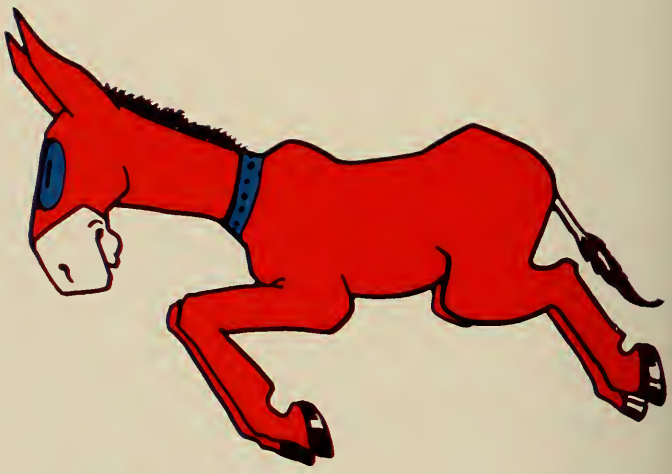
For Small Girls and Smaller Boys

Watch the circus grow. See the fat old bear rolling around the ring on his great big ball. Wouldn't we love to have the ball in our back yard? Wouldn't it be funny if he fell off and bumped his nose? But he is a nice old bear, and we do not wish him any harm.

Here is the funny policeman, being chased all over the place by the wicked donkey. We wonder who will win the race.

And now see the lion. How he growls and shakes his head! He would not be a very good play-fellow, would he?

Let's cut them out and save them with last month's circus folks. Remember, we are going to collect our circuses when we have everybody, and have a circus exhibition, and there will be a prize for the best cut-outs. We saw one cut-out the other day. The cutting was carefully done and then pasted on thin pieces of wood, and it looked just splendid. We hope yours is going to be as good.



THE LION

Hear the lion howl and roar,
See him leap across the floor,
See his great mouth gaping wide,
As he sways from side to side.

See him beat his bushy tail
While he pounds against his rail;
See his great ferocious eyes,
And his air of being wise.

How he'd like us for his dinner!
Don't we wish that we were thinner!
But at times he looks so mild
That we feel he can't be wild.

Does he maybe long to be
In his jungle, bold and free?
Does he crave a jungle feast?
Great big, clumsy, circus beast!

THE BEAR

What's that coming on the stage
In a lovely gilded cage,
Like a fog-horn, growling there?
It's the fat old grizzly bear.

Tries to stand upon his head,
Falls upon his nose instead;
Turns a dozen somersaults,
Then gets up and tries to waltz.

See him climb upon his ball;
See him slide and slip and fall;
See him join the circus band
And beat the bass drum with his hand.

He's a nice old grizzly bear,
With his bushy coat of hair;
But I would not like to meet
Grizzly on our city street.

THE DONKEY

See the donkey with sad eyes;
With the ears of monstrous size.
Even if you think he's sweet
Keep away from his hind feet.

See him snort and toss his head;
See him fall as if he's dead.
Just to watch him is a treat—
Far away from his hind feet.

See him chase the clowns around;
See him kick and tear the ground.
Oh, we're glad we're in our seat,
Nowhere near his long hind feet.

See the donkey, small and cute.
How can folks call him a brute?
He's so nice and clean and neat—
All excepting his hind feet.

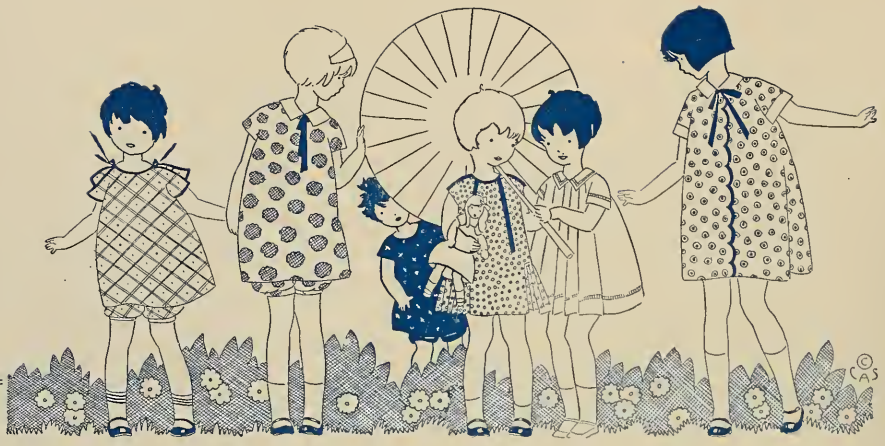
THE POLICEMAN

Who's that rushing 'round the ring,
Stumbling over everything?
Sawdust flying as he goes,
Chasing after his long nose?—the p'liceman.

Who's that with the dinky hat,
In his hand a dinky bat?
Funny buttons on his coat,
Funny collar 'round his throat?—the p'liceman.

Who's that with the great big feet,
With the face all red with heat?
With the scared look in his eyes,
With his groans and grunts and cries?—the p'liceman.

It's the circus p'liceman clown
Jumping up and falling down;
Tearing wildly 'round the ring,
Scared of mice and everything—the p'liceman.



New Fashions for Wee Ones

And an Old Lesson in Manners

"What's your name?"

"Beatrice. What's yours?"

"Betty Jane. My mama said I could play with you."

"Oh."

"My mama said you were the best-dressed little girl at the hotel."

"Oh."

"Where did your mama buy your dress?"

"I won't tell you."

"It's funny, anyway, with those little marks all over it."

"That's printed. Silly! Most of the nice vacation dresses are printed."

"Where did your mama buy it?"

"I won't tell you. All these other little girls' dresses came from there, too."

"If I give you a stick of candy, will you tell me?"

"No. But it's a store that has all the newest styles for little girls and boys."

"Aw—tell me what store!"

"No. Oooooh, there's mama! Why, she's been sitting on that bench all the time."

"Why, Beatrice, where are your good manners? Never let anyone tease you for an answer. Now tell the little girl where Mother bought the dress."

FIFTH FLOOR

O'Connor Moffatt & Co.

121 Post Street SAN FRANCISCO between Grant and Kearny

FIFTH FLOOR

?

By JOHN B. WOOSTER

Illustrated by Kenneth L. Callahan

JIMMY CATHERS was a wonderful boy. Furthermore, he didn't care who knew it. In High School they called him Smelly Cathers because he was always fussing with bad-smelling chemicals. His finger tips were stained with acids most of the time, for he had worked for a year developing a simple manner of plating base metals.

Smelly had a habit of wandering around the school-yard with a far-away expression in his eyes. It was as if he belonged to a different world. That was the reason that so many fellows bumped into him accidentally on purpose, or knocked his books from under his arm, or stamped their feet as he walked across the class room floor. When any of these unpleasant things happened, Smelly would frown and straighten his very large eyeglasses and stick his chin about three inches higher than it belonged. But he was a wonderful boy.

The fact was, Smelly did not consider himself a student. At first he told himself that he was a brilliant student, but later he used to stand in front of the mirror in his bath room and say:

"James, you are a genius."

Of course the mirror never contradicted him.

When Smelly graduated, the mayor of the town pinned a bronze medal on his coat and told him that some day he would probably be the President of the United States. Everybody cheered, especially his father.

That evening Mr. Cathers called Jimmy into the library and asked him what he wanted to do with his life. James replied that he intended to be a scientist, and incidentally that he wished his father to fit up a laboratory for him where he could experiment. Mr. Cathers was willing to give every encouragement to a lad who might some day be President; so he gave orders that the laboratory should be equipped immediately. It was a wonderful day when the work was completed. Jimmy walked into it and locked the door behind him. He handled his shining new test tubes, lit and turned off a Bunsen burner, straightened his shelf of reference books, and then, walking solemnly to the center of the room, pounded his knuckles together and said:

"Gosh, I'm a scientist."

Being a scientist, the first thing to do was to commence experimenting. Smelly decided that his first experiment should be an important one, something that had never been completed, something that would change the world. That was a big order; but then, as we have said, Smelly was a wonderful boy.

He settled down to his test tubes, and only left the laboratory to sleep and eat. Night and day he studied over long formulae. A strange idea had come to him.

He knew that his body lived while he was asleep. He dreamed strange dreams and felt queer sensations. He made up his mind that he would discover the weird something that controlled the sleeping hours. If he could mix a concoction that would manage his sleep-brain he would be greater than any living scientist. It would only be a matter of time until he could send his brain wherever he pleased.

But it seemed that Jimmy had come up against a stone wall. His chemicals could produce everything but the divine spark of life. He read long books on strange subjects, and none of them gave him a clue. But he persevered. One night he sat in his laboratory working later than usual. He heard the clock strike twelve; it was time to get some rest. Wearily he arose from his white enameled table and commenced to straighten his measures and tubes. Half asleep he wandered from the table to the sink, pouring the chemical mixtures down the drain. Back to the table he went. On it stood a bowl containing an evil-smelling salt solution. Next to it was a box of refuse that he had swept together; he had no idea what it contained. Sleepily he poured the refuse into the bowl and watched it dissolve. Suddenly he leaned forward eagerly. The red liquid in the bowl was turning to a beautiful green. Streaks of gold and peacock blue ran through it. It began to bubble and sizz, looking for all the world like the active crater of a volcano. Small islands formed and disappeared, little jets of steam sprang into the air. The unpleasant odor changed to a wonderful perfume.

Jimmy dipped his fingers into the boiling mixture. It felt icy cold. He lifted his finger to his lips and tasted it. It was sweet and pleasant. Half in a dream he lifted the bowl and sipped the contents.

There came a blinding flash. Clouds of white smoke poured over him; strange voices cried out and strange music sounded in his ears. He closed his eyes for an instant and then opened them. All was white, rolling clouds of white. He was floating in space; he felt that he was asleep with his eyes open. Softly he was carried through space; the motion was not unlike that of an aeroplane on a midsummer's day.

"I don't know what has happened," he thought, "and I don't know where I'm going, but I'm going to find out."

He scratched his head and thought.

"I'd like this trip to keep on and on," he said, "until I land in the middle of the Sahara Desert."

Slowly the clouds parted and he found himself walking through heavy sand. Before him a great pyramid pierced the sky. A caravan wound its way past him and disappeared in the distance.

A strange thought come to Jimmy. He had been in his laboratory and now he was in Africa. He wondered what had happened to his room. In a flash he was in it again. At his table sat a figure. Jimmy looked at it. It was asleep; it was his own body! Then he understood. He had chanced on the mixture that had allowed his brain to leave his body and go where it would. He was out of himself.

It was too wonderful to be true! He was certainly a wonderful boy.

"I would like to go to the South Sea Islands," he whispered. The cloud of white formed and lifted him. A strip of beach appeared; there were tall palms and coral reefs. A canoe was drawn up on the sand. Beside it sat an old man.

"Hullo," said Jimmy.

The old man did not move. Then Jimmy realized that he could not be seen. He was not there; only his brain had left the room. He watched the old fellow carefully. The stranger sat, a fish line in his hand, and gazed at the ocean. A fish struck; he sprang to his feet, and then sat down again as it swam away. He spat a wad of tobacco, and as he did so three forms sprang from behind a palm; they were great naked men, black and shining. They danced about the old man, brandishing knives and shrieking. He reached for his knife to protect himself, but it lay ten feet away at the water's edge. Suddenly he turned and raised his hand. The natives danced more wildly and shrieked more excitedly. Then, just as another couple came dashing across the sandspit waving their arms, the old man thrust his fingers into his mouth, drew out his false teeth, and clicking them together, rushed at the natives.

With shrieks of terror they fled into the bushes, and the old man, laughing and shaking his head, went ambling down the beach and out of sight.

The brain of Jimmy laughed until it almost wept.

"I have had enough of the South Seas," he said. "Now I think I will go to some high places. Let me see. What is the highest mountain in the world? If I am not mistaken, it is Mount Everest, in the Himalayas."

No sooner had he thought the name than he was on the peak of a great mountain. The wind raged and shrieked; snow and ice swept around his feet. Miles below he could see more and more mountains, and beyond them the ocean. Just before him, in the snow, he saw a large and beautiful red flower. He took a step towards it . . . and slipped. Down, down he rushed, and the noise that his falling brain made was like the noise of a thousand riveters in a shipyard. He reached out and tried to stop himself, but it did no good. On and on he dashed until, suddenly, he slid over the side of a cliff and fell into space. On and on and on he fell until, suddenly, there was a horrible crash. He landed on something hard. He opened his eyes and looked around him.

He was seated on the floor of his laboratory. Beside him was his enameled table, overturned. A mess of salts and chemicals were burning holes in the carpet.

On the mantle the hands of the clock pointed to fifteen minutes past twelve.

TIMMIE

By MARJORIE M. ADAMS

Illustrated by Della Taylor

NOT UNTIL his beloved mistress had actually deposited him in the arms of this strange woman and had turned to go, with a little sound that might have been a sob, did it occur to Timmie that he might be left behind.

He whined inquiringly—a small-puppy whine, for Timmie was very young—and looked up into the face of the woman who held him, to see what it was all about. The woman smiled, and patted him.

"He'll get over it, Marion," she said reassuringly to Timmie's mistress. "He is only a baby—too young to remember you very long."

Marion Conway did not reply at once. She bent over and kissed Timmie on the tip of his ridiculous little black nose, and on each soft brown ear, and on the heart-shaped white spot on top of his head that she had said meant faithfulness.

"Oh, Helen, be good to him! I loved him so!" she said—and was gone.

For a moment Timmie could not believe it. Then a tiny voice, instinct perhaps, told him that she would not come back. He sprang from Mrs. Sanford's arms and ran to the front door as fast as puppy paws would carry him. It was closed, inexorably closed.

And then it was that Timmie, aged six and a half months, of uncertain breed, and possessed by a consuming fear, lifted up his voice and wailed his woe to all the heavens.

His cries reached the girl hurrying down the walk toward the front gate, and she put both hands over her ears and ran.

"I've got to do it," she said between clenched teeth, "There is no way I can keep him with me. But I'd rather—oh, almost anything else in the world!"

Timmie's wails grew fainter as she fled, and at last she hailed a passing bus, that was headed toward the city, with a gasp of relief. On the way back she tried to make herself believe that because she could no longer hear him, he had ceased to cry. Surely he would forget—so small a puppy!

But with a pang that was absurdly inconsistent, Marion Conway realized that she did not want him to forget. Much as she desired Timmie to be happy, in the little country home at San Jose where she had taken him to live with her sister, and her sister's children, it would be strangely terrible to know that he had never a thought for her as he played and barked under the trees.

"Will he really forget?" she mused, looking out the window over miles of hill-and-valley scenery, whirling past.

And "Will he forget?" wondered Helen Sanford, as she lifted the wailing puppy away from the door, where he had flattened his nose in a vain attempt to burrow through the panel. The violence of his grief made her uneasy.

Would he forget? The question had not even occurred to Timmie. Like "Kim," he did not wish to escape from this strange house. All he wanted to know was where the easiest method of escape lay, and how to get out when he had found it.

If he submitted passively that evening to the petting and fondling that he received from the kindly hands of Mrs. Sanford and her two small children, it was because he had made up his mind to play a waiting game. Let them pet him now! When they were gone—when he had been shut up for the night, wherever they intended to put him—then would come his opportunity. Timmie was small, even for a puppy. There were few holes that he could not have wriggled through.

But it was with a sinking heart that the little dog watched Mrs. Sanford bring in a strong steel chain and a spiked collar.

"Hold Timmie for me, while I tie him up," she directed the little boy, a lad of about eight years, "we would not like to have him run away, when he has just arrived, would we? Later on, perhaps, we may not have to tie him, when he has learned to like his new home."

The boy bent down and picked up the puppy in his arms.

"Why did Aunt Marion give him away?" he asked his mother, as she fastened the collar about Timmie's neck, "Gee—I wouldn't give away a real, live dog like this to anybody!"

"Aunt Marion had no place to keep a little dog," Mrs. Sanford explained. "When your grandma died last month, she had to go away from the big house over in Berkeley and live in an apartment in San Francisco. And people do not allow little dogs to live in apartments. So Aunt Marion brought Timmie to us."

The collar was fastened, with a huge clasp and buckle that daunted even Timmie's boundless courage. How was he ever to escape from that? Then he was carried out into the moonlit garden, where the other end of the chain was firmly secured to a gnarled and ancient tree.

Mrs. Sanford gave him a final pat before leaving him for the night.

"Goodnight, Timmie," she said, smoothing the sleek fur, "I know it's hard to lose your mistress, but you will have a good home here."

Exhausted by his grief, Timmie fell into a troubled sleep. His dreams were broken by flashes of memory that threw the events of the day, like a kaleidoscope, across his inner vision.

He saw workmen busy with nail and hammer, boarding up the doors and windows of the old house in Berkeley that had been the home of all the Conways for two generations.

He saw his beloved mistress, standing on the steps for the last time, bravely smiling through her tears and unfastening the lid of the little basket that contained Timmie, so that he might look once more at the old house, too.

"Never mind, Timmie!" he heard her say, "when we get rich we'll buy it back again!"

Then he saw his mistress in the city, going from door to door and asking in vain for a room where she might keep "one little puppy, who really wasn't any trouble at all?" The answer had been unvarying and monotonous—"No—No No."

Then all the sad pictures rushed together in Timmie's mind, as he slept in the kennel so many miles away, and gave place to one sunny, glorious dream.

He was with his mistress again, playing in the garden of the old house, where there were flowers, and trees, and birds. And soon she became tired, and flinging herself down upon the grass, she pulled Timmie into her arms, half smothering him, "wooling" his ears, and kissing him on his ridiculous little black nose, all in the most delightful fashion. It was a dream that had been reality many times . . . .

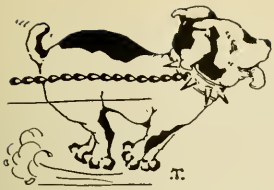
It may have been coincidence that Marion Conway, tossing in her bed in the little apartment high up on the Haight Street hill, fell into the same wonderful dream.

"Timmie!" she murmured, flinging out an arm in search of his warm, furry body, "Timmie—how queer! I thought that you were gone. . . . . "

* * * * *

Never did the gods look down upon so fiercely concentrated a morsel of life as Timmie, aged twelve months, searching for a way out.

A worn little path, trodden in the circle of his chain, gave mute evidence of the ceaseless hours of pacing to and fro. Investigating his chain. Burying it. Finding to his sorrow that it would not remain buried. Straining at the collar about his neck. Examining the heavy



staple that held the chain securely to the gnarled old tree. . . . .

The bonds held. For the time being, Fate had stacked the cards against Timmie.

It is doubtful if Mrs. Sanford ever realized the extent of the restless, faithful spirit that animated the little dog. She had watched him long enough to make sure that he would not bite the children, and that he did not intend to starve himself to death, and after that, Timmie was left mostly to his own devices—so far as the chain permitted—for Mrs. Sanford was a busy woman.

"Timmie seems a bit restless," she would say, watching him in his eternal circling about the garden, "but he'll get over that."

Outwardly he was a model pet. He allowed the children to pat and fondle him, bearing such attentions with patient resignation, save when too-curious little fingers touched the heart-shaped white spot on top of his head that Marion Conway had said meant faithfulness. Then Timmie would jerk his head away. Had he been human, he might have cried "Don't!"

Then they would go away, the little girl and the boy, and Timmie would return to his pacing, back and fotrh, back and forth, about the little garden.

"A way out—a way out!" sang in his brain without ceasing. "Oh my beloved little mistress, do you think I could forget?"

* * * *

For the second time in her life, Marion Conway had seen her world change, overnight.

Kneeling at the window of her apartment, looking out across the bay, she heard again the voice of her employer as, just a few hours before, he announced in his abrupt yet kindly fashion that she was to become the private secretary of the firm.

What did that mean to Marion?

It meant buying the old house back, the home in Berkeley. It meant—and this was the thing that caused a fierce battle between her mind and heart as she knelt there at the window—the getting back of Timmie.

Had she any right to take Timmie back?

Her sister had written, not realizing the kindly cruelty of her words, that Timmie "seemed to have forgotten her now. He acted fairly content, and was fond of the children."

It was what she had hoped for—at least for Timmie's sake—that he should forget. Yet there was an intolerable pang in the thought.

"Timmie!" she whispered, "are you really happy, down there?"

It occurred to her to go to San Jose and see for herself. Then, recalling the pain of that former parting, she shrank from putting either Timmie or herself through such an experience again. Better even to leave him where he was. . . . .

The letter had contained no mention of the worn little path about the circle of the chain, nor of the tiny dents on each link of that chain that showed where Timmie had tried to bite it through—and failed. But Mrs. Sanford did not know about this last.

Marion Conway's head dropped upon her arms. She had decided. Timmie should stay where he was. But what would the old home be like, now that her mother was gone, without Timmie?

Out of sheer weariness she fell asleep, there at the window.

And she dreamed of Timmie.

What a big Timmie he was, though! And what a queer, haunting, restless look there was in those beautiful eyes! Somehow that look did not fit in with something she had heard somewhere—something about Timmie being happy—he couldn't be, with eyes like that——. His head was up, but now he lowered it, and appeared to be worrying at something.

In her dream Marion came closer, and saw that the big staple that held the long steel chain fast to a tree was being pulled out, inch by inch, in Timmie's teeth. Even as she watched, the staple gave way.

Timmie quivered for an instant, nose to the ground. Then he bounded into action. Picking up the chain in his teeth, he made for the front gate. The chain caught in the hinges as he passed through. With a violent effort he wrenched it free—and was gone.

Bright moonlight streamed down upon the countryside, bringing everything into black-and-white relief. What was that wavering little dot, running toward the hills at an incredible speed? Could that be Timmie? Where was he going—how could he run like that?

Marion strained her eyes after the black dot. It became smaller and smaller—was about to vanish.

"He is going home!"

Marion woke at the sound of her own voice, that had spoken the words aloud.

Home? Timmie? Impossible—it was only a dream.

She became aware that she was cramped from kneeling at the window. Rising, she made her way to bed, and as she turned out the lamp she smiled a bit to think of Timmie wanting to go home. What a funny dream!

No sooner had she closed her eyes than the dream came back.

Once more she watched Timmie, a black silhouette in the moonlit garden, worry the staple out of the tree. Once more she saw him wrench the dragging chain free from the hinges of that front gate and start off over the hills. . . .

Four times Marion Conway went through the dream from beginning to end, and at the last, just as dawn broke over the hills, she was brought wide awake again at the sound of her own voice.

(Continued on Page 102)

DOTS AND DASHES

(Continued from Page 82)

But I'm right. I don't care so much for laws. I try not to break them. But, gosh! I've been pinched for speeding and called for jay-walking, and all that sort of thing. When it comes to the laws that I make for myself, that's different. I just don't break them. Get what I mean?"

"Sure I do, Hox. I get you, and I know it's no cinch for you to preach this way. But I've promised to tie up with these birds, and if I throw them down I won't be playing the game either."

"You think you're between the devil and the deep sea, don't you?"

"Just about."

"Well, you're not. On one hand you've got a bunch of business men, whoever they are, out to clean up some dough; ond on the other hand, all the things you've been working for these four years."

"Hoxie, you've got me all up in the air."

"Halleluia," laughed Hodgkins, and as he did so there came a firm knock at the door. O'Neil put his fingers to his lips.

"Come in," he called.

Four well-dressed, broad-shouldered men entered. O'Neil stood up and held out his hand.

"Hullo, fellows," he said. "Glad to see you. Didn't expect you for another half-hour. Meet my friend, Bill Hodgkins. Bill, meet Mr. Langley, Mr. Dixon, Mr. Graham, Mr. Greaves."

"Hope we are not intruding," said Greaves as he shook hands with Hoxie.

"Not at all," O'Neil answered, taking the bull by the horns. "We were just discussing my going professional. Hoxie is the captain of the Varsity, and he doesn't very much approve."

Greaves laughed, and eyed Hodgkins steadily.

"No," he agreed. "I don't suppose he would. Sort of put a hole in your team, wouldn't it?"

"Sort of," Hoxie nodded. "But Freddie has made up his mind to stand by us."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. He figures he can do himself more good by sticking to college football."

"Well, I haven't altogether made up my mind," O'Neil laughed.

Hoxie shook his head. "Yes, you have, Freddie. You can sign all the professional contracts you want a week from next Saturday night. But you are going to play quarter against St. Dominic."

"Say, where do you come in?" demanded Greaves. "We don't want any butting-in on our plans."

"Not butting-in," said Hodgkins. "Just telling you what's what."

"You go easy, my friend. You're walking on a volcano."

"Yes, I am getting sort of hot," Hoxie nodded. His eyes were flashing, his fists clenched.

Greaves turned to his three companions, shrugged his shoulders, and then faced O'Neil, saying:

"Fred, don't let this bird get your goat. We've brought the contract with us. All you need to do is put your John Henry on the dotted line and you'll be a made man."

"Made of mud," said Hoxie.

"You'd better wait outside, Hox," O'Neil told him. "I've promised these gentlemen, and the least I can do is to discuss it with them in private."

Hoxie shook his head.

"Not if I know it. I don't leave this room until I know that you are standing by Midway."

Mr. Langley, a tall, dark-skinned man, crossed the room. Grasping Hodgkins by the lapels of his coat, he brought his nose close to the other's.

"My friend," he growled, "hadn't you better go while the going is good?"

"I don't think so. Take your hands off my coat."

Langley took a firmer grip. He drew the coat tight under Hoxie's armpits.

"Get out," he commanded, "and get out quickly."

"You take your hands off me or I'll smash your nose."

In answer Langley suddenly let go and, drawing back his arm, swung his right fist between Hoxie's eyes. The unexpected attack caught the Midwayite off his guard, and stumbling backwards he hit his head against the post of O'Neil's bed and fell to the floor.

* * * * * *

Meanwhile, Lafitte, Lindsay, Snow, Summers and Sammie Murk had read the message that the freshman had written, and had started down the steps. At the door they paused as Lindsey grabbed French's arm.

"We can't all go," he said. "Someone has got to stay to pick up the code messages that come in. It's up to you, Foote. You are the only one who can catch the signals properly."

Lafitte started to answer, and then realizing the futility of argument, turned back to Hoxie's room, and finding the freshman gone, sat down in front of the loud-speaker and finished decoding the second message:

SOMETHING HAS SLIPPED O'NEIL HAS SPILLED THE BEANS KEEP HODGKINS AWAY FROM HIM DON'T LET JOHNSON WEAKEN FORCE THE ISSUE IMMEDIATELY AND IF I CAN GET AWAY I WILL BE ON THE QUAD TONIGHT AT TWELVE NEAR THE FOUNTAIN IF I CAN'T MAKE IT I WILL SEND A MAN FROM THE OFFICE WHO IS SAFE WEAR A WHITE CARNATION EITHER

HE OR I WILL DROP A WALLET AS WE PASS YOU BENTLEY SAYS . . .

Lafitte whistled. This was no child's play, but a serious, deeply laid plot. O'Neil was in it. Who was Johnson? There was no Johnson in Midway football. What did Bentley say? Who was Bentley? Why was the message incomplete?

Feets shook his head. It was too much for him. But he laughed as he saw possibilities of excitement on the quad at twelve. As he laughed dots and dashes began spilling out of the loud-speaker. He grabbed his pencil and soon had a third message before him:

GPN OFYRP TDG PDQTWUYE

GPN HPDVN GPUYT HUVV ON

MVV DKNB GPN RDVVNTN

GDCDBBDH ON RMBNSFV M

RPMYRN HDBQ HUVV EZDUV

NKNBLGPUYT GPN TDDEN

UEYG RDDWNQ LNG

Save this issue. The next instalment will give you the solution of the cypher and another cypher for you to work out. There will be one each week. Keep ahead of the game by working out the answer yourself before the solution arrives.

THE SUCHOW MAIDEN

(Continued from Page 78)

Finally the bridge was lowered and the cavalcade passed over it. The monarch hastened to the couch on which the old man lay. He raised himself on his elbows and beckoned for the Emperor to draw near. With his voice so low that none could hear he whispered into the ears of his ruler the message of the Suchow maiden. The Emperor's soldiers pressed forward and watched their master's face with awe. For, as the old one whispered, the ruler smiled. A kindly expression came into his eyes. His lips formed a word. He rose to his feet and held his arms before him.

"Truly," he murmured, "I am the elect of Heaven."

Then he died, and to this day no one has ever known what message the wise man brought to him from his beautiful maiden wife. This then, is the story of the Suchow maiden. It ends most strangely, and not at all as we would wish to have it. But then, it is a story that is true, and too often true stories end strangely, for that is the way of life.

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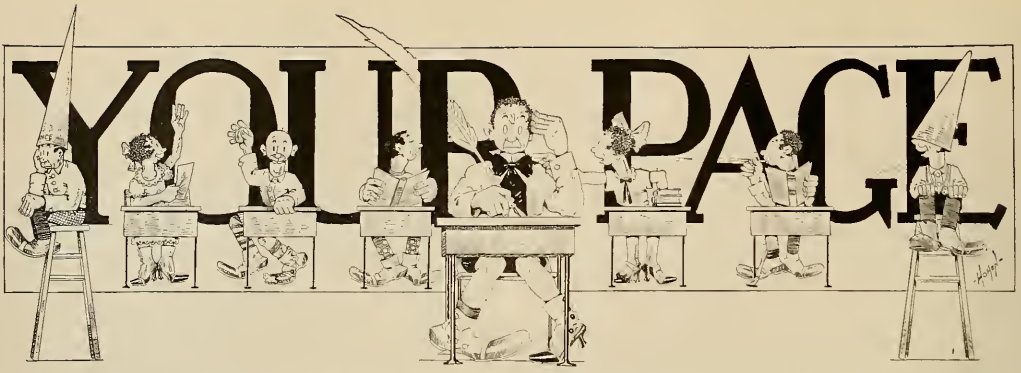

Another thriller by Robert Louis Stevenson, 2nd. All the plot and excitement of a melodrama. English not so very good and spelling could be better, but a wild and wondrous tale for all that. Bobbie gets the dollar bill. Who will be next? We want many more stories and poems from the boys and girls.

LITTLE WHITE SHIPS

Like snowflakes they float in the sky
And then come down to the ground,
But without one sound.
Like angels they fly in the sky
But, oh, so high.
I talked to them.
They did not answer; the angels in the sky.
Like birds they fly in the sky
But did not sing like all birds do.
I talked to them, too.
They did not answer me; I know why!
They are blossoms floating in the sky.

—SALLY ANN LOWENGART,
Portland, Oregon, aged 7 years.

THE BAD PIRATE

Once there was a pirate bold;
He kept all the precious gold.
He sailed the sea so blue
And he had a wicked crew.

He would never do anything good;
He would do everything bad he could.
He dug a big cave
For all the shining things he could save.

Another ship came to this land.
Wow! Everybody had a hand.
Bang! Crash! How the bullets flew.
The good men beat the pirate crew.

—By Billy George Catling—
Age 8.
Box 13, Solano St., Suisun, Cal.

THE UNEXPECTED CALL

By Robert Louis Stevenson, 2nd
(Aged 11)

It is a very dark night when Tom Brown and his brother Don Were going home. They jest saw a play and lived about three miles out of town. Tom is nineteen and Don is fourteen. Well, in a house a very poor man lived, but he was getting rich when suddenly he was murdered and nobody has ever enter the house since he was buried. The two boys walking by the house and saw a very dull lite don saw it frust and called Tom's attention to it. They went over to the house and saw two men taking bags into the wall, which seemed to the boys to have a secret door. Now, the boys did not know what to do. Make a noise and try to get them away or come back the next night. So they decided to wait until the next night then to go. The next day they cleaned their guns and filled them. They left for the house at 11:30. At twelve o'clock the secret door opened and the same men were there, but instead of taking bags in they were bringing them out, filled. This puzzled the boys. What was behind the secret door and what was in the bags? They went to the door and opened them quick; held them up; looked into the bags; there was gold in them. Then one of the men stepped on a button and the boys fell through a trap door. Then the men began to work. Now, how are the boys to get out? The boys lit their flashlights and tried to see any possible means of escape. They saw a pick and a shovel at the entrance of the shaft of a mine. Then the boys went in just a little ways it was a gold mine. Then the boys started to dig themselves out. When they got out it was 4:00 by Tom's watch. The boys looked in the window and saw that the men were gone. So the boys went home. The next night they brought a secret service man, who went in the house and pretended he was a thief and got all the details of how they got the cabin. Then he found out that the old man who owned the cabin had stolen it from the boy's father. Then he showed his secret service badge, and the men tried to mob him, and the boys shot a man each with their guns, while the secret service man took care of the rest. When the case was taken up in court it was found out that the boys owned the cabin, and they tore their cabin down and built a castle on the same spot.

The End.

DREAMS

You know, I sometimes like to think
That I could float away to sea
To a distant land where I could sit
And dream beneath a shaded tree.

But then, you know, it seems to me
That if so far away I'd roam
I'd have to go away from here,
When it's so nice to stay at home!

—By Gene Sebastian—Age 13.

THE SILLY FROG

Oh, little frog,
Why do you sit so long
Upon that log?

Why do you not go below,
Underneath that cool water?
Even that I do not know.

—By Louise Barkan, Age 9½.
Palo Alto.

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THE POSTAGE STAMP MAN

Edited by THEODORE L. BEHR
Manager of the Edw. P. Seebohm Co.

Have you stamps to exchange? Do you want to know something about your stamps or some stamps that you do not own? Write to the Stamp Editor of The Treasure Chest, enclosing self-addressed, stamped envelope.

This month we are going to tell you about some of the old German States stamps. When we think of Germany we do not stop to consider that only a comparatively short time ago it was a group of small independent kingdoms, grand duchies, and free cities. It was not until 1870 that the German Empire was formed. In the early days, a great part of the mail service was controlled by the Princes of Thurn and Taxis, who issued postage stamps to prepay mail. However, a number of the small kingdoms, etc., were not under the control of Thurn and Taxis, and issued their own stamps. Important among these were the free cities of Bremen and Hamburg, the two greatest seaports of Germany. It is about their stamps that we shall tell you in detail.

236

The postage stamps of Bremen were issued in six denominations. Each was to take care of the letter rate to a particular place. The first value was three grote, which was the local letter rate. The stamps were lithographed in Bremen and show the arms of the town. A key in a shield surmounted by a crown. This device was used on all the Bremen stamps, the border being different on each value. The next stamp to be issued was a five grote. It was used on mail to Hamburg only. Four years later a seven grote was issued. This was used on mail to Lubeck and Mecklenburg. The next year a stamp to the value of five silbergroschen was issued to prepay letters to England. Soon after, a ten grote stamp was issued to prepay letters to Holland. In 1863 the local rate was reduced to two grote and the three grote stamp became obselete. On letters to other places the stamps of Thurn & Taxis and Hanover were used. This accounts for the comparative rarity of these stamps, as their use was so limited. A great many counterfeits of Bremen stamps are found. A good many of them are very deceptive and it requires careful examination to detect them. The colors and the papers form the best tests.

386

Hamburg is the most important seaport of Germany. Like Bremen, its stamps were limited to a local use, and occasionally to England or Holland. Each stamp in the series of seven values served a particular

(Continued on Page 104)

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The Iris of the Fairies

A FLOWER LEGEND

By FRIEDA KUHL

VIOLET was a lovely child with golden hair and a face as dainty as a flower. She lived with her mother in a beautiful house by the hillside, and in their garden there grew the most wonderful flowers in all the world. Violet belonged to the garden; she had been raised among its flowers, and she loved each and every one as if it were a sister.

Now, among all the beautiful blossoms that grew in the garden, the daintiest and most fairy-like of them all was missing: the Iris. At last, one day, after trying many, many times to make the Iris grow, Violet's mother was offered some bulbs by an old friend. Little Violet clapped her hands with joy; she loved all flowers so. The old woman gave her mother the bulbs and told her how to plant them.

"Tonight, at midnight," she said, "when the moon is like silver, go into the garden. Plant these in the center of it. While you are planting, pronounce these words:

If the Fairies so wish it,
The Iris will grow.
Great harm will befall you
If you pluck them, you know.

"Tomorrow the Iris will be in full bloom. They will be the most beautiful you have ever seen. But, remember not to pick any, because the fairies who gave them to me will be hurt."

Violet's mother was not surprised at receiving these instructions from her old friend. She knew that the old lady was in active communication with the fairies.

That night, when the moon was silver, and while Violet was asleep, her mother went into the garden. The moon cast a soft, white glow on every tree, and seemed to caress the front of the lovely house by the hillside. The mother planted the bulbs in the center of the garden, whispering the magic words. Then she went back into the house, and, leaning over her sleeping child, kissed her forehead.

In the morning, when she arose, the sun was shining brightly. She looked towards Violet's bed, only to see that it was empty. At that moment the child appeared, her hair like spun gold, gleaming in the sun. In her arms she carried an enormous bunch of Iris.

"Violet!" her mother exclaimed, frightened, "where did you get those flowers?"

"In the garden," Violet smiled, "in the very center of it. You should see how many there are; they are so lovely! When I picked them I thought I heard a cry come out of the earth, but I paid no attention to it."

Her mother became pale; she was trembling.

"Violet," she said, "you did not heed the words of our friend. You have plucked the Iris of the fairies."

"It's all right, mother; I made sure that no one saw me do it."

But even as she spoke, a frightened look came into her face. She looked at something in the distance. Her mother called her, but she did not answer. It was as though she were in a trance. Then, very, very pale, she closed her eyes and slipped to the carpet. The poor mother put her child to bed. It seemed to her as if she could hear some voices in the distance. They came nearer, and she heard them say, in voices very soft and sad:

"Violet has plucked the Iris of the fairies. Violet shall be punished."

The mother turned towards the voices and whispered:

"Who—who spoke then?"

Again the voices murmured:

"The Iris your child picked are speaking to you, because they are sorry for you."

She walked to where the flowers lay. The voices came from them. She lifted a blossom, very, very tenderly, and pleaded:

"Speak, ah, speak, Iris of the Fairies, and tell me what to do."

The voice, fainter and sadder, answered:

"She has torn us from the heart of our family, and we are dying of sorrow. Please put us back; we are so unhappy!"

Even as they spoke, they began to wither. They bowed their dainty little heads, and their exquisite fairy-like capes drooped lower and lower. Their lovely color faded. The Iris were dying.

"Have the Iris a soul?" Violet's mother wondered. "Do they, like every other living thing, breathe and live as we do? Are they also creatures who suffer and love with a heart like ours? Yes, they must have a soul, and they whisper it to us by means of their loveliness. What wonderful, wonderful things they tell us when their delicate breath creeps into our heart!"

Violet's mother hurried into the garden with the drooping flowers. There she tied each one to its stem with green silk. As she did this her tears fell like diamonds on the wounded petals. Just then she thought she heard a faint sigh come out of the earth. She gazed at the flowers, and lo! the Iris on which her tears had fallen were coming to life again. Their little heads were lifted slowly, slowly, and some of the wonderful color came back into the beautiful capes that covered them.

A great joy came into the mother's heart; she closed her eyes and dreamed. In her dream the garden became enchanted, and the flowers sang a beautiful song. She saw a cortege of lovely fairy creatures carrying,

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on a golden coverlet, her little daughter. The mother held out her arms, but the dream faded. Then she saw, far, far away, that Violet was put into a narrow golden boat, which glided swiftly through silver water, until it came to a tall, beautiful ladder. She saw Violet climb it with the fairies, until they reached the crescent moon. There more fairies came to meet them. To the mother, in her dream, each looked like a dainty golden Iris. She heard Violet ask them where she was.

"In the moon," a fairy voice replied.

Then she continued:

"You plucked the Iris of the fairies, and we are going to punish you by keeping you here."

Tears came into the child's eyes.

"Please, oh, please let me go back to my mother," she pleaded. "She is so all alone!"

The little fairies whispered among themselves for a moment, then their leader spoke:

"We shall forgive you just this once, Violet, because your mother has healed the wounded Iris with her tears."

"And may I go back to her——"

"Yes, but remember, you must never again wound the flowers of the fairies."

At that instant Violet's mother awoke. The Iris were nodding softly in the breeze.

She looked towards the house and saw her little girl coming towards her.

"Mother," she cried, happily, "Mother dearest, the fairies took me away with them, but they let me come back to you because I love you, and they love us, too."

And so it came to pass that the Iris grew in the garden for many, many years. Purple and gold and blue and silver, they clustered about the fountain of the goldfish, and stood in stately rows along the edges of the gravel walks. Purple, and gold, and blue, and silver, they blossomed, and it was as though all the colors of the rainbow had come to bring life and sunshine to the garden. There Violet grew with them, caring for them, loosening the rich soil about them, carrying away the weeds, and leaving them on their stems until old age withered them. Then, when the night time of the flowers came, the beautiful petals fell, paying their last tribute to the earth that had mothered them.

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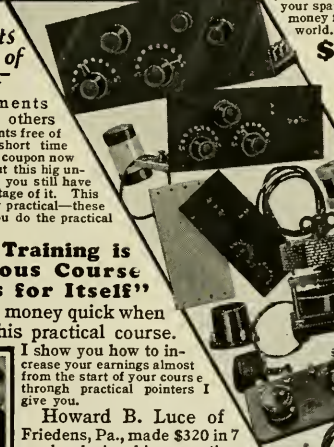

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TIMMIE

(Continued from Page 93)

"Timmie is going home—home to the old house. Timmie is going home. . . . ."

Why Marion Conway should have done what she did then remained a mystery for the rest of her life. Slipping out of bed, she turned the clock to the growing light. Five-thirty! If she hurried, she could catch the six o'clock boat across the bay.

Half dressed, with her coat bundled up about her ears, Marion ran out into the dawn.

It was a queer little figure that wriggled its way between the palings of the old house in Berkeley in the twilight just preceding sunrise. Timmie it was indeed—but what a Timmie! Dusty from head to foot, bedraggled, footsore, bleeding, with eight feet of steel chain hanging from his neck and one paw useless, he resembled nothing so much as an animated furry scarecrow.

He was coughing in the damp morning air. Panting, he threw himself down on the rickety old steps and waited. There was no doubt in his mind that his beloved mistress was near by.

Marion reached the corner of her own street before she realized the wild errand that had brought her across the bay at such a time.

"What on earth am I doing here?" she whispered to herself, "am I going crazy? It was nothing but a dream. . . ."

Nevertheless, her feet carried her to the gate of the old home. She peered between the bars. There was nothing there—nothing, at least, except a queer brown heap on the lower step of the porch. What was it? She opened the gate. The brown heap stirred, and sprang upright at the sound of her step. With one ecstatic bark, it rushed into her arms.

"Timmie!"

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POSTAGE STAMPS

(Continued from Page 98)

rate, but their use was not restricted as much as those of Bremen. Reprints are very common and we are going to tell you how easy it is to distinguish them. All the originals are on watermarked paper and practically all the reprints are unwatermarked. The few that are watermarked have a very rough perforation. As most of the Hamburg stamps are rarely used, we find a good many forged cancellations. In nearly every case the genuine cancellation is a number of parallel bars struck in black or blue. A common forged cancellation consists of the word "Hamburg" in a thin circle which contains an asterisk on each side of the word. This immediately condemns the stamp as having a forged postmark.

A-FISHIN'

By Jok

We're going on a fishing trip,
My little friend and me,
To where the country stretches
As far as one can see.

And there beside a river
That wanders to the sea
You'll find us both a-fishing,
My little pal and me.

Out there beneath the pine trees
That spring up to the sky
You'll find us both a-dreaming
As clouds go sweepin' by.

The smoke that's in the cities
We will change for ozone free,
'Cause we both are going fishin'—
My little pal and me.

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Blue, white and tan plaid gingham

Pink, white, blue and tan plaid gingham

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KUTE KUTS

Peg-top Playsuits

Pink and white checked gingham

P. S. Have you seen the latest Bantams—the champion playsuit for real boys?

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The TREASURE CHEST

for CALIFORNIA BOYS & GIRLS

VOL. I
NUMBER 4

SEPTEMBER, 1926

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

Ever since man has known that he has a brain, philosophers and scholars and tiresome bromides have delighted in looking at one another with perplexed frowns, and saying, "Why is Life?"

The thinking man today often pauses in confusion before that most vital of all questions, "What came ye here to do?"

We all find different reasons for being, but inevitably, whether we be street sweeper or philosopher, or both, there is set up ahead of us two shining goals, "Achievement" and "The Joy of Creation."

It matters not what we create. It may be a cathedral, or a garage; a book or a phrase of music; a great bridge or a radio set; a poem or a child! We must create! The joy of building and the joy of achievement are the selfish prizes that make life worth living.

Sarkis Beulan came to us a few months ago. The readers of the Treasure Chest know Beulan today. They are among the fortunate few who have stood in awe before his work, before the world has had time to recognize his marvelous art. Each month Beulan has given us a frontispiece: HOPE, and TRAUMEREI, and THE RHINEGOLD, and, finally, today, THE VALKYRIE.

We wish we might show you the original drawing of the VALKYRIE. There is something elusive in the strokes of the pen that the engraver's art never seems able to capture. In the original drawing, the God Wotan stands, his face hidden from view, yet one can feel the very expression of his eyes. Brunhilde lies sleeping on her great rock, and the peaceful, pure simplicity of the war maiden is in beautiful contrast to the rugged, turbulent world that cannot awaken her. In the background, the strange, mystical, two-headed Loki, God of Fire, rises in a blaze of light that seems to color the black and white with all the hues of the rainbow.

Sarkis Beulan is of Armenian parentage. His father, descending from a long line of artists, instilled in the boy the joy of creative art. The family came to California and, settling in a valley town, turned their efforts to tilling the soil. Reverses set in. Then, when the mother and father were bending every effort toiling at hard labor, to give Sarkis an education in the fine arts, a farm blast of dynamite blinded the boy, and darkness enshrouded his ambitions.

Probably the most wonderful thing about Sarkis Beulan is his mother. With careful nursing she brought light to the days of darkness. The wounded eyes were won back to sunshine. Out of the desperate depths of blackness, came light and again Sarkis saw.

Then the family united to achieve. The mother's eyes were sacrificed to fine sewing, so that money might be found to develop the genius that she knew lay in the blood of her son.

Hidden from all curious eyes, (Sarkis has never allowed any one to watch him at work) the boy artist developed his wonderful technique. After all, there is a genius latent in many, but only hard labor, constant practice, and untiring faith, can make that genius create a thing of beauty for humanity.

Today, with the soul of an artist, the patience of Job, the imagination of a Schubert, and the indomitable willingness to labor, that has come from the blood of his mother, Sarkis Beulan stands on the threshold of a fame that will place him among the greatest black and white artists of all times.

The Treasure Chest is proud to be able to bring him, in the early days of his glory, to its readers.

THE LIVINGSTON SHOP
GRANT AVENUE AND GEARY STREET

The Baby Shop is a dainty store house filled with exquisite hand-made apparel for Brother and Sister 2 to 6. Tiny boy suits of linen or pongee for summer, crisp French tub frocks of dotted Swiss, voile or prints, roguish chapeaux and bonnets of organdie, silk or straw, and cool dainty underthings.

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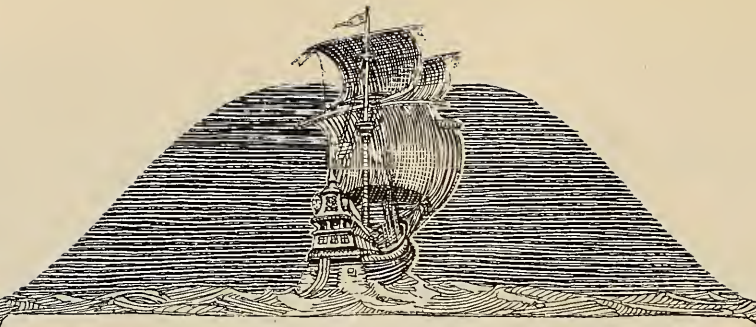

THE TREASURE CHEST

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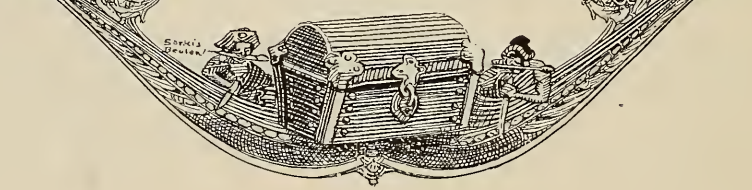

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Sarkis Reulan
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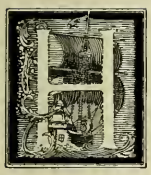
THE VALKYRIE

Retold by S. B. DICKSON

Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Heiaha! Heiaha!
Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Heiaha! Heiaha!
Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Heiaha! Hojoho!



OJOTOHO!! HOJOTOHO!" A strange, weird song came down the mountain side. "Hojotoho! Hojotoho! Heiaha!"

Wotan frowned. Many years had passed since the giants had fought over the Gold of The Rhine and taken it away with them; for countless years the daughters of the Rhine had grieved over their stolen treasure, and the curse of the Golden Ring had hung heavily over the head of the ruler of the gods. In the wonderful cloud-castle of Valhalla the gods lived and were happy, but Wotan—ruler—alone never smiled. He knew that sooner or later the curse would fall unless the gold could be returned to its rightful owners, and when that evil day would come all would disappear, and the days of the gods would end.

Finally, unwilling to bear the uncertainty any longer, Wotan girded on his armour, and grasping his Spear of Power, went out into the world to find a solution for his troubles. Weeks and months and many years passed, and Fricka, the goddess-wife of Wotan, told the under-gods to be sure of heart; that some day her husband would return, and then the troubles of Valhalla would be at an end. Weeks and months and many years passed, and then, one day, when the rainbow bridge that led to Valhalla was at its brightest, strange, beautiful music was heard. Nearer and nearer it came, a wild, wonderful song of war and victory. The clouds at the mortal end of the rainbow parted, and Wotan appeared, his spear held high, joy in his eyes. Following him came nine great war-women, fair as the sun, with waves of golden hair; tall as the trees, strong as the fighting gods. They sang their weird song as they came, and all the gods of Valhalla gathered to greet them.

Then, when Wotan had taken Fricka into his arms, and held out his hands to his subjects, he told them that he had brought with him nine warrior maids. They were called The Valkyrie and it was their task to ride through the mortal places of life and to bring from battle fields all fallen warriors who had been heroes in life; these to become the protectors of Valhalla. The leader and most beautiful of the Valkyrie was called Brunhilde. Wotan presented her to Fricka, saying:

"These shall be my daughters, and they shall be immortal."

Suiting the action to the words, the Golden Apples of the Gods were fed to the Valkyrie, and immortal life became theirs. Then a time of peace and contentment prevailed in the home of the gods. Each day the Valkyrie fared forth, returning with mortal heroes who were added to the great army of Wotan, and to all eyes it appeared that no evil could befall Valhalla.

Meanwhile, Fafner, the giant, had carried the gold to his cave in the forest depths, and there, with the aid of the magic helmet, had turned himself into a great, fire-breathing dragon. Through the years he curled before the cave, guarding his treasure and finding but little pleasure in it. Wotan knew the hiding place of the gold, but dared not seize it, having given it in a fair bargain. He resolved, however, that when he should find a mortal strong enough and brave enough to slay the dragon; that one should win the favor of the gods.

Deep in the trunk of a tree that stood in the woods, he thrust a great sword. So firmly was it placed that none but the strongest and bravest of mortals could withdraw it. There it lay awaiting the coming of a hero.

Now, as was the way of the gods, Wotan had many wives among the mortals, and to his favorite wife was born a baby-boy, called Siegmund. He was a fine healthy baby; strong and quick and straight. The years passed and he grew into a tall, slender lad, fearless, of keen honest eyes and handsome face. He passed into boyhood in the wild woods and his only companion was a foster-sister, Sieglinde, whom he loved more than any other in all the world. But dark days came to Siegmund, for one morning, as he was playing with Sieglinde at the side of a stream, a huntsman, traveling through the woods, found the two children. He rode them down, and seizing the lovely little girl, rode off with her.

Time passed, and Siegmund, growing towards manhood, vowed that his life should be devoted to rescuing his boyhood playmate. Under the training of Wotan, he became a powerful man, clean of mind and sure of foot. One day, Wotan left him; but before going he told him that when he was in greatest need, a sword would be ready at his hand, that would make him victorious.

Siegmund, now alone and with nothing to keep him home, sought new life and adventure abroad. He became a hunter of wild beasts; a warrior, fighting always for the right, aiding mortals in distress, and ever seeking the hunter who had stolen his childhood love.

One night, weary and discouraged, he came into a

clearing in the woods. There stood a hut, built in strange fashion about the trunk of a great oak tree. No person was in sight, and Siegmund, entering, lay down before an open fire and fell into a sleep of exhaustion. He awakened many hours later to find a beautiful maiden kneeling at his side, holding a refreshing cup to his lips. He drank long and deeply and then told the maiden of his travels. As he spoke, the huntsman owner of the hut returned, and listening to Siegmund's tale, quickly recognized him as his life-long foe. He would have fallen upon him at once, but respecting the laws of hospitality, he paused.

"Tonight thou art my guest," he said, "but wield tomorrow thy trustiest weapon. I choose the day for the fight. Thy life shall pay."

He then commanded that the maiden prepare his bed for him, and his nightly drink. Following the girl from the room, he left Siegmund before the fire. The exhausted hunter lay stretched at full length, gazing into the flames, when, hours later, the door opened and the maiden stood before him. She came to him, fair and beautiful, and kneeling at his side, cooled his heated forehead. As her soft hands passed across his face, she told him her story.

When but a child, she had been stolen by Hunding, the huntsman, and held captive ever since. She served Hunding for many years, making his clothes and cooking his meals and none came to disturb the quiet of the woods until one day a strange-looking man appeared. In his huge hands he bore a monstrous sword. With a great thrust he had planted the sword in the heart of the oak tree, declaring that none but he who was stronger and braver than all mortals should be able to draw it from its hiding place.

At these words Siegmund sprang to his feet and took Sieglinde, for it was no other, into his arms. Freeing his hand, he clutched the sword, and crying:

"Behold, it is my father's promise," he drew the weapon from the wood as easily as though the blade had hung in a scabbard at his side

Breathlessly, Sieglinde watched him, and then came to him again and pressed close into his arms. Siegmund girded the sword about him, and bearing his childhood love upon his breast, strode into the forest.

* * * * *

Wotan, who knew all things, realized that before very long, Hunding would awaken and follow Siegmund and Sieglinde.He knew also that when they met in conflict, Siegmund, with the aid of his wonderful sword, would be victorious, but to make the victory more certain, he sent for his war daughter, and told her to stand by Siegmund, and protect him, when aid was needed.

Then came Fricka, the goddess wife, and told Wotan that he had done wrong.

"Hunding has won his right to the maiden in the eyes of all the world," she said, "and you, as the leader of the gods, must deal fairly. Your son Siegmund must die. It is the curse of the ring."

Sad with grief, Wotan sent for Brunhilde, and told her that he had been mistaken; that she must not protect his son. But Brunhilde had been so touched by the love and devotion of the two children, that she resolved to disobey the command of her master, even if it cost her her own life. Springing to the back of her steed, she tore off through the clouds. A terrible storm whipped the heavens. Thunder roared and great knives of lightning shrieked to earth. In the midst of the uproar, Hunding and Siegmund fought. As the lightning flashed, their blades darted in and out. Now Siegmund seemed victorious, now Hunding appeared to be the master. Suddenly Brunhilde took her stand at the side of the warrior, and immediately Hunding's strength seemed to fade.

Then came Wotan. Furious at Brunhilde's disobedience, he stretched forth his spear. Siegmund's magic sword fell to the ground, in two pieces, and with a great cry, Hunding thrust and Siegmund died. But Hunding, the hunter, was not to escape the wrath of the gods. Wotan's eyes blazed. He raised his arm and Hunding sank lifeless on the ground.

Seizing the heart-broken Sieglinde, and placing her on the saddle before her, Brunhilde rode off into the storm to rejoin the Valkyrie.

Wotan came to them there. "Weak hearted and womanish brood," he cried, "is this your valor? Brunhilde, thou the sacred bond hast broken. Dost hide from me in terror, a coward who shirks her doom?"

With bowed head, but with a firm step, Brunhilde stood before Wotan awaiting punishment.

"A goddess no longer, again shalt thou be mortal," Wotan proclaimed. "Bound thou shalt be, and defenseless in sleep. Sleep shall master thee, until mortal man chances to come and awaken thee."

Hearing the terrible command of their master, the Valkyrie came to him, with tears and pleadings, begging that he spare their leader to a better fate than that of any man who might chance to pass.

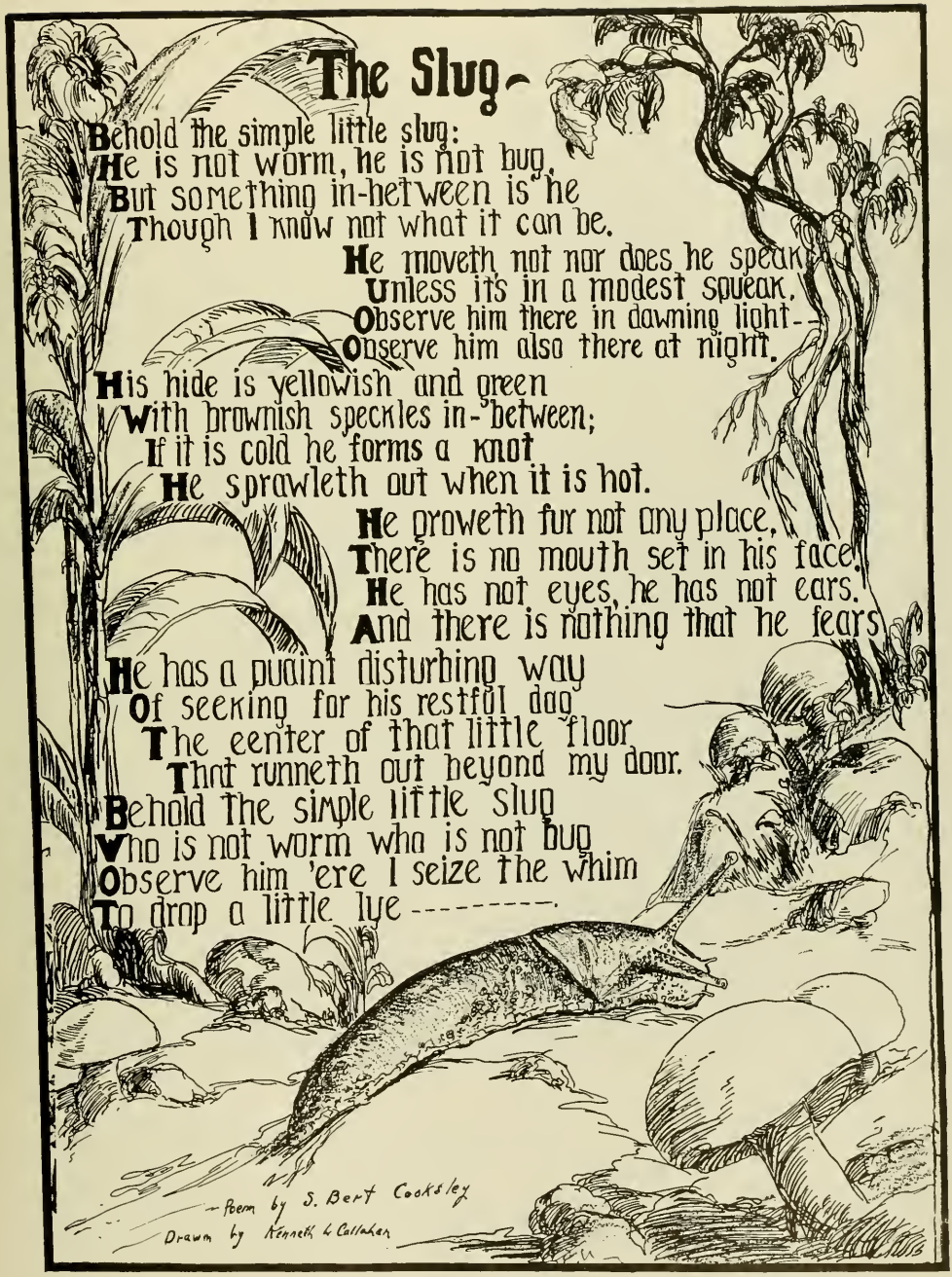
Wotan meditated. Then, his heart softened by the love that he bore his war-daughter, he lifted her tenderly into his arms, and bearing her to a great rock placed her on it in deep sleep. Kneeling beside her, he kissed her closed eyes and pressed his lips to her forehead. Rising he clapped his hands together, and called on Loki, the god of fire. "Loki, hear," he cried, "I bid thee break forth! Appear, flickering fire, and circle the rocks with thy flame!" He struck the ground thrice with his spear, and again cried, "Loki, Loki, appear."

A soft gleam of fire issued from the stone and gradually became a fiery glow. Flickering flames burst from the rocks; then great shooting arms of fire surrounded Brunhilde, the daughter of war. Back and back the gods and the Valkyrie retreated, as the flames spread, until soon all the mountain was a great sea of fire.

Then, with bowed head, Wotan proclaimed that there in safety, Brunhilde should lie, through the ages, until one should come strong enough, and brave enough, and pure enough, to release the maiden from her fiery tomb.

Slowly the father of the gods dropped his hands, and, heavy of heart, disappeared among the tall trees of the forest, and, as he went, the strange cry of the Valkyrie faded into the night;

Hojotoho! Hojotoho!


The Slug-
Behold the simple little slug:
He is not worm, he is not bug,
But something in-between is he
Though I know not what it can be.
He moveth not nor does he speak
Unless it's in a modest squeak.
Observe him there in dawning light--
Observe him also there at night.
His hide is yellowish and green
With brownish speckles in-'between;
If it is cold he forms a knot
He sprawleth out when it is hot.
He groweth fur not any place,
There is no mouth set in his face.
He has not eyes, he has not ears.
And there is nothing that he fears
He has a quaint disturbing way
Of seeking for his restful day
The center of that little floor
That runneth out beyond my door.
Behold the simple little slug
Who is not worm who is not bug
Observe him 'ere I seize the whim
To drop a little lye ---------.
-Poem by S. Bert Cooksley
Drawn by Kenneth L Callahan

THE VIOLET

PRIZE STORY *By* VALENTINE CHASHIN
2620 Laguna Street, San Francisco, California
St. Bridget's High School

BURIED DEEP in the heart of the great forest, hidden from the eye of man, was a delightful little spot, a velvet bed of moss, where grew dark-purple violets. Tufts of fern shaded them and the brook entertained them day and night. The bees and butterflies visited them, the dew refreshed and the sun gave them light and warmth.

There was one violet that grew at the foot of the tall young pine tree in a little nest of moss; everybody called her "Princess," because her petals exceeded those of the others in velvety richness and depth of color. Her little golden eye was the brightest; she herself was the sweetest and gentlest of all and grew in the most prominent place whence she seemed to rule the little kingdom. But she was not satisfied. When the wind would part the branches of the trees, and disclose the view of the distant mountains, she would long her little heart out for those unknown heights. When the butterflies and birds would visit her she would ask them hungrily for news of her beloved mountains.

At night when her companions were sleeping she would cautiously open her yellow eye and whisper softly with the night wind, imploring him to take her up and bear her on his strong wings to the mountains. Every day her longing grew fiercer. The sun and the butterflies and the brook tried in vain to cheer her. Every night in the ghostly moonlight she would entreat the wind in her little wailing voice.

One day all the flowers were depressed because the sky was leaden and menacing. Nothing could afford them shelter from the sharp wind, which grew stronger every minute. The trees bent and groaned in the storm; the air was sultry and stifling and not a drop of rain fell to refresh the thirsty forest. When our violet was sadly gazing at the windy red sunset, she heard a mighty voice saying:

"Your dream is about to be realized."

The next instant she felt nothing but overwhelming pain and agony, for she felt she was being torn with the roots from her soft nest of moss. Then she knew that she was on the strong wings of the wind, but she was so numb with cold and so afraid that she did not even feel any pleasure at the prospect. Around her the trees were being uprooted, the brook was a roaring torrent and the flowers had hidden themselves in the moss and ferns. Our violet was being borne along with breathless speed. Below her, like a nightmare, passed landscapes of cities and fields. All through the night the agony of flight gave her no rest. When the sun rose, round and golden in the sky swept clean by the wind, she found herself lying exhausted on the bare rocks that formed the summit of a mountain. Below her she could see the wonderful panorama of valleys and rocks and the rivers. Her beloved forest looked like a line of green in the distance.

The mountains that looked so blue and gentle from far away, now seemed fierce and arid. She had expected to find them carpeted with blue flowers, but they proved to be a wilderness of gray rock. Meanwhile the sun was rising higher and higher and the violet was beginning to feel uncomfortably hot. She longed now for the coolness of the green forest, for the companionship of the other violets and the brook. Here on the lonely mountain top there was not a single cool spot, not the tiniest patch of green where she could soothe her aching roots. Her beautiful dreams had been rudely shattered and she had learned a great lesson: Content with what one has. With her dying voice she begged for the wind to take her back but there was no breeze and the air was still. The hot rays were scorching her and her beautiful purple had turned to a dusty grey.

That evening, when the first stars appeared above the forest, a little and discolored bit of a flower was wafted into the little dell of ferns and violets. In the dim starlight the old friends recognized their little princess who had dreamed all her life of the glorious and dearly beloved mountains.

Valentine Chashin, a little Russian girl, driven from her home by the terror of war, has come to San Francisco to take her place among the boys and girls whose names are going to be the great names of tomorrow. "The Violet" is, in the humble opinion of the Editor, a gem. We are going to follow Valentine with care and pride. We feel we have discovered her, and the fact that we are called upon to divide the prize for the best high school story between her and Anne Breslauer, whose delightful little story will appear next month, does not in any way detract from the excellency of her work. Valentine Chashin is a pupil of St. Bridget's High School.

LOPE-EAR PROVIDES

By JOHN B. WOOSTER

Illustrated by Kenneth L. Callahan

LONG purple shadows came to rest in the heart of the forest. A faint wind sighed and was answered by the rustle of dry leaves. The stream laughed as it bubbled wildly down the rapids. A night-jar flew in erratic circles, chasing the tiny insects that hovered over the more quiet pools.

There was a slight sound, too faint for human ears to detect. The night-jar heard, and called sharply in answer, and flew away. A great horned-owl blinked foolishly once or twice, as it emerged from its tree-nest. It saw the rapidly retreating night-jar and snapped its beak in evident disappointment. Suddenly it leaped, and catching itself on soundless wings, flew away.

The shadows grew longer and less defined, and faded away. Soon the many familiar figures of the jungle could only be recognized by sound. There was the restless rustle of windblown leaves; the laughing gurgle of turbulent water; the sleepy twitter of nesting birds preparing for the night.

Faint shadows lived again as the first wan shafts of moonlight broke through the trees. The green of the leaves had been changed to black; shadows seemed darker bars in a world that was dark. Then the moon arose in all its splendor and the woods became robed in silver.

Something crept warily from a hole formed by two great rocks resting on each other; something that moved almost without sound. Then, in the full light of the August moon, Lope-Ear, the Lynx, was revealed.

Lope-Ear had won his name in a hard-fought battle with a pack of coyotes; won his battle with the loss of most of his right ear. He looked about, cautiously, then purred in a soft, reassuring manner. Fine-fur looked from the gloom of the cave and then bounded to the side of her mate. She was a small lynx, with fierce, snapping eyes, and long, sharp claws. Alongside of Lope-Ear she seemed but a mere cub, for he was the strongest lynx in the great Plumas National Forest.

Fine-fur stood close to Lope-Ear and rubbed her nose against his neck; then turned and growled. Out from the cave trotted the family of Lope-Ear: five small cubs; funny little creatures, with their short fur and kitten-like faces.

Proudly the head of the family shook himself and sticking out a small red tongue, proceeded to give himself a much-needed bath. Slowly he went over every bit of his fur until he shone like a new dollar. Then he sat and watched Fine-Fur bathe the children.

One of the kittens whined in a manner that Lope-Ear interpreted as hunger. With a clean leap, he left the ground and took to a tree. His mate called after him once or twice, but paying no heed to her cries he continued on his way, leaping from tree to tree, and grove to grove.

An hour later he came to a great open field with a single tree in the center. It was such a field as the small hares love on a moonlight night. Lope-Ear climbed the tree, and slinking out on a narrow branch, lay very still. He remained motionless for perhaps ten minutes and then his sharp ear detected a slight rustling in the field. Below him he saw a fine fat hare squatting in the grass.

Lope-Ear drew his muscles tense, and suddenly mouthed a frightful scream, such a cry as one might hear in a bad dream. The little hare, true to the peculiarities of its kind, sat huddled in fear, too terrified to move. Before the cry was completely out of the mouth of Lope-Ear, he sprang. Down he came like a rocket, one quick paw slapped, and the hare dropped limply to the ground.

The killer dragged the lifeless little creature off into a bush and then returned. You would have thought him asleep, so quietly did he crouch on his branch. Three hours passed, and he had leaped seven times; made his seventh kill; a hare for each member of the family.

Catching three of the small creatures in his jaw, he trotted homeward. On the way a humorous idea penetrated his wicked old head. He would secrete his game in a near by dell, and pretend that he had caught nothing. Lope-Ear chuckled at the thought of the fallen faces of his brood, and almost dropped his catch.

He made two trips from the field to his lair and hid the seven hares a stone's throw from it. Then, allowing his whiskers to droop in evident false disappointment, he slowly entered the cave. The hungry, eager cubs watched their father with dismay.

"Grrrrhhff!" growled Fine-Fur, "where have you been?"

"Hunting," Lope-Ear replied, "but you have no idea how scarce the game is."

"Hmmmph," the mother-lynx grunted. "If I were a male cat I would be ashamed to come home with no food for my young."

"We're hungry," yelped the seven cubs, all in one voice.

Lope-Ear frowned.

"I'll go out again," he sighed. "But don't hope for too much; a quail or perhaps a very small hare."

A moment later he was on his way. He raced rapidly along, chuckling as he went. What a great joke he had on the hungry cubs and their fault-finding mother!

He neared the location of his kill and suddenly stopped. He lifted his nose and sniffed. He tilted his head and closed an eye. He knew that Grappo, the tough old horned-owl, was near. Time and time again had Grappo stolen game from Lope-Ear. The great lynx had sworn that if ever Grappo came within his reach he would tear every feather out of his tail. Furiously the lynx dashed across the field just in time to see the Owl making off with a fat hare. Lope-Ear sprang with such perfect aim that a cloud of feathers eddied from the bird. Grappo dropped its game and flapped to a branch of the tree.

With an amused sneer, Lope-Ear spat out a few feathers, then leaped to a branch a few feet from Grappo, and crouching, watched him. Now Grappo was furious; more furious than he had ever been in his life before. His beautiful tail was ruined. He eyed the lynx through sleepy lids, and suddenly soaring into the air, landed on Lope-Ear and dug his claws into the monster's back. With a leap, the lynx left the tree, the owl clinging to him. Leaping in great circles he tried to shake off his tormentor, but the faster he dashed, the deeper the owl clung. Around and around they flew, the bird thrusting his beak again and again into Lope-Ears neck. But suddenly the tables were turned. The lynx gave a great lurch and the owl tumbled to the ground. In a flash the beast was on him. They fought like men. The huge paw of the animal flashed in and out and the bird sprang from right to left, up and down, watching his chance to again light on Lope-Ear's neck. Down came the paw on the bird's back. He staggered and then soaring, almost blinded the beast. Lope-Ear roared and almost crushed Grappo beneath him. Up darted the bird and swooping swiftly, fastened himself on the tail of the lynx. For a moment it seemed that the lynx had forgotten he was fighting. Around and around he raced, the owl riding his tail like a circus performer. It was so funny to see the animal howling with pain that Grappo laughed, and laughing, lost hold and fell to the ground. Then the beast was on him again. Weakened, the owl huddled against the ground while Lope-Ear circled about him, administering punishment. He slapped the owl and stood away to see him stagger. He leaped and tore the few remaining feathers from the tail. Calling on all his strength, Grappo flew to the tree and tried to land. But a tail is almost as important to an owl as a stick to a tight-rope-walker. He slid over the branch and made a nose-dive into the trunk of the tree. Back he came for a perfect landing, but minus his rudder he could not keep his balance, and over he went, landing on the ground on his head.

With a mournful hoot he regained his feet. Slowly, and with dignity he walked around the laughing lynx, flapping his wings for support as he went. He came to his hole-nest in the trunk of the tree and fluttered into it. Then he turned and sticking his nose out, shook his head and hooted, "Never again!"

In the meantime Lope-Ear laughed until the tears poured down his face. True, his nose was sore and his tail felt like it was on fire; but, all in all, the owl was far worse off. Lope-Ear rubbed a tear or two from his eyes, and trotted towards home.

Arriving, he found the cave deserted. He went to the entrance and howled, and far off in the woods he heard an echoing call. He went to the stream, and plunging into the icy water, cooled his wounds and

BIMBO-BOY

Oh Bimbo-boy he sailed away
One summer afternoon,
Along the silver pathway
That leads unto the moon.
The moon was high up in the sky
And soon came down to meet him,
But slow indeed was Bimbo's speed,—
It couldn't wait to greet him.

Oh Bimbo-boy he sailed away
To catch a little star,
And some were deep beneath the sea,
Some in the sky afar.
Those in the sky were far too high,
Those in the sea too deep,
So Bimbo-boy sailed home again,
And now he's fast asleep.

By JANET TOOKE.

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Los Angeles, California.

scratches. Then he gathered up the hidden hares and laid them in a neat pile before the entrance of his den. He was well pleased with his day's work. Seven fine hares for the family meal; a large one for himself, a medium sized one for his wife, and five small fat ones for the five cubs.

Again he howled to his distant mate and again the echo answered. He shook his head; he did not like the idea of the young cubs wandering so far from home. But the thought of the fat meal that awaited them consoled him. He wandered about, sniffing the ground; he feared that some intruder might have done harm during his absence. But, no! There was no scent but that of his wife and brood.

He sat down to await with patience the return of his family. The afternoon sun was hot and he nodded his head and fell asleep. It was dusk when he was awakened by a whining in the bushes beyond the cave. He opened his eyes and looked about him and then suddenly he sprang to his feet in amazement. Through the bushes came his wife, Fine-Fur. Her head was held high. Between her fang-teeth she carried a dead hare. Behind her, in a solemn procession came the five little cubs. Their heads were all held stiffly erect. Each of them had a rabbit in his teeth.

Fine-Fur trotted up to Lope-Ear and dropped her kill before him. Up came each of the cubs to deposit their game. Then Fine-Fur smiled, sarcastically, and spoke:

"Oh, strong and noble husband! We know that as a hunter there is none greater than you. We have heard the great stories that you have told of your killings in the past. But, oh strong and noble sir, we can not eat stories. So I have gone out with your children and taught them to kill. Not only have we killed a hare apiece for ourselves, but our lynx hearts have been softened and we have killed for you as well. We know you are growing old and . . . . but I will say no more. The children are hungry. Let us eat!"

Lope-Ear looked at her steadily. A haughty expression came into his eyes. But then he paused and knew that no longer was he needed as provider. Silently he picked up a rabbit and followed his family into the cave.

As he disappeared a shadow crossed the mouth of the cave. Grappo, the owl, fluttered up. With an apologetic air he dropped a dead hare on the ground and thus having made his apology to the master of the forest, hopped away.

* * * * *

Hours later the morning sun touched the little glade. Sleeping flowers opened their eyes to the warmth of the new day. The leaves became fringed with gold, and even the cobwebs that had seemed so dusty at night now glittered as though they were made of threads of crystal, cleansed by the morning dew. A chirping and restless stirring told more eloquently than words that the feathered folks were about to forage forth.

A small chipmunk appeared, leaping with heart-free abandon from rock to rock. He came to the house of the lynx. The sun was so warm; he felt so good. He climbed down into the cave and threw back his little head and sang; that is you might not call it singing, but he did.

With the swiftness of light a furry paw shot from the depths of the cave and slapped at him; sharp nails drew him into the cave. There was the sound of spanking and then he was thrown through the air to land some distance away. He picked himself up and rubbed his eyes, and then scurried off into the brush as a voice from the cave roared:

" . . . . And see that you stay out!"

Lope-Ear's head emerged from the cave. He laughed, and brushed his nose with his shaggy paw. Slowly he stretched his beautiful body, and yawned. He blinked, then looked at the pile of dead rabbits and laughed again. His mate came out and stood shoulder to shoulder with him. Behind her ambled the small family. Up in the trees a family of birds fluttered and a king-fisher shrilled to his mate.

Lope-Ear rubbed his nose into the shaggy neck of Fine-Fur. "My dear," he said, "breakfast is ready."

Fine-Fur nodded: "Yes, my lord . . . . and you are SOME provider."

THE END

Dots and Dashes

By S. B. DICKSON
Illustrated by Cecilia Nelson

WHAT WENT BEFORE

The students of Midway College are all up in the air over the receipt of several messages that they pick up in code on their radio. The messages hint of a scheme to ruin the Midway varsity football chances for a year. During the excitement, word arrives that Freddy O'Neil, Midway's prize quarterback, is threatening to go "professional."

Bill Hodgkins, captain of the varsity, goes out to reason with Freddy, leaving his chums behind to solve the secret codes. While they work, a freshman brings them word that Hoxie has been captured and probably injured in O'Neil's room.

Now let us follow Hoxie. Dashing across the campus, he arrived at O'Neil's room, to find the quarterback sewing buttons on his pants. O'Neil acknowledged that he was going "professional" for the money and the glory and many other things that Hoxie finally convinced him were not worth while. Just as O'Neil was about to give up the idea of deserting his college, they were interrupted by a group of business men, who, in a rage at Hoxie for interfering with their plans for professional football, attacked him.

Meanwhile, back in the Midway dormitory, another code message has been received, instructing someone to meet the sender on the quad at midnight, and to wear a white carnation. Now let's get back to Hoxie.

Chapter IV

HOXIE HODGKINS awoke from a troubled dream during which black cannon-balls had fallen on his head from a great height. His muscles ached, his neck was stiff, his throat dry. He opened his eyes, and closed them again as pain shot to his shoulders.

"Something must have happened," he thought. Then remembering the blow from Langley's clenched fist, he grinned.

"Something sure did happen. Wonder if I am dead."

He sat up slowly and looked around him. The room was empty. Freddie O'Neil and his four friends were gone. Slowly he rose to his feet and the room whirled around him. He staggered to a chair and everything was black for a moment. But consciousness quickly returned.

"Better take it easy for a minute," he said. "Somebody hit me an awful wallop from the rear when Langley plastered me between the eyes. That means a black mark for Mr. Langley and a blacker one for someone else. I wonder who."

There was no good in wondering. He had to follow O'Neil. But he had no idea where to follow and he was too weak to move. More than anything in the world he wanted a glass of ice cold water. A thousand little hammers were pounding the nerves of his head. He tried to whistle, and winced as the pain gripped him. Holding onto the arm of the chair he hoisted himself and stumbled to the window. The autumn dusk had settled over the streets of Midway. A block away voices were singing "The Miller's Old Dog." The cold, crisp air refreshed him. He straightened his shoulders and drew out his watch. It was ten minutes past seven. He had been asleep for more than an hour.

"Good grief," he groaned. "I've got to get some action and get it quickly." He staggered to the door as it burst

open and Lindsey dashed in, followed by Snow and Red Summers. One glance was enough for Morg Lindsey. Grabbing Hoxie under the arms he half led, half carried him across the room and hoisted him on to O'Neil's bed.

"Gosh, that's swell," laughed Hoxie. "All I want now is to be rocked to sleep."

"Shut up," said Lindsey, "and tell us what happened."

"Which'll I do first? Can't do both of them at once."

"Go on, Hox. Spill the beans."

Hoxie raised himself, and leaned on his elbows.

"Never mind what happened," he groaned. "Four big stiffs got me and then breezed with Freddie."

"Where to?"

"How should I know? They knocked me cold and when I came to they weren't."

Lindsey acted quickly.

"Red," he ordered, "go call a taxi. We've got to shoot Hoxie back to the Dorm."

Summers went on his errand, and while he was gone Lindsey tried to identify O'Neil's four friends from Hoxie's description. But they were total strangers. Hoxie was able to draw a good picture of them, especially the leader and spokesman, Greaves. But the names were new to the Midwayites.

Summers returned in a couple of minutes.

"Got Stringer's Ford outside," he said.

Hodgkins eased himself off the bed, and leaning on Lindsey's arm, went down the stairs followed by "Red" and Snow. Back in his room he repeated his experiences for the edification of Frenchy Lafitte. Foots walked up and down, his fists thrust in his pocket.

"Fellows," he said, "if Hoxie doesn't feel any bad effects from all this it may prove to have been the best thing that could have happened. Freddie O'Neil can't help but see the light when he realizes what kind of a bunch he is mixed up with. There's no use trying to follow him; we're not detectives. He'll probably show up within an hour. And speaking of detectives, I've got the second code worked out and a short one that came in after you left. Listen to this."

He read the message arranging the midnight meeting on the quad. The third message read:

THE BUNCH GOT HODGKINS THE WHOLE THING WILL BE ALL OVER THE COLLEGE TOMORROW BE CAREFUL A CHANCE WORD WILL SPOIL EVERYTHING THE GOOSE ISN'T COOKED YET.

"Phew," whistled Hoxie. "That's great stuff. They broadcast my funeral before I'm properly dead. But the other message is more interesting. What'll we do, gang?"

"Will you give me a free hand?" demanded Lafitte.

"Go as far as you like," they all agreed.

"All right," said Lafitte. "Morg, I think you had better stay here with Hox and me. Snow, you and Red go out and find every fellow who has been in this room today. The Deacon. Bunk. Sammie Murk. Bill Lang. Kittie Cartwright. Who else was there: Bert Harper. Here, Red, write down the names."

They soon had a complete list of the names of every Midwayite who had entered Hoxie's door that afternoon.

Foots gave final instructions. "Herd them in. Tell them not to come in a bunch but one or two at a time. Tell them not to talk to anybody. But see to it that they come! And on your way, Snow . . . ." (Foots laughed and whispered a last instruction in Snow's ear.) He shoved Red and Snow out of the room and then turned to the two who remained.

"Morg," he said, "and you, too, Hox. I've got an idea. A swell idea. But I'm not going to spill it till the gang arrives. I'm going to quit thinking, too. My head is humming. How's yours, Hox?"

"All right now."

"Good! Let's take it easy till things begin to break."

"Jake with me," said Lindsey.

"Me, too," nodded Hoxie.

Foots crossed the room and opened Hodgkin's piano. For a half hour he played steadily. From "The Owl and the Pussy Cat" he sailed into "Larboard Watch," and then in quick succession, "Katrina," "Bam Bam Bami Shore," Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," "Red Hot Mama," "Robin Adair," and twenty others. Hoxie lay back with a contented grin on his face. Lindsey sat on the floor, his back against the barber-pole, his arms clasped around his knees.

The door opened and Murk strolled in followed by The Deacon. Then came Bunk with Merv Levy and Bill Lang. Foots played on, paying no attention as Midwayite after Midwayite came through the door. Finally came Snow and Red. Snow carried a long box. Morg Lindsey took the list of names and checked them off.

"Everybody here but Cartwright? . . . Hullo, Cart," as the door opened again. "Welcome to our party." All right, Frog-legs. Here's your gang."

Lafitte finished playing the Volga Boat Song, and then turned around.

"Fellows," he said, "including myself there are sixteen of us. All of you know most of what happened tonight. Now listen!"

In a few words he reviewed the episodes and the receipt of the dot and dash messages. All listened attentively, quietly.

Foots continued: "Not a person outside of us sixteen knows anything from this end. Not a person must know. If there is one of you who cannot keep his mouth shut I hope he'll be man enough to say so. Fellows, I want you to swear solemnly that you'll do nothing that you're not told to do, and, above all, keep still. We started in this thing as a joke and it is proving to be darned serious. Freddie O'Neil has gone; we don't know where. Hoxie almost has a busted head, and I've got the Willies.

"Personally I do not believe that this trouble has emanated in this or any other college. From Hoxie's description the fellows that Freddie has tied up with are city men."

"Bunk," groaned Bunk.

"Bunk," went on Foots, "some day I'm going to crown you for saying that and when I do you won't think it's bunk."

"Bunk," mocked Bunk.

A dozen cushions flew across the room and landed in a pile around Huggins' feet. Grabbing the nearest at hand, Bunk Huggins sailed into the battle. Taking a tight grip on a feather-stuffed pillow, he swung it from left to right, fighting his way across the room. The warfare became free-for-all. Lafitte caught Morg Lindsey an ugly crash on the top of the head. Morg strode across the room and picking Frenchy up by his much-advertised feet, swung him around in a circle. In the midst of the pandemonium, "Dot—Dot—Dash—Dot—" went the radio. Lafitte picked himself up and grabbing his pencil, started scribbling. Instantly the uproar ceased, and the Midwayites clustered around him as he wrote:

GT FERT UJM JPTCZ GFTVT

FT DEPM OJ EPN FEVH EQ KEV

EQ FT CQ DJPDTVPTO MFTVT

GCZZ AT PJ ACU UEHT

MFEM CQ QXVT VTBJVM

MJ HT EPN MEZS NJX

FTEV JP MFT DEHBXQ EPO

STTB NJXV TNT JP HXVS

GT EVT VTEON KJV MFT

PTWM HJRT PJG EPO

"We'll translate that later," said Foots. "Where was I before Bunk broke loose? Oh, yes! This room will be headquarters. I'll not leave it 'till you come back. We've got to catch these messages and I'm in practice. But the rest of you, all fifteen of you, are going to have a swell time. Gosh, I wish I were going along with you."

"Hurry up, spill it!" Lindsey broke in.

"Don't hurry me. It's going to be swell. A regular Valentine party. Somebody is going to be at the fountain on the quad tonight. There's a full moon. He's going to be looking for a bird with a white carnation in his button hole. He's going to drop a wallet when he finds the bird with the pretty white carnation. Are you on?"

"Go ahead! Shoot! Say it!" they all shouted.

In a few words Lafitte told his plans and gave his instructions. Hoxie was to take charge of the party; the others were to take orders from him. Cheers and shouts of laughter greeted his scheme. Hoxie doubled up on the couch, laughed till his head began to throb again. He tied a wet towel around it, and stretching out on the couch, looked at his watch. It was 9:30. More than two hours remained till the party on the quad. Lafitte sat at the piano and played again. The Midwayites clustered around him and sang:

There was a lad of Midway town;
His brains they grew so big,
They crowded the whiskers off his head
And he bought himself a wig.

"Bunk, bunk, bunk. Bunk, bunk, bunk. He bought himself a wig," Huggins joined in the chorus.

(Continued on Page 137)

Chocolates

By BETH WENDEL

Illustrated by Kenneth L. Callahan

MARGERY and John stood on the curb, leaning forward to see down the street. It was just sunset, and very close to dinner time, so Margery did not know if her queer excited feeling was caused by the beauty of twilight or by plain hunger. It was all very lovely. The street and the trees and even the air were a mellow gold. Everything was hushed except the crickets, whose solitary chatter made all the rest seem more still.

"Uncle Jim should be here soon," John whispered, not knowing why he kept his voice so low.

"It's a little too early," Margery answered softly. "Don't you love this time of day, just before it grows dark?"

"Um," John agreed, "just before dinner!"

All the wrong automobiles passed by. There was an old high one that bounced like a hobby horse, tossing the children who tried to sit in the back seat. In a smooth swift limousine, a gray-haired lady with very thin lips stared straight ahead. A car filled with warm noisy people dashed down the road and someone waved at Margery and John. They did not wave back. Instead, they shook their arms gaily to a nice old man in a Ford.

At last Uncle Jim drove up, in his huge dilapidated car, and the children hopped on the running board to hasten his bear-like greeting. Uncle Jim was bareheaded. He did not like to wear a hat in the country.

"Because it stops my grin," he had said once, when questioned on that particular subject. He wore golf clothes. Not that Uncle Jim knew how to play, but he liked them.

"They're so comfortable in a hammock," he had explained, "when I have a little girl on my neck and a little boy on my knees!"

I think that explains Uncle Jim. That, and the pile of packages in the automobile. John and Margery climbed over the parcels, and perched themselves on the high back seat.

When John joyfully shrieked, "It feels like a gun!" his parents appeared at the door, for they knew that Uncle Jim and his weekly presents had arrived.

Dinner was so much fun! Carrots and spinach were not greeted with the customary groans, and luscious strawberry shortcake did not prove to be as wonderful as Uncle Jim's thrilling stories.

When the grown-ups were slowly sipping their coffee, and Margery was wondering how such tiny cups could take so long to empty, Uncle Jim dropped the bomb.

"In October I'm going to Europe for a year." John gasped, through a mouthful of whipped cream, and nearly choked. Margery just stared.

"How lovely, Jim," cried mother. "Are you going alone?"

"No," he answered, "I shall take someone with me, either Margery or John."

John grinned, and reached for a lump of sugar while everybody was looking the other way. Margery was still staring. Mother said nothing, and father tapped his cigar on the saucer, though he generally let the ashes grow until they trembled, for fear of falling on the carpet.

Uncle Jim smiled. "I could not possibly take care of two children," he said, "so I have made a plan to find out which would be the best pal."

"Boys are the best pals," said John confidently.

"Girls can help," argued Margery. "I could sew on his buttons."

Uncle Jim smiled. "We'll see," he said. Then, turning to mother, "did you say that the painters are coming Saturday?" he asked.

"Yes, they are," she sighed.

"Well, then," grinned Uncle Jim," you would probably be delighted to have the children out of the house. Suppose I take them camping with me? After a week in the woods, I should know fairly well, whom I should take to Europe."

"That will be splendid," agreed mother. She was not thinking of Europe that moment, but of the fresh paint that would safely dry, without little fingers that forget not to to touch.

"When do we start?" asked Margery and John in one breath, clapping their hands with joy.

"If all goes well, we'll leave tomorrow," smiled Uncle Jim, holding something out to the children. It was a crisp new bill for each of them. "You may buy anything you wish," he informed them.

"Candy for me," said John quickly.

"I'll buy books," Margery said happily.

Uncle Jim looked at them with wise and smiling eyes.

"Anything you like," he said slowly, "but think carefully before you decide."

Margery and John awoke before the sun, the next day, They each felt a queer little tingling feeling, as of something that was going to happen; then they remembered that they were going camping with Uncle Jim. John remembered also the candy he had bought. Lots of it! Margery smiled to herself at the thought of the wonderful books she had wanted for a long time, and which were now really hers.

At eleven o'clock Uncle Jim came, and his big automobile looked like a traveling circus. The two suit-cases were impatiently waiting on the porch, and John carried both to the car. He looked at Uncle Jim as if to say:

"That will be a help in Europe!"

Soon they were driving toward the tall, leafy trees, away from the tall bare poles. Later they left the straight ribbon of highway, and followed a winding ribbon of blue-green water.

"I bought five boxes of candy," John grinned.

"And I bought the Arabian Nights, and . . . . "

"Huh," John grunted. "Books!"

Margery turned her back to him, and stared at the passing scenery.

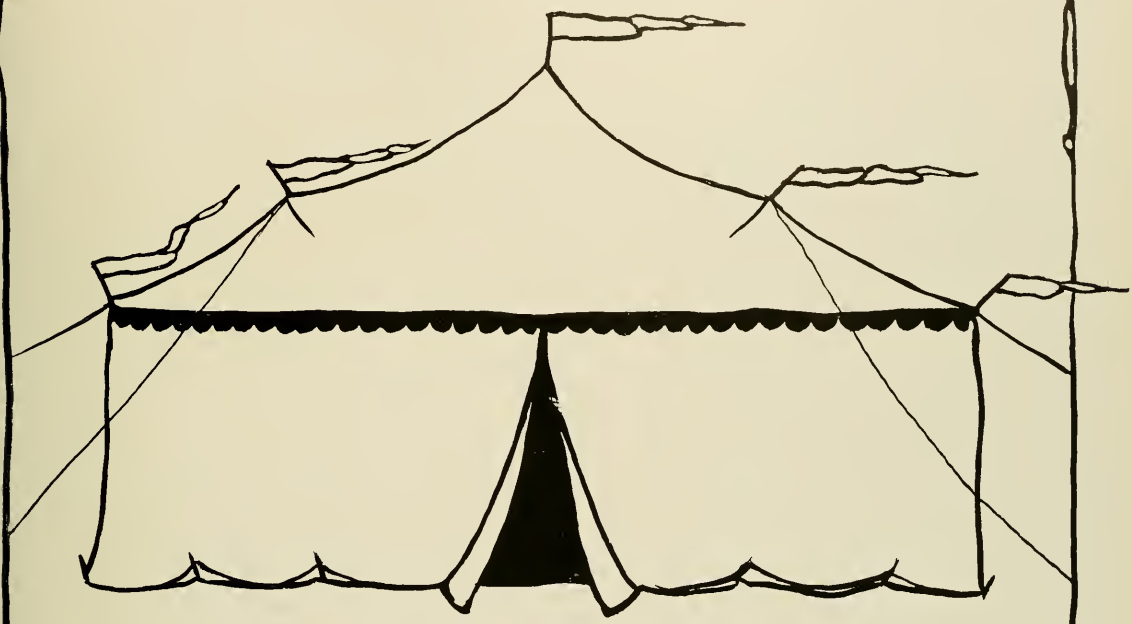
Finally they reached a protected clearing by the sparkling water. John held the tent stakes trustfully as Uncle Jim hammered them into the ground. Margery unfolded the canvas and helped to hoist it over the center pole.

In less time than it takes to tell, camp was struck and the vacation had begun.

There followed a week of wonderful days when the sun seemed trying to bake everything in sight, and nights that were cold and sharp, and made the blood tingle. Margery helped Uncle Jim, preparing the meals that were cooked over the camp-fire, and laughed until her sides ached to see John trying to wash the greasy pans in the cold stream. The days were all too short. They fished and swam and climbed the many peaks surrounding their own particular valley. And Uncle Jim acknowledged that they were both such good company that it would be hard to decide which one of the children should go to Europe with him.

One day, quite early, Uncle Jim started out with the two children on what he promised them was going to be a real adventure. But little did he realize what an adventure it would prove to be. At the head of the valley stood a great cliff with sheer walls that seemed to dis-

(Continued on Page 133)



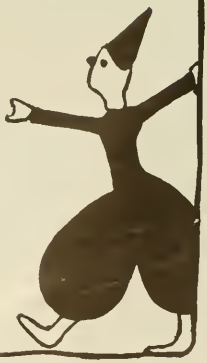
THE CIRCUS CUT-OUT

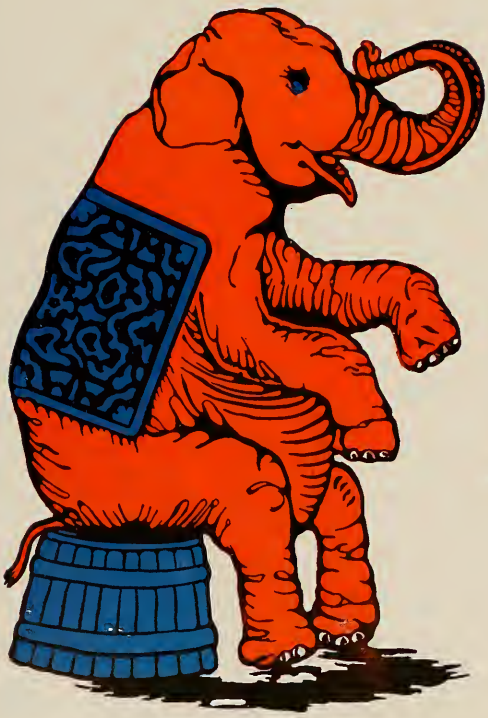
For Small Girls and Smaller Boys

Step up, ladies and gentlemen, and buy your hot dog. You'd better hurry, because the camel has a rather hungry look in his eyes, and while the camel can go ten days without a drink, we have an idea that a whole tray full of hot dogs would only be half a breakfast for him.

Just look at the nice old elephant. His name is Jumbo, and maybe if he doesn't smash the little barrel that he is sitting on, he will stand up and dance a Charleston for us. Hasn't he got a kind face? He looks so gentle and quiet, but maybe he's only lazy.

Now, look out, everybody. Here comes the goose, frightened out of her wits, and after her the greased pig. Did you ever see a greased pig before? The circus man rubs slippery stuff all over him, and then the boys chase him and try to catch him, but the grease makes him slide through their hands, and away he goes after the goose. We wonder who will win the race? Let's cut them out, and make the goose chase the pig.





THE HOT DOG MAN

He tries to sell us bits of meat
Encrusted in a roll,
And brags about the wares he sells,
In manner very droll.

I often think the hot dog man
Must make a lot of cash;
'Cause he gets dimes and only gives
A skin that's filled with hash.

He stands before the grandstands,
And shuts out half the view.
And tells us of delicious dogs,
And makes a great ado.

I always buy the wares he sells;
They give me great delight.
I eat them while the show is on
And then, I'm sick that night.

THE CAMEL

A sort of natural hammock,
And a sort of natural chair,
That's the backbone of a camel;
But the camel does not care.

For his feet are rather shapely,
And his head is always high.
And the camel seems so stately
When he even passes by.

Now a circus needs a camel,
Like a camel needs a hump.
Because it makes the children laugh
To see him run and jump.

So I'd like to have a camel,
That would make it nice, I think.
'Cause I've heard it said, a camel
Goes a week without a drink.

THE ELEPHANT

The elephant is the best bet,
He's everybody's favorite pet.
He seems to like the girls and boys,
He seems to thrive on circus noise.

His skin is thick and very rough,
And both his tusks are long and tough.
They never have to ship his junk,
'Cause when he moves he takes his trunk.

The elephant's clever in the ring,
I've seen him dance; I've heard him sing.
I've seen him sit upon his master,
So gentle, there was no disaster.

I've laughed to hear his funny wails,
His ears are big enough for sails;
Though Jumbo makes a gentle pet,
I would not like to have one—YET.

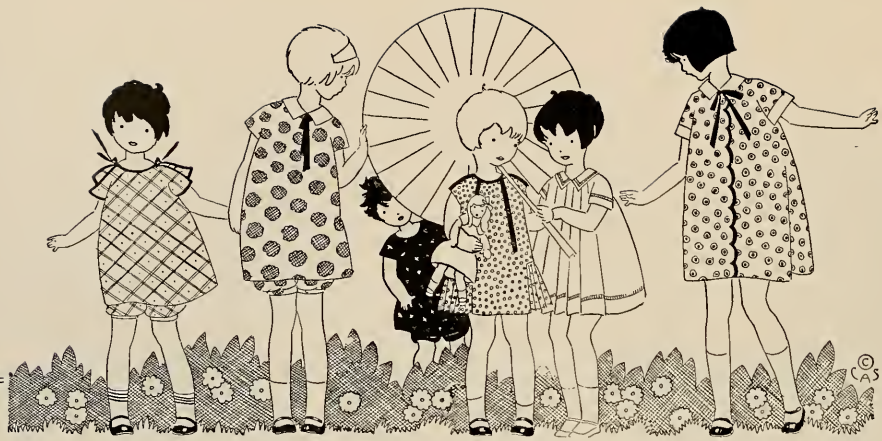
THE PIG AND THE GOOSE

The pig comes squealing in the ring,
A goose comes hissing after;
They look so very, very queer,
We double up with laughter.

For goosey seems so awful mad,
And piggy seems so frightened;
At last the goose forgets the pig
And piggy's cares are lightened.

Then—and then the pig may try to sing,
So loud it makes us tingle;
Until a clown comes stalking up,
To hit him with a shingle.

Poor piggy jumps, and scares the goose,
Although a goose can't frown,
He hisses in a nervous way,
And tries to bite the clown.



New Fashions for Wee Ones

And an Old Lesson in Manners

"What's your name?"

"Beatrice. What's yours?"

"Betty Jane. My mama said I could play with you."

"Oh."

"My mama said you were the best-dressed little girl at the hotel."

"Oh."

"Where did your mama buy your dress?"

"I won't tell you."

"It's funny, anyway, with those little marks all over it."

"That's printed. Silly! Most of the nice vacation dresses are printed."

"Where did your mama buy it?"

"I won't tell you. All these other little girls' dresses came from there, too."

"If I give you a stick of candy, will you tell me?"

"No. But it's a store that has all the newest styles for little girls and boys."

"Aw—tell me what store!"

"No. Oooooh, there's mama! Why, she's been sitting on that bench all the time."

"Why, Beatrice, where are your good manners? Never let anyone tease you for an answer. Now tell the little girl where Mother bought the dress."

FIFTH FLOOR

O'Connor Moffatt & Co.

121 Post Street — SAN FRANCISCO — between Grant and Kearny

FIFTH FLOOR

Nan Halloran -- Tomboy

By MARJORIE M. ADAMS
Illustrated by Della Taylor

IT WAS gala day at the North Point shipyards. Milling about the yards, in an attempt to catch sight of the giant transport that awaited launching on the ways, walked hundreds of people, chiefly shipworkers with happy, begrimed faces, pointing out to their wives and children the great ship that they had built.

The crowd moved in criss-cross currents, giving way only to pass around the raised platform where stood the officials of the company, prominent men of the city, and half a dozen newspaper photographers.

There also stood a young girl dressed in white, with a graceful bouquet of flowers in one arm. This was the daughter of the superintendent, who was to christen the ship. When the blocks that held it fast in the ways were knocked aside, and the transport slid on its majestic course down into the water, it would be her privilege to shatter the bottle of champagne against the prow, without which ceremony no ship was considered ready to sail.

To the superintendent's daughter, the ceremony was but an indifferent pleasure. Too much of her life had been spent in the public eye for her to know the sharp joy that was felt by the workers on such an occasion. She was seventeen—and already a bit bored with everything.

Could she have realized that even as she stood there, two fierce little eyes were flaming up at her from below, with an indignant envy that amounted to hatred, her interest in life might have revived. Lola Munson was not used to being hated.

She did not know when the fierce little eyes turned away, and their owner left her position beneath the platform as suddenly as she had come . . . .

* * * * *

Nan Halloran was twelve years old. No portion of those twelve years had been spent out of sight of the sea, or out of hearing of the tales of great ships told by her father, a shipyard foreman, and his cronies. Always, as long as she could remember, she had lived in the shadow of the shipyards, with the sound of the workmen's hammers in her ears.

At six, Nan had carried her father's lunch basket, filled with sandwiches that her mother had made, and a pitcher of steaming hot coffee, down to the yards, and had remained to watch, round-eyed, the men at work high up on the flanks of the giant ships.

At eight, she developed an uncanny ability to evade the guards and climb, at risk of life and limb, high up into the scaffoldings that surrounded the ship under construction.

At ten, she had demanded to be allowed to "help daddy at his work" (she was wearing overalls by this time) and had kicked and screamed and stamped on the rude floor of the cottage with her little brown heels when the offer was refused. Nan's mother was determined that she should be a little lady. Nan was born to be a tomboy. As a result, family misunderstandings and consequent spankings were of no rare occurrence, and in these affairs Nan's father played the only neutral part. He never interfered with the strict discipline which Mrs. Halloran sought to impose upon the girl, but Nan, with childish instinct, felt that she had an ally there. Daddy never scolded when she played in the mud and did other little things that were anything but ladylike.

As the child clung to her father's hand on this gala day and wriggled her agile way through the crowds to catch a glimpse of the giant transport that her daddy had helped to make, she felt as fierce a pride as though the ship were her own. It was her first launching ceremony, and a red-letter day in her life.

"Who is going to christen the ship—you, daddy?" she asked.

Patrick Halloran smiled—a bit grimly.

"No, darlin'. The superintendent's girrrl will do that. It isn't a workingman's place—up there on the platform."

Nan was aghast.

"Not ever, daddy? You helped make it, didn't you? She never helped—why do they let her do it?"

"Well, for one thing, they want a girl to christen it, so the newspaperrrs can get a nice picture."

"But—but why should it be her?" Nan was more indignant than grammatical. "Why not me—or somebody that loves the ships, and whose family helped to make it? Why, daddy, why?"

"Ah!" said Nan's father, "ye're a better man than me, darlin', if ye can tell me that. But it's the way they do—the big bosses."

Nan felt as though a little cloud had suddenly appeared from nowhere and overwhelmed the sun. This took away all her joy in the launching ceremony. Her daddy, and her daddy's friends, had made the ship, but a strange girl—a rich girl, who knew nothing about ships and cared less, would swing the little bottle that meant "goodbye and good luck" against the side of the great steel monster that had been the pet of the North Point shipyards. The pet, because it was a government vessel, designed to carry soldiers safely in times of war.

Nan felt a surge of indignation against the superintendent's daughter. Pig! To take the place that should have belonged to her daddy, or to Big Jim, or Nick—or at least to some of their family, who had gloried so in the work!

They passed the platform, and were carried on in the surge of the crowd, but Nan had caught sight of the girl standing on the platform—beautiful, cool, and evidently bored. With elfish dexterity Nan maneuvered her father away to where several of his cronies were talking in a corner, and slipped away as soon as he joined in the conversation. Back to the platform she went, and stood beneath it, staring up with hostile eyes at Lola Munson.

She was totally unaware of the picturesque little figure that she made, ragged but strangely vivid against the ever-shifting background of the crowd. Long black curls hung down below her shoulders—tangled curls, but glistening; the patched dress was worn with a natural grace that could not have come from practice, for she wore overalls every day but Sunday—or on such an occasion as this.

Had she known that a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a camera in his hands, was watching her from the platform, as intently as she watched the superintendent's daughter, she would have fled.

But Jack Hanford, photographer for the "Daily Tribune," knew how to watch people without being observed himself. He found himself interested in the contrast presented by the two girls—one representing the idle, the other the working class—the builders, whose handiwork was the mighty ship that now lay ready for the ocean . . . .

"What a shame," he said, half aloud, "what a rotten shame that they can't be in on it once in a while!"

He turned to look at Lola Munson. How vivid the contrast between her well-bred, tired little face, and the glowing cheeks of the child who stood below, looking up at her with so fierce an envy!

Hanford wondered if Lola Munson even knew enough of the traditions of the sea to realize how much importance was attached by seamen to the proper christening of a ship. He recalled how on one occasion, the girl who had been chosen to christen a new trans-Atlantic liner had given the thing a feeble little toss, that barely reached the great hull and failed to shatter the bottle. A groan had gone up from the sailors and workmen who stood near, as the vessel—a marked ship, branded unlucky for all time—slid unchristened down into the water.

The girl had shrugged and turned away. Hanford believed that Lola Munson would shrug like that, if she should miss the toss. But the child down there—(she was gone now; he saw her talking with her father some distance away)—what would she do?

Jack Hanford unscrewed the legs of his tripod and set up his camera in readiness for the launching, still puzzling over the thought.

It was then that the unexpected happened.

Lola Munson, stepping backward to gain a better view of the ship towering above her, found herself tottering on the edge of the platform steps. She screamed, caught desperately at the railing, and half-slipped, half-fell down three or four steps, before a policeman rushing to her aid could catch her in his arms. Immediately confusion reigned. A group of officials headed by Munson senior, who had seen but had been unable to prevent the fall, surrounded her anxiously.

"Are you hurt, my dear?" inquired her father.

"I don't know," gasped Lola Munson, "Not much, I think, but my foot—"

She tried to stand upon it, and gave a cry of pain. The ankle was already swelling with a bad sprain. It was evident that she could not take part in the ceremony. The family doctor, hastily summoned, recommended that she be removed to her home—a plan to which the group of officials agreed readily but with consternation.

Who would christen the ship? Munson senior, with a hasty word to his secretary to take charge, drove off with his daughter. As the secretary stood hesitating for a choice, he was tapped on the shoulder by Jack Hanford.

"I'll get you a girl for this," whispered Hanford. "Will you leave the choice to me?" The secretary assented with relief. He did not know who Hanford had in mind, but imagined that he had seen some visiting beauty in the crowd.

But Jack Hanford was not looking for visiting beauties. When he returned, it was with a small, ragged child of twelve clinging to his hand.

He swung her up on the platform steps.

"Nan Halloran," he said, with a smile that would have won any heart, "we want you to christen the big ship today. The lady who was to christen it has hurt her foot. These gentlemen all want you to take her place--don't they, sir?"

The astounded secretary could only murmur a reply, and the officials were speechless. But they made no remonstrance—realizing, perhaps, that the idea was not entirely inappropriate.

"That's settled, then. Up you go!"

How Nan Halloran found herself upon the official platform, in her ragged little dress, waiting before a battery of cameras and the eyes of hundreds of men and women—including her amazed father—she never knew.

She had to tiptoe to reach the bottle of champagne that hung suspended from ribbons attached to the ship's prow.

"I'm afraid I can't do it!" she whispered to Hanford, who stood beside her.

"Reach higher!" he urged, "You can if you stretch real hard."

A whistle blew. The band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner," and as the trigger was released that put the ship in motion, the huge transport moved majestically forward toward the sea.

Nan reached up as high as she could reach, got a precarious grip on the bottle, and swung it with all her strength.

It missed.

The crowd had not yet realized the fact when, quick as a flash, the child jumped to the railing and caught hold of a loop of rope that dangled from a porthole.

Swung high out above the throng, hanging with one hand to the loop of rope while with the other she sought to recover the dangling sparkling object that carried the fate of the transport in its contents, Nan Halloran was carried down the ways.

Three times she reached for it and failed, when a jerk of the ribbons swung the bottle within her grasp.

And then—twelve thousand people saw the throw. Saw the bottle of champagne, dashed against the ship's side, shatter and break, spilling a bright fluid down the steel hull. Saw that tiny swinging figure, bracing itself against the side, let go of the rope and drop, just as the bow of the transport entered the foaming water. It alighted safely, on the brink of destruction.

Jack Hanford snapped his last plate, and started down the ways. A thousand workmen followed after him, regardless of the oil and tar that lined the floor—a thousand hands reached out to Nan Halloran, as she sat laughing a laugh of triumph, with her ragged little dress streaked with grease and a great smudge of it across her forehead.

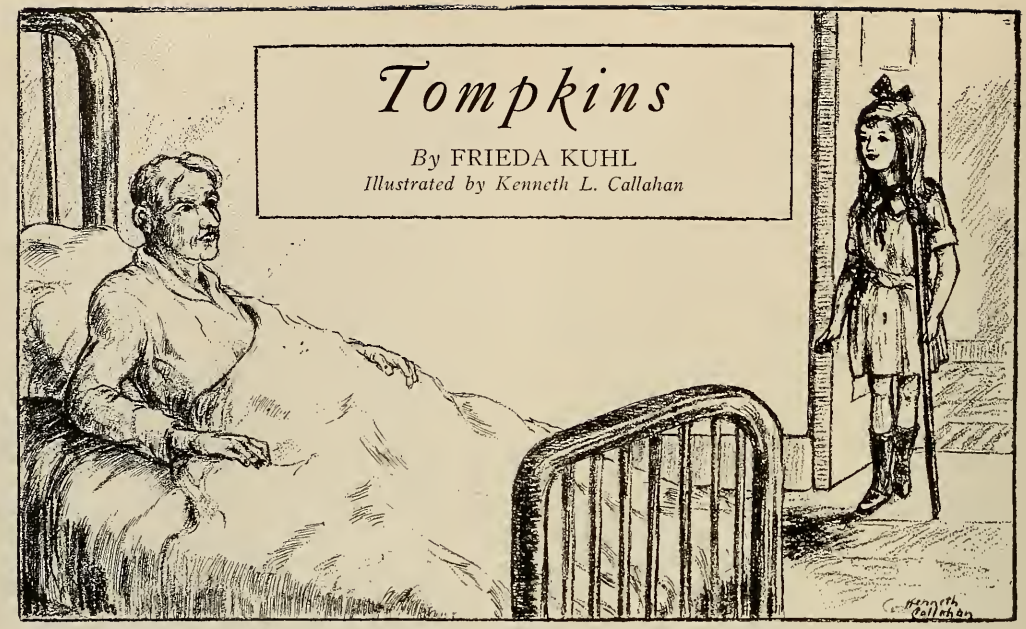
But the photographer reached her first, and tossed her up to his shoulder. It was a triumphal march back up the ways, with the workmen roaring in ecstacy and Nan laughing her high, elfin laugh above the roar.

Patrick Halloran came charging through the crowd, with his face working and his eyes full of tears. He swept the child from Hanford's shoulder.

"Darlin'—Nan, darlin'—"he could not speak.

Nan Halloran threw both arms around her father's neck.

"Oh daddy! WE christened the ship!"



Tompkins

By FRIEDA KUHL

Illustrated by Kenneth L. Callahan

MIRIAM sat in her great chair by the window, and looked out. The world was very bright; the sun was high in the sky. The big trees were green and proud, and the flowers in the hospital garden were lovely. Miriam loved it. It was a long time since she had seen it all, and now it seemed very, very wonderful. She did not look behind her. She knew only too well what was there. She knew every nook and corner of the long hall which was the children's ward. From her little bed at the other end of the room she had looked at it, day after day, for many weeks, as she lay quiet and still. Beside her, now, by her chair, stood the little crutch that had been given to her. It was very new and shiny, and Miriam had tried to laugh when the kind doctor had shown it to her. She had laughed just a tiny bit, because mother had been there, but she had felt something clutch at her inside, and it had hurt. Mother was coming today. Miriam had a smile all ready; a smile of joy. It hurt to smile, now.

The lovely things outside became a blur to her eyes. Through her tears she saw two children playing in the garden. Miriam looked down at her little crutch, then she pressed her lips tightly. She must not look at the children again. Perhaps, some day, when mother had lots and lots of money, to pay for the doctors, Miriam would be well once more; then she could look at them, and play with them, but not now!

Miriam dried her tears with the back of her hand. She pushed back the hair that came down over her face. It was very pretty hair, brown, and soft. It had a lovely way of curling at the ends. Miriam's eyes were lovely too, and her face was ever so sweet.

She looked down once more into the garden. By the gravel walk that led from the street, two orderlies were leading in an old man. To Miriam he looked very, very ancient. It seemed to her that he did not want to be led. He was trying hard to walk by himself, and, in his efforts to get away from the two who were helping him, Miriam could hear him tell them things that were not nice. She felt sorry for that old man. She wanted to talk to him, to tell him something nice. She was sure that she could make him happier. Then he was inside, and she did not see him again.

Mother came that afternoon. The doctor talked with her for a long while, and Miriam did not hear what they said. She saw, however, that mother's eyes were full of tears.

After a week or so, Miriam was allowed to walk through the halls of the hospital, and into the garden. But she never went outside. She just roamed about the halls, stopping for a moment before closed doors, wondering. Then, with the aid of her little crutch, she would walk on. One day, the elevator-man took her upstairs, to the corridor of the private rooms. She walked slowly down the hall, very quietly. At the end of it, a door was open. Miriam looked in, her heart beating fast. Sitting up in bed was an old man. It was the one she had seen from her window. She went in, timidly. In a soft, gentle voice, and with an adorable smile, Miriam said:

"Hullo."

The man on the bed paid no attention to her. She tried again:

"Hullo."

This time the old person saw her. He fixed little sharp eyes on her. They were unkind eyes, but to Miriam they looked only very unhappy.

In a gruff voice he said:

"What do you want?"

"I—I only came in to see you," smiled the child.

"Don't talk to me," he said. "Go away. I don't want to see you."

Miriam did not go away. She advanced a little further. She was now very near his bed. The old man's eyes never left her face, but now they became just a little bit kinder.

"Aren't you afraid of me?" he asked.

Miriam only shook her head, and smiled at him.

"I like you," she said, and smiled again.

His eyes became more kind, and softer. He even seemed a bit happier.

"Come here," he said. She went and stood by the bedside.

"Say it again," he commanded.

"What?" asked the child, timidly.

The old man looked out of the window for a few moments, before he spoke. Then:

"Say it again," he said, "that—that you like me."

"I like you," smiled the child.

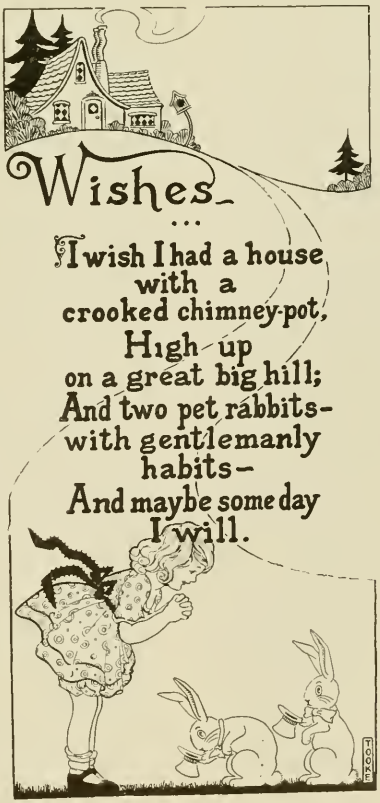
"No one—no one ever told me that before," he said.

Miriam said it again. Day after day she said it, and they became friends. She went up to see him every day, and each morning he waited impatiently for her. He had never shown such a liking for anyone in all his long, selfish life. He improved. Miriam didn't. Mother did not have the money to pay for the operation that would make her well. However, the child was happier than she had been since the accident. Miriam, kind little thing that she was, had a strong desire for making people happy. She was doing that now. The unkind look disappeared from the old man's face whenever she was with him. He smiled now, also, but only at Miriam. His ancient eyes became very soft and tender when she spoke to him, and told him she liked him. He never spoke of her accident. Only, one day, about a month later, she heard him talking to the nurse. They did not know that the child was within hearing distance.

She heard old Tompkins say:

"What's the matter with that child? Why don't they make her well?"

The nurse answered, in her matter-of-fact way:



"An operation is necessary. They are very poor people, and cannot afford to pay."

The old man's voice became hard, and gruff, as it had been when he first came to the hospital.

"Money, money, money!" he said, his eyes hard and glittering. "That's all you people think of. Money!"

Then he wrinkled up his face and growled:

"Go away! Go away! I don't want to talk to you." The nurse went. Miriam entered, and brought the kind expression back into his eyes. Miriam loved to do that.

The next day mother came. She talked with the doctor for a long time, and she looked very happy. Miriam wondered but said nothing.

They came over to her. Her mother kissed her lightly; the doctor laid a kind hand on her shoulder.

"Well, little lady," he said, "how do we feel today?"

"Fine, thank you," she answered.

"How would you like," he continued, "to be really well, and go out and play with those children?"

Miriam looked out. Children were playing in the garden. She smiled.

"Miriam, darling," mother said, "the kind doctors are going to make you well."

Miriam smiled again, but a queer something stole up to her throat, so that she could not speak. She looked down at her little crutch, then out into the garden.

"Mother," she asked as soon as she could, "who—who is going to pay for the operation?"

The doctor screwed up his eyes. Doctors have such a wise, knowing way of smiling!

"A very, very kind old gentleman has offered to pay, little lady," said he.

And so, Miriam was operated on. For two long weeks she stayed in bed, without moving, hardly saying a word. Her eyes always had a very far away look, and her thoughts often turned to her old friend upstairs, who, she knew, was waiting for her.

"I wonder—if he's better?" she mused one night, as she lay awake. Her eyes wandered towards the door. Two doctors stood there talking. One was the doctor who had operated upon her. Slowly some of their conversation came to her.

"He's very, very bad—try—get her up there——"

Suddenly Miriam was all attention. They were talking about old Tompkins!

"We can't, I tell you—" her own doctor was saying. Their words came clearer to her now. She wanted to hear. She had to hear.

(Continued on Page 138)

THE RAISING OF OAKLEY

By BARTON BACIGALUPI
Illustrated by Della Taylor

NANZANITA ZLAPPER was just one of the many pickaninnies of Herron's Darky Town. She was a youngster about eleven years old, and her long, black, curly hair was done in two braids down her back. At the end of each braid was a big red ribbon, and when she ran, the hair stuck out in back of her like a flag from a pole. The inhabitants of Darky Town were funny people, but perhaps they could not help themselves. The wages were small and the families large, so that Mother had to work as well as Father. In fact, Mother had to work more than Father, for Darky Town fathers had a great habit of dodging all the work possible. Such being the case, there was bound to be one in the family that was to be denied an education. This unfortunate one was usually the eldest girl, who had to mind the tribe, as the large families are sometimes called. Poor Nanzanita happened to fall heir to the job in her household, and oh! what a job it was to mind that tribe of hers. She had five sisters and two brothers, the youngest being five months old and answering to the name of Erithemus. Now you would naturally think that Erithemus would be her main care and worry. Not so however, for little Oakley Zlapper was very much on the job when it came to causing any one trouble, especially to his sister. Oakley had very, very curly hair and thus gained the name of Curly.

I was Truant Officer in Herron, Ill., and my work was confined a good deal to the colored section of town.

Every day you would find Nanzanita wheeling Erithemus up and down Charlemagne Alley. The poor little chap would console himself all day with his thumbs. First, he would suck the thumb on his right hand until he thought all the good was taken out of it. Then he would take it out, look at it, goo, and immediately put the one of his left hand back into his mouth and stare out at the world.

One day I received notice that Curly had not been to school for several days, and I set out to find the reason. As I came into the alley, I was disappointed to find that Nan was not in sight. She was such a good little tike, with a heart as big as gold, and brighter. Her little brothers and sisters had everything that kindness could give them, and all adored her. In fact everyone that knew her, loved her. I bought her books to read and paper to write on, and the way she devoured news was astounding. No child could have been less selfish.

Little Oakley opened the door in answer to my knock, and the expression on his face, when he beheld my countenance, was pitiful. My heart softened, for I am a very human person, and was never cut out for a truant officer.

"Hello, Oakley," I said, "how are you today?"

"I'se tol'brl well, Mistuh Benson, tol'brl."

"Why haven't you been to school?" I demanded.

"I'se been ta school."

"Curly," I roared, "don't prevaricate."

"Says which?"

"Look here, you little scamp, I'll teach you to try and put something over on me," I said and grabbed him by the scruff of the neck. I held him at arm's length, demanded the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

"I'se lied, Mistuh Benson, hones' I'se have, I'se not been ta school for tree days."

"I know all about that, young man, what I want to know is *why haven't you.*"

"Wal—I'se gwine ta tell you, suh. Ya see, bein' that this hear week was my birthday an' all, Nanzanita didn't think I'se should have to go to school."

I glared at him, and he knew that I meant business.

"Most little boys that I know have only one birthday a year, and that only lasts one day," I said.

"Well, trut 'is, Mistuh Benson, Nanzanita done sent me ta school, only I'se eight years old now an' mos' a man, and I'se decided that Nanzanita ain't gwine tell me what to do, no more, nohow, never. No suh!"

I laughed; I had to.

"It isn't what you like, Oakley, it is what you are required to do by law, and until you add a few more years onto that head of yours, you have to go to school, or else go to Mrs. Moore's."

Mrs. Moore was the head of the Juvenile Department, where all children who play truant are sent.

At the mention of her name, Oakley showed a good deal of fright and groaned, "Huh! Nanzanita wouldn't let me go."

It was at this moment that we saw Nan coming around the corner, headed in a bee-line for the house. She slid herself and the buggy to a stop before us, clamped on the brake and descended the stairs.

"How de do, Mistuh Benson, how is you all today?" she asked as she extended a haughty hand.

I patted her kinky hair, with its pigtails, and answered, "I'm fine, thank you, but this little brother of yours has not been to school for three days."

"No?"

"Yes, and I am afraid that we shall have to take him to Mrs. Moore's."

This remark drew to his face a pale lavender color, for if ever a body was afraid of a person, he was afraid of Mrs. Moore.

Nanzanita gazed at Oakley with a look that would wither a flower. He was truly frightened and, try as he did, he failed to keep from showing it.

"Where you all be gwine, 'stead of school?" she demanded.

"You looka here, Nanzanita, I'se eight years old now and mos' a man, and I'se not gwine to have you tell me what to do, no more, no how."

"Ha, ha, ha, Mistuh Benson, does your ears hear same as does mine? Kin ya imagine thet there little cullud boy telling me he is mos' a man? Ha, ha, ha, that is de funniest thing I'se done heard in a long time."

"You all needn't laff, Nanzanita Zlapper, an ifn you all tries to lick me any mo,' we is gwine ta haf a fight."

"Yas, I'se guess we is gwine have a fight, but you is gwine be on the receiving end of all the licks."

"Careful, woman, I'se a tol'brl bad man when I'se get started."

"Say! Looka here, you little lollypop, I'se done tol' ya thet ya is no man nohow, and don' tell me to be careful, 'cause I won't and don't need to, and go in thet there house and don' put no board in yo' pants, 'cause does you do, I'se shure ta find it, and does I'se find it, you is gwine git two lickins, yas, suh, one for putting the board in you pants and one for not gwine ta school, and man, oh man, you is sure gwine git the worst lickin' you is ever got in you life." Nanzanita gasped for breath.

Poor little Curly was in a pickle, and a very sour one at that. More, he was like a rat in a trap, either way he turned, it hurt. If he went into the house it would hurt his pride, if he didn't it would hurt something far worse. He edged over to me, and close to the steps.

"Is you gwine in that there house?" demanded Nan.

"I'se not!" and with that things began to happen. He went pell mell down the steps, first dodging under my legs. That was it—in dodging, he knocked my legs out from under me, and I found myself trying to stand on my head, but without much success, because I just kept rolling over and over. Oakley hadn't invited me in his merry dash, but I performed a perfect swan dive after him, and landed with a crash on the sidewalk, instead of water. That was the only drawback, the dive was perfect, but the cement was rather hard. I was a sorry looking sight, as I tried to pick myself up. In my journey, I had kicked myself in the eye, and said eye was beginning to show signs of insult. I regained a sitting position, when—WHAM—Nanzanita slams into me and with a quick "Scuse, suh," was running like streak lightning down the alley, her braids sticking out in back of her. She came back by the time I had gathered my wits, but Oakley was not being led by the ear as I had expected. In fact, he was conspicuous by his absence. Nanzanita drew up in front of me puffing like a steam engine, and in between breaths I gathered that Curly had gotten away.

"Man, oh man, what I'se not gwine do ta thet there little kid when he gets back here," she grunted.

"What are you going to do to him?" I inquired.

"I'se don' know yit, suh, but I'se done decided that licking that there boy is about as helpful as licking a stamp. I'se gwine do something to make him shame of hisself. I'se gwine make him sorry he was ever bohrn."

With this speech, she said she had to start supper, and I departed, promising to come back the next day, Saturday.

Meanwhile, when Curly shot between my legs, he covered the distance between the house and the corner in somthing like two seconds flat. His little mind was working rapidly. He knew that if he could negotiate the corner before Nan started after him, there was a certain hedge in front of a certain house, and that hedge spelled safety. He made it, and in one jump was over on the other side, lying flat on the ground. It wasn't long before Nan came tearing past looking for him. In a few more minutes she came back, and Curly knew that she had given up the hunt.

Curly was a very proud little fellow, and firm in his belief that he was fast becoming a man. His "gang" held forth in an empty lot around the corner from his house, and they had constructed a rude shack that they called the "Club." These boys were everlastingly teasing him about his many lickings, and having to go to school all the time. There were few sisters that were as insistent in making their charges go to school as was Nanzanita, consequently, most of the boys played hookey a good deal. Here was a good chance for Curly to get back at them, and it was with pleasure that he beheld the gang in full attendance. He proceeded to tell them at once of his tussle with his sister. With much grand language, and bulging eyes, he wove a wonderful tale of his imaginary victory. Said he had ballyhooed Nanzanita into letting him stay home from school, and was to get no more lickings. About this time his stomach decided that it was empty, and it was with a bold front, but a quivering heart, that he started home. He was all right until he came to the alley, and there most of the courage that he had mustered while talking to the boys, vanished. It was with a very doubtful heart that he entered the house.

Nanzanita had her plans mostly made by this time, however, and greeted him with a smile.

"That was sure some spill you done made Mistuh Benson take, Curly," she laughed.

"I'se done made Mistuh Benson take a spill?" asked Oakley.

"Yas, suh, you knocked his feet outen from under him, and when he fell down the steps he kicked hisself in the eye." Here, indeed, was bad news for Curly, and he dreaded to think what I would do to him for it.

"You won't let him take me ta Mrs. Moore's, will ya, Nan?"

"Wal, Curly, I'se about decided that you are a man now, and I'se gwine let you handle it yourself."

"Gosh! I'se shure does hope that he don' try an' take me ta Mrs. Moore's for does he try it, I'se will hafe to start assertin', and I'se powerful bad man when I'se starts 'sertin!"

"Yas, I guess you is, all right."

Curly went to his bedroom, or rather to the room he shared with other members of the tribe, and tried to figure out why Nan did not try to lick him. The poor youngster did not have sense enough to see through his sister's ruse, but concluded that she was convinced of his being almost a man.

The next day was Saturday, and Curly was thankful. He was very, very undecided whether he should go to school or not. He figured life very rosy and sweet, only Mrs. Moore stuck in the back of his head like flies stick to flypaper.

The first thing Nanzanita did that morning was to ask Curly to mind the tribe for awhile. He was glad to oblige, because he thought that he was getting on the right side of her. Nanzanita headed direct for the lot and the Club. One of the gang came up to her and said, "Ah hears that Curly don't have to go ta school any mo' nor neither git no mo' lickin' from you."

"Huh! Who done tol' you all that?"

"Curly don tol' us las' night."

"Humph! and thet ain't all thet there cullud boy done tol,' and does you all want ta see how big thet boy is, be over to the Alley in a haf hour."

So saying, she retreated. Her plan was now fully made, and things began to look bad for Curly.

On arriving home, she entered the gate, went into the cellar, coiled up a piece of rope and slipped it under her coat. She went up the back stairs into her room. Here she proceeded to make a perfect lasso. Then she stood behind the door, opened it a little, and called, "Oh, Curly! Does you all come hear fer a moment, I'se give you something thet I'se jest got."

"I'se comin," hollered Curly.

He reached the door in three steps, poked his head and shoulders in and then stood stock still! He had to. He couldn't move. The rope had encircled his head, slipped over his shoulders, and pinioned his arms to his sides. Nan drew the rope tight and soon had him securely bound. Next she proceeded to get one of her dresses out of the closet.

"Wh-wh-what you is all gwine do wit' dat dress?"

"Huh! I'se gwine ta put it on you."

"No, no, no, no, Nanzanita, you shure is not. Careful, you is gwine ta get me mad."

"Huh! We is all gwine see how much of a man you is, Curly." She put the dress on him, tied him to the bed, and went down to fix the baby buggy. Next she picked Curly up bodily, packed him down the stairs and placed him in the buggy. She next tied one of Erithemus' baby bonnets on his head, covered him over, and placed

one of the baby nursing bottles close to his mouth. The preliminaries being over, she started to wheel her charge down the street. By this time the idea of the thing struck Curly right between the eyes, and he groaned, "Oh Lawdy, Lawdy, what a fool I'se been. I'd might of knowed thet Nanzanita was not gwine take no foolishments offen me. Oh Lawdy, de gang is gwine see me." He started to plead, beg and beseech his sister to let him go, but Nan turned a deaf ear to all his entreaties. Soon she came to a halt before a group of kiddies, and one of them asked how the baby was.

"He's jest fine, thank you," and then, as I came up, she enquired politely, "Mistuh Benson, doesn't you all want to see the baby, and how many teeth he has since you last seen him?" I did, so she raised the lid of the buggy and drew off the cover.

"My, he sure has growed since. Why, if it isn't Curly! Wal, now, doesn't he jist make the grandest baby. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, that is sure de funniest thing I'se done seen in a long time," they all shouted.

"Now, Curly, tell them all what a great big man you is," demanded Nan.

"Oh! Nanzanita, ifn you all lets me go, an' don' take me down by the gang, I'se be the bestest boy in de whole world."

Nanzanita shook her head. "Ifn you all could of heard him rave last night aboutn how big a man he was. Tell all your gang what you is gwine to do to me, huh?"

Curly continued to rant, rave and plead, but Nan continued to laugh. The news spread like fire that Curly was in a baby buggy dressed like a baby. The boys of the gang came, and laughed and laughed, and Curly knew that life for him was to be far from sweet for a long time.

Nanzanita carefully explained to all present just what Curly had said and done, and when she got through, she asked: "Does you still feel like a tol'brl big man yet, Curly?"

"Nanzanita, I'se nothin' but a little teenie bit of cullud boy, and I'se do anything you all ask, ifn you jist let me outn this hear buggy."

"Yas, I'se let you out, only the first time dat you all don't do as I'se tell you—"

"He is going to Mrs. Moore's," I finished for her.

Little Oakley looked at us and groaned, "Never again."

CHOCOLATES

(Continued from Page 120)

appear in the clouds above. People called it The Iron Man, for from the floor of the valley it looked for all the world like a great old man cut out of the solid stone. Up from the mass of evergreen trees that grew around the feet of The Iron Man, the trail mounted, winding its way backward and forward like the endless twistings of a cork-screw. Uncle Jim warned the children before they started to climb that while the trail up the face of the cliff was wide and not at all dangerous, it still would be best for them to keep their eyes straight ahead, and not look down. "For," he said, "people are sometimes very foolish, and their imagination makes them dizzy at bad times." He tied the sleeves of Margery's sweater around her neck so that it hung like a cape, took a hitch in John's belt and then stopped.

"What in the world are you children carrying," he demanded. Then he laughed, for Margery had her precious Arabian Nights under her arm, and in each hand John clutched a box of chocolates. He advised their leaving their treasures behind, but both the boy and the girl looked so disappointed that he shrugged his shoulders and let them have their way. Up they started, and as they climbed, the top of The Iron Man seemed to be traveling away from them; up and up and up, until the floor of the valley began to look tiny and the trees around the feet of The Iron Man looked like shrubbery. Far out beyond them the valley spread and faded into the distant ocean. Up and up and up they went, and then suddenly Margery shivered. A cold wind whirled past them and the sky grew grey. Uncle Jim frowned and shook his head. He glanced down and clenched his fists. A great sea of fog was rolling in. Up from the feet of The Iron Man it slowly began to rise, then suddenly everything faded. Margery and John huddled closely to Uncle Jim, terrified, for the clouds had surrounded them and they could not see two feet away. There they stood, half way up the great cliff, unable to see their path, afraid to move. Uncle Jim tried to reassure the children.

"We'll sit right here," he said, "in the middle of the trail. Thank goodness there is no traffic. Automobiles cannot climb cliffs. It will not be very long before the fog lifts, and then we can be on our way."

He sat down, and with an arm around Margery and an arm around John, waited. The minutes dragged very slowly. Instead of clearing, the fog seemed to be growing thicker. An hour passed, and another. Uncle Jim felt Margery's hands. They were icy cold; her lips were blue, and her teeth chattered. He dared not let her sit any longer.

"Children," he said, "you must do exactly as I tell you. I will walk along the outer edge of the trail. Margery, you walk next to me, as closely as you can; John, you hold Margery's hand and take the inside. Be careful to go slowly, and keep in step with me." Then he added, with a rather silly laugh, "This is great fun, isn't it?"

(Continued on Page 136)

All the way from Honolulu has come "A Song of Joy," a poem as lovely as its name, and while at times it seems impossible that an eight-year-old boy should have conceived anything so splendid, we have the affidavit of his parents to the effect that the poem is entirely original. It is with great pleasure that we are sending this month's prize to David Campbell.

A SONG OF JOY

When the sky is bluest,
And the river runs by,
When the violets are sweetest,
And the lilies are whitest,
When life seems the brightest,
And the clouds float by,
When the birdies are singing
In the branches of trees;
And in through the window I hear
The voices of very good cheer;
When the robins are singing
In the cypress trees,
When the breezes are whispering
Love to the leaves;
When your heart is listening
To the fairies' call,
Your happiness then
Is quite complete—
It is God's love, you know,
Spreading its mantle over all!

DAVID CAMPBELL.
(8 years old)
Honolulu, Hawaii.

AN UNPLEASANT TIME

The other day I had my tonsils taken out,
And now I cannot yell or scream or shout.
I don't see why I can't swallow,
'Cause my throat is now all hollow;
But I can't.

They said I'd have ice cream, ice cream, ice cream,
But I didn't have it once;
Till I began to fight,
Then I had it once last night.
I was glad!

BARBARA JEAN JOHNSTON.
(Aged 9)

MY DOG

When I awake at early morn
With a thought of "What today?"
I think then of my nice big dog,
Who loves to run and play.

For when the morning chores are o'er,
And all is done just so,
I ask my great big grinning dog:
"Molly, want to go?"

She looks at me inquiringly,
As if about to say,
"You know how much I'd like to go,
And run the hills all day."

She goes and gets her harness,
And comes back filled with glee,
Then off we go to the hillside,
My faithful friend and me.

DONALD AVERY.
(Aged 13)

TRAMPING WITH THE CIRCUS

As I was walking down the street,
I heard a tramp of many feet,
But never thought before I went,
It was a man who tramped, all bent.
From South I turned and looked to the West,
Down there I heard the tramping best.
All of a sudden I heard a noise,
It rattled and jingled like clanging toys.
At the right there stood a cat,
And an elephant with a big straw hat.
Now the poem shall end very quick
On account of the poor little boy who was sick.

ALEX KOSTRIKIN.
(Aged 12)

SPRING

We can tell if Spring is here,
If the flowers cover the bowers,
And the earth gives her flowers,
If the birds are singing far and near,
Then we can tell if Spring is here.

We can tell if Spring is here,
If we smell the fragrance in the air,
If we note the loving pair,
Hear Nature calling to come near,
Then we can tell if Spring is here.

We can tell if Spring is here,
By seeing o'er all the world,
The flowers unfurled,
Their blossoms to the sun;
If we see the children gaily run
O'er the fields of downy green.
If these things by us are seen,
Then we can tell if Spring is here.

CICILY SKURTON.
(Aged 13)
1635 Posen Ave, Berkeley, Calif.

When the sky is blue
And the grass is wet with dew,
The birds come singing
With voices that seem bells ringing.

Then the men come with gun,
And they, of course, have some fun,
For the birds fly
Way up in the sky.

Then they come down
Like a merry old clown,
Some of them dancing
And some of them prancing.

ESPERANZA ESTEBAN.
Sunnyvale, California.

THE POSTAGE STAMP MAN

Edited by THEODORE L. BEHR
Manager of the Edw. P. Seebohm Co.

Have you stamps to exchange? Do you want to know something about your stamps or some stamps that you do not own? Write to the Stamp Editor of The Treasure Chest, enclosing self-addressed, stamped envelope.

A great many countries have adopted the means of perpetuating the memory of their great men by an issue of postage stamps. It is surprising that so few countries have commemorated the achievements of Christopher Columbus in their postal issues, but those that have done so have greatly honored him in the beauty of the design of the stamps.

Chile was the first country to portray Columbus on a postage stamp, and all the stamps of Chile up to 1909 bore his picture. His portrait is still found on the 1 and 4-centavo of the present issue.

In 1893, Porto Rico commemorated her discovery by Columbus by a postage stamp which showed the landing of Columbus on her shores and in 1899 the Dominican Republic issued a commemorative series of which most of the stamps illustrate incidents in the life of Columbus. The 5-centavo bears a picture of the sarcophagus in which the bones of Columbus rest.

Venezuela, in 1893, issued a stamp to commemorate the discovery of South America by Columbus. It shows Columbus taking possession of the land in the name of the king and queen of Spain.

It was not until 1923 that Costa Rica pictured Columbus on a stamp, or even commemorated him on a stamp, although the standard coin of Costa Rica is the "colon," which is the Spanish for "Columbus." The 12c and 20c of the 1923 series show a portrait of Columbus and Columbus taking possession of the land.

However, our own country has not failed to honor its discoverer, and we can be proud to say that we have given Columbus his greatest philatelic honor. The special series issued for the Columbus exposition in 1892-93 has perhaps never been equaled. The colors, subjects, and engraving combine to make it one of the most handsome series of postage stamps ever made. Each stamp in the set portrays something pertaining to his memorable voyages and the highest value, the $5, is a magnificent profile of Columbus. The engravers, however, made a rather unusual error in engraving the 1-cent and the 2-cent stamps. On the 1-cent, which pictures Columbus sighting the newly discovered lands, he is smooth shaven, while on the 2-cent, which pictures the landing of Columbus, he has a full beard. Columbus certainly must have been an unusual man to have such control over his whiskers.

Another interesting error in which Columbus figures is found on the stamps of St. Kitts-Nevis. In that type Columbus is pictured sighting the new world through a telescope. The peculiar feature is that Columbus was dead and buried nearly two hundred years before the telescope was invented.

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CHOCOLATES

(Continued from Page 133)

They started out. Uncle John only moved a few inches at a time. Step by step, the children moved with him. Each tried to hide from the other their natural fear. Step by step, they advanced, up and up, for Uncle Jim had figured it safer to travel upward through the fog, than down.

It seemed that they had walked for hours, when suddenly the climb ended, and they came into level country. Still advancing carefully, they followed the trail, until their feet were treading through deep grass in what Uncle Jim knew was high meadow. Then all at once they lost the trail.

Uncle Jim stopped. He dared not advance for fear of becoming lost all together and dared not rest on account of the cold.

They went on, step after step, and then suddenly, just as quickly as the fog had come, it disappeared. The sunlight rushed across the meadow; a bird sang; an animal of the wood howled, but Uncle Jim frowned. For on all sides of them the grass stretched out, and there was no sign of trail; no sign of the edge of the cliff; nothing to show them the direction from which they had come.

Uncle Jim sat down on the grass, and lit his pipe; he always smoked when anything worried him. Margery wandered off with a smile that hid her fear and hunger, and John just sat before his uncle, and scowled.

Finally he spoke:

"I guess it's up to us men to be doing something," he said. Uncle Jim nodded.

"We can't have come very far from the cliff," John continued, "I wish we had a compass."

Uncle Jim squinted at him between half closed eyes.

"Don't worry, lad," he said, "it's still at least three hours till sunset, and I know that the cliff is between us and the sun. We've got to remember that we are men, and must keep Margery from being frightened. . . . . ." He sprang to his feet. "Where in the world is the child?" he demanded.

John's expression was blank.

"Margery!" called Uncle Jim, "Margery! Where in the world are you?" His face became pale. He placed his hand on the shoulder of the boy beside him. "This is beginning to get on my nerves," he said. He again called, "Margery, Margery!" From far off came an answering "Hullo, Hullo, John, Hullo, Uncle Jim," and across the field came Margery dancing, her arms waving, her face lit with smiles.

She sprang into Uncle Jim's arms, half crying, half laughing, and when she could quiet down enough to make herself understood, she exclaimed, "I found it! I found it!"

"Found what?" demanded Uncle Jim.

"Found it," cried Margery, "found John's chocolates."

"What do you mean? chocolates!" shouted her uncle.

"I found John's chocolates," repeated Margery, "he's been spilling them all along the trail. It's just like a

game of hare and hound. I bet there are chocolates all the way back to camp."

Uncle Jim made a dive for the candy boxes. Two chocolates remained in one. The other was empty.

With a joyful shout, he grasped the hands of the children, and back they went, along the candy-lane of the high meadow. It was slow work. Sometimes it took fifteen minutes to find a chocolate, but always when things looked hopeless, there would be another to lead them on. On and on they went, and then, just as suddenly as they lost it, they came to the edge of the cliff, and there was their trail, now bathed in broad sunshine; there was their trail, leading down, and far below them lay their valley all bright and green, with the silver stream flowing through it, and the great ocean far beyond.

Uncle Jim sank to his knees and sat on his heels. He closed his eyes for a minute. The children never knew what he was thinking. Perhaps he was saying a prayer of thanks. Anyway, he held an arm around Margery and John, and shook his head.

"One thing is certain," he said, "after this adventure I certainly will never be able to go to Europe unless I take both of you. John, as a trail builder, is wonderful, and Margery, as a trail-finder, is just perfect. So we're going to Europe, the three of us. And that's that."

Then they started home.

DOTS AND DASHES

(Continued from Page 118)

That was the last straw. Lafitte sprang up.

"Get him, fellows," he commanded.

In an instant fifteen Midwayites were piled on top of Bunk Huggins. They tied his arms and feet with towels and neckties. Then they carried him to the Morris chair and bound him to it.

"If it please your honor," said Snow, "we have the prisoner secure."

"What is the pleasure of the jury?" demanded Lafitte.

"If it please your honor," Red suggested, "I think we'd better kill him."

"It would please me," Lafitte agreed, "but we may need him before the night is over. What do you suggest, Brother Deacon?"

"His sins are beyond compare," the Deacon mouthed. "There is no place for such as this in Heaven or Hell. He must live."

"No, no," they all shouted.

"He shall live," Lafitte ordained. "But we must make the punishment fit the crime. By the way, what was the crime?"

No one seemed to remember.

"Prisoner," said Lafitte, "what was your crime?"

"Bunk," quoth Bunk.

In an instant they fell on him again.

"Hold," shouted Hoxie. "This vermin is the prisoner of the court. There must be order. I suggest that he be duly shaven and trimmed as is fitting so low a criminal."

"Your advice is good and timely," agreed His Honor. "Get the instrument of torture."

Some one found a pair of shears, some one else sat on

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Bunk's stomach, and then a third, whose tonsorial skill was not to be sneered at, wielded the instrument and carefully cut chunks of Huggin's hair, close to the scalp.

"Looks like a dog with the mange," said Levy.

The prisoner struggled and tried to speak.

"What has the condemned man to say," demanded Lafitte.

"Just this. Sure as my name is B— sure as my name is Huggins, I'm going to make each one of you birds pay individually for this."

"Do I understand that the prisoner is threatening the court?" Foots demanded.

"Bunk," shouted Bunk.

Again the shears clicked around his scalp and, as someone later said, he soon looked like a Mexican kioodle.

But the fun soon became tame, and Huggins was released. He got up, storming, and walked to the mirror. One glance was enough. He sat on the floor roaring with laughter, doubled up till he ached. And peace was restored.

Lafitte played again, and groups clustered about the room, discussing the maze of episodes that had made this one of the most exciting days in the history of Midway College.

At 11:30 Hoxie took command.

"On our way, my hearties," he announced. "All roads lead to the quad, and any bird who makes a noise is going to have to answer for it later. Huggins, you'd better wear a hat; you're likely to catch cold. Snow, take the box. And now beat it, fellows, one at a time, and slowly. Walk to the steps of Math Hall and we'll meet there and get down to business. Don't talk to anybody unless you have to. All ready? Lead the way, Morg."

One by one, the Midwayites passed through the door, and in a couple of minutes Frenchy Lafitte was alone with his last collection of dots and dashes. Out in the night an owl hooted. Then all was silent.

(To Be Continued)

TOMPKINS

(Continued from Page 129)

"She can't move from her bed for at least a week—she'll never get well if we do——"

The deeper voice of the other man answered:

"Yes, but don't you see what it means? She can save him, man. It's the only thing that will save him now—" Slowly he opened the door, and they went out.

Miriam's eyes stared at the spot from which they had disappeared, until their footsteps died away in the distance. She tried to think, but she couldn't. She only knew that her friend needed her, and that he was ill. She must do something! She had to. Could she go to him? Miriam's heart beat faster at the thought. She looked for her little crutch. It was gone. Could she? She trembled at the thought. She had to go to him. The doctor had said that it was the only thing that would save him. Slowly, very slowly, Miriam moved closer to the edge of the bed. Her leg hurt terribly. She raised

herself, and although she felt dizzy, she succeeded in sitting up, with her feet on the floor. Everything seemed to go round and round. The room became black, and the pain in her leg was acute. Miriam pressed her lips tightly. She had to go—she must. She tried to stand, but fell back on the bed. Then she tried again. This time she was able to stand. She tried to walk, but she couldn't. Her hurt leg simply wouldn't move.

"Oh, oh," she breathed, "I have to do it. I have to—I have to——"

The tears were streaming down her face. She tried again. Slowly, very slowly, she succeeded in moving one leg. Then the other. Her heart beat very fast. She had walked! It was only a step, but she had walked! She tried again. This time it was not quite so hard, although the pain made her wince. Step by step, with an interval between each one, she reached the door. She looked back. All the children of the ward were asleep. She opened the door carefully, and went out. Then she sank in a heap on the floor.

"I have to go on—" she breathed again, "I have to—he needs me——"

She stood up, then started walking towards the stairs. She could not take the elevator, because they would see her, and take her back to bed. So she went on, to the stairway.

It was an hour later that Miriam reached the floor where her friend was. She was very white, but, as she looked down the long corridor, she smiled. Her goal was almost reached.

"I'm coming—" she whispered, "I'm coming——"

She limped down the hall, and, suddenly, as she walked, the pain lessened. It seemed as if that something that did not want to move in her leg, gave way, and it was easier to walk. She was almost there.

At the end of the hall, the door was open. Miriam's heart was singing. She looked in. The old person was lying in the bed, very still. She went towards him. He looked up, and smiled. The nurse on the other side of the bed looked on, wonderingly. Old Tompkins had not smiled for many days.

"Hullo," said Miriam softly. She sank into a chair by the bed.

"Hullo," she said again.

"Come here," said the ancient one. The child leaned towards him.

"I—I can walk," she whispered. The old one's eyes softened, but he said nothing.

"I had to come to you," Miriam murmured shyly. "Thank you," she smiled. The Old One looked at her quickly. Then his ancient eyes grew very soft. He sighed, then closed his eyes for a moment.

Then:

"Say it," he whispered.

"I like you," said Miriam softly. His smile became so broad that the nurse stared, amazed. Into his faded cheeks had come a flush of health.

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A FISH STORY

By George Hargens, Jr.

This year Jack and I were up at Camp Elwell, near the Feather River. It is very beautiful country, and there is good fishing, (if you know how to catch them). We went fishing in a little pool known as Grassy Lake, (all the people said we were crazy, but we didn't care). I had been fishing for about an hour and only caught four fish. All were only about nine inches. I was getting tired of bait-fishing, so I decided to try a fly. Jack said I was dumb to do it, but in spite of him I put on a Black Gnat and started in casting. I guess I kept casting close unto an hour and I was getting awfully tired (Jack was still laughing at me) when all of a sudden a great big fish came along. He came to the bait, pushed it with his nose and then swam away. (My heart sank.) He had gone about three feet when he turned around and made one dash for it, but I was ready for him and I didn't give him a bit of slack. I guess I fought him about ten minutes, when he swam into the lilies in the midst of the lake, and got all tangled up. There was only one way to get him, that was to go in after him with a landing net. Now, I hadn't thought of the depth of this hole, so I took one grand jump in, feet first. Well, I guess it was about four and a half feet deep, but the worst part was that the bottom was mud; and down I go, the water right over my head. Jack said it sure looked funny, only my hands sticking up, and the line in one hand (as I had dropped my pole in the water quite a while ago) and in my oher hand the net. After chasing the fish up and down the pool, I finally caught him. He weighed about two pounds, and was about sixteen inches. This is quite a large size for a trout to achieve in waters that are fished so frequently.

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The TREASURE CHEST

for CALIFORNIA BOYS & GIRLS

VOL. I
NUMBER 5

OCTOBER, 1926

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

Some times, when clouds fill the sky, and the sun is hidden, and life seems just one irritating thing after another, we get a sort of heavy feeling around our chest and say "Oh, what's the use?" Happily, every time we feel that way, something happens to show us what's the use. We felt that way a couple of weeks ago, and then, Audrey May Wurdemann happened. Audrey May Wurdemann, who is fifteen years old, is very young and sweet, and full of sunshine. She came into our editorial office, and said, "Here, I've written some poems." We weren't very much interested, we didn't want to read them. But we did, and now we are walking around with our thumbs stuck proudly in the sleeve holes of our vests, telling everybody that we discovered Audrey May Wurdemann. And the clouds are all gone.

Little Miss Wurdemann is very young, but she feels the music of the fields, and the colors of nature, and the love of the birds, and beasts, and insects so wonderfully, that we confidently believe we are going to be able to say, some day: "Yes, Audrey May Wurdemann is one of our finest American poetesses, and the Treasure Chest discovered her." We have bought a great many of Audrey's poems. Turn to page 148, and tell us if you do not think we have made a discovery. Really, we are so proud of ourselves, that we are tempted to flutter our wings like Chantecleer and jump on a fence, and open our throats and gloat: KOKORIKOKO! KOKORIKOKO!

* * * * *

We are this month printing the second prize high school story, by Ann Breslauer. You will find the story, "Ghosts," on page 175. It was not really a high-school story. Ann has just entered Miss Harker's school at Palo Alto, but it is a very good story, and we have more stories from Ann, just as good, that we are going to print in the near future. Ann doesn't always talk about ghosts and unpleasant things. Just wait until you read her funny Thanksgiving turkey story in November.

* * * * *

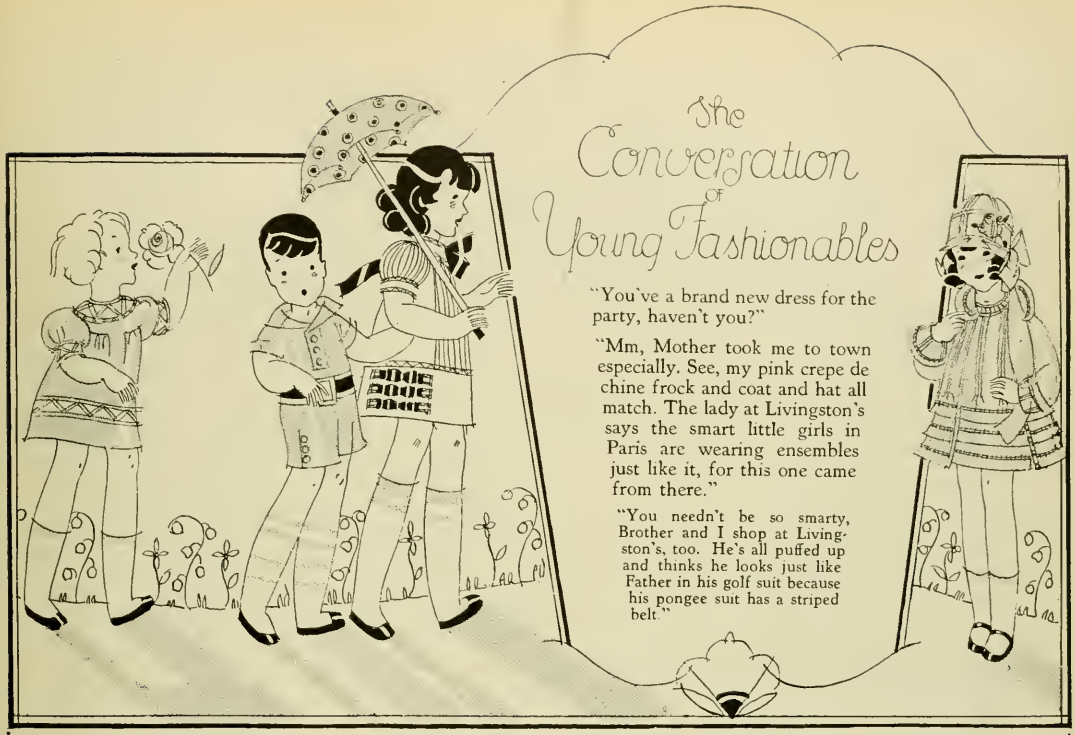
On Your Page, we have a story this month by Helen Louise Newman, who is ten years old, and the story is so exceptionally good, that we couldn't resist giving up almost all of Your Page to it. By the way, we want many more poems from the boys and girls, for Your Page.

* * * * *

And now, for a surprise, you all of course know Big Brother, who has broadcasted for so long from San Francisco. Big Brother is going to a new station on October 4, and he likes the Treasure Chest so much, that he is going to do a great deal of work for us. Turn to the back cover of the magazine and hear what he has to say.

* * * * *

By the way, don't you like the cute little dogs and negro children and newsboys that Della Taylor draws? If you would like to write her a letter, and tell her how much you like them, we know she will be glad to hear from you. You can reach her by sending the letters to this office.



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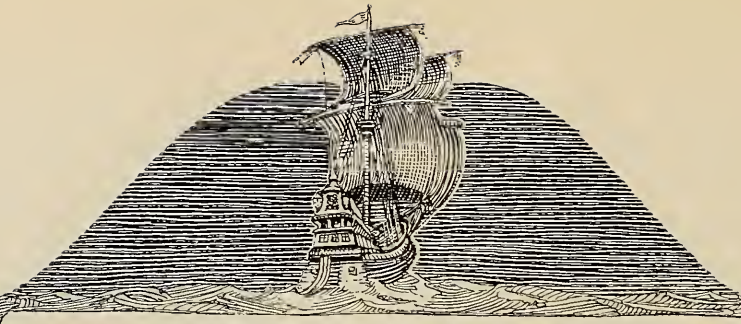

THE TREASURE CHEST

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Each issue of The Treasure Chest is copyrighted. Republication of any of the material appearing in the magazine is prohibited, excepting by special authorization of the Editors.

We shall be glad to consider manuscripts available for publication. Same will be paid for at current rates. All manuscripts must be written on one side of paper, and if their return is desired, must be accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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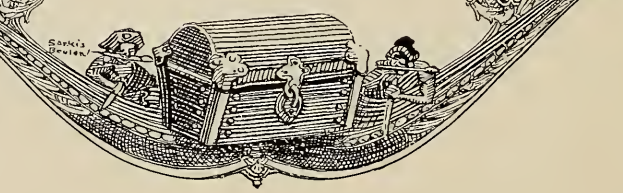

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SIEGFRIED

Retold by S. B. DICKSON

ONE DAY Mime, the Nibelung dwarf, working at his forge in the heart of the great woods, was startled to hear a woman weeping. He hastened to the door of his hut and found there a beautiful maiden huddled on the step. Her long golden hair fell in masses to her waist, almost entirely hiding her lovely face and the golden-haired baby boy she held in her arms. Groaning under her weight, the dwarf helped her into the hut, and there, before a fire of oak branches, she held the baby close to her and told Mime that she was Sieglinde, the bride of Siegmund. Alone, and sad with the death of her husband, she had lived in the heart of the dark forest until the birth of her tiny son. She held him out for Mime to see, and the little bundle of cooing fat chuckled and made a face at the dwarf. Won by the laughing, happy face of the babe, Mime took him into his withered old arms, and rocked him while the mother spoke.

Far into the night they talked.

"His name is Siegfried," said Sieglinde. "When he shall have grown to manhood it shall be his task to avenge the death of his father."

She gave Mime the broken pieces of a great sword, the sword of Siegmund, and told the dwarf that he, who would be strong beyond all men and fearless, would weld together the bits of steel. Then he would own a sword such as man had never known before, a sword that would conquer all.

When the morning light crept through the avenue of trees before the hut of Mime, the Nibelung, Sieglinde sighed and smiled, and placing the baby in the arms of the dwarf, closed her eyes in death.

Mime raised the boy as if he had been his own son, and, as the old dwarf grew more shriveled and tiny with age, so the baby grew into a tall, handsome lad, a powerful athlete, a huntsman whose aim was true and to the mark, a man without fear. It was a wonderful sight to see him striding through the deep woods, his long blonde hair waving in the wind, his eyes bright with the joy of victory, a deer or a boar slung across his back. But as he grew his childhood affection for Mime turned to scorn. Who was this twisted, mumbling, little old man? Deep in his mind he knew beyond question of doubt that a greater, braver man than this dwarf of the forests must have been his father. Had he not, while hunting, seen the eaglets on the high rocks, perfect images of their great father eagle? Had he not seen the bear cubs, tiny duplicates of their roaring, grumbling parents? Had he not, only a day before, while leaning over a babbling stream at sunset, seen his own strong beautiful form reflected in the water? Had he not known that this could be no son of so shriveled an old creature as Mime, the Nibelung?

One night he clutched the dwarf by the throat.

"Tell me," he commanded. "Every wild wolf and every fox, and the does in the woods, and gaily singing birds have mothers and fathers. Who, then, are mine?"

Mime groaned and shrieked, and, pleading for mercy, groveled at the feet of the boy and told him the story of Sieglinde and the broken sword.

"Bring me the pieces," cried Siegfried, "and make the sword whole for me."

"It cannot be," wept Mime. "The task may only be done by one who has never known fear."

And then Mime shivered and was afraid, for had not Wotan, the father of the gods, come to him in the night to tell him that he should live until one came who could not learn fear; had he not declared that that one should slay Mime, the Nibelung, and slay as well the dragon that had been Fafner, the Giant; and then, and only then, recover the gold that had been stolen from the maidens of the Rhine?

Without a word, Siegfried siezed the broken sword. He took a great file and ground the pieces of steel to powder. With a chuckling laugh of joy he poured the powder into a massive pot, and, blowing up the fire beneath it, soon had a molten mass of steel ready for the mold. When the sparks flew, and the fire was white, he poured the mass and then plunged it into icy water. It sizzled and sputtered, and the water boiled.

Grasping the newly-shaped weapon in his powerful hands, he laid it on the anvil and beat it with great blows. Again he heated it, and again cooled it and pounded it once more, and once again repeated his task. Then with triumph shining in his eyes he waved it aloft and shouted:

"Hoho! Hoho! Heiah!
Forge me my hammer,
The trusty sword!
Hoho! Hoho! Heiah!
Heiaho! Heiaho!
Heihohohohoho! Heiaho!"

Again he raised it on high, and bringing it down with a crash split the huge iron anvil in twain. Then with a laugh, and the light of victory dancing in his blue eyes, he strode forth, followed by Mime, to find new worlds to conquer.

Now, the cunning dwarf determined to lead the boy to his death, or at least to teach him fear and so ruin his strength. Into the depths of the deep forest they went, and neither the onslaught of wild beasts, nor the raids of wild tribes could terrify the warrior lad. After him pattered Mime, gasping for breath, hardly able to keep up with him. At times he rode on the lad's back; at times brought up the rear, wheezing and panting. So they came to the cave of Fafner, the dragon-giant. Mime

chuckled wickedly. He felt sure that here, at least, Siegfried would be terrified, if not slain. But, dancing and laughing, the boy rushed up to the great fire-breathing beast and tickled him with the point of his sword. The dragon, enraged, snorted and lashed his tremendous tail, and fire darted from his nose and ears and eyes and even from the tips of his monstrous paws. Then, tired of play, Siegfried, the warrior, lunged. The sword was buried to its hilt in the breast of the beast—and Fafner was dead.

Siegfried, with a great pull, dragged his sword from the wound, and the blood of the dragon gushed upon the greensward. A drop splashed to the boy's hand and burned like a spark of fire. He pressed it to his lips to suck the burn, and the dragon's blood entered into his body. Then new and wonderful power came to the son of Sieglinde and Siegmund. All things became known to him. The language of the trees, and the stream, and all the wood folk became plain. His friends, the birds, came to him, and sang strange songs, songs that told him of hidden treasures and mysteries of the forest. They told him of the Rhinegold, and of Valhalla, the home of the gods. They told him of his father, and of Wotan, and, above all, they told him of the wonderful ring and helmet stolen from the daughters of the Rhine and now hidden in the dragon's cave.

In a flash Siegfried entered, found the treasures, and turned as Mime came up followed by his brother, Alberich, both eager for a share of the treasure. Again the friendly birds sang and warned Siegfried of his danger; warned him that the dwarfs would stop at nothing to win the gold; that even now Mime was bringing poison to end the boy's life.

Enraged by the false friendship of his foster-parent, Siegfried again drew his sword, and with a blow felled the Nibelung. Again he turned to the tree-folk, and they sang to him. In answer Siegfried told them of his victories, and, after all, of his loneliness.

"I am alone," he cried, "without brother or sister. My mother died, my father fell, unseen by their son. The one soul I knew was a loathsome old dwarf. Many a cunning snare did he set me. At last I was forced to slay him. Wilt thou find for me a comrade true? Wilt choose for me the right one?"

Then the birds told him of one who lay asleep upon rugged rocks, surrounded by raging flames, doomed to await the fearless one who could awaken her from her fiery prison. The picture that the birds painted for the boy stirred new and wonderful dreams in his breast. Guided by his friends of the forest, sounding his horn of victory as he went, Siegfried leaped from rock to rock, up hill and down glade, across roaring streams, and through the blackest depths of the forest. So he came to the edge of a great stone mountain. Around it, and all about, rushed a sea of roaring, crackling flames. In the heart of the flame a form lay upon a mass of rock. Again Siegfried sounded his horn, and knowing no fear, but only victory and courage, and the love of adventure, plunged into the flames.

Instantly they faded, wavered and sank and became little rivulets of dying fire. There, where the fire had been at its highest, stood a great black charger, resplendent in radiant armor. His bridle of shining silver glowed with the red of the fading blaze. Before him, on the rocks, lay a creature covered with shield of steel and golden helmet and dress of silver mail. Approaching slowly, Siegfried gazed in wonder upon the sleeping form. Carefully he removed the helmet and the shield and started back amazed.

Before him lay Brunhilde, the warrior maiden, her golden hair covering her, even to her feet. Never before had Siegfried's eyes looked upon woman; never before had sight so beautiful been unfolded for him. He sank to his knees before her.

"Awaken! Awaken, Maiden Divine!" he whispered.

"She hears me not. New life from the sweetest of lips I will take, even though kissing, I die."

Leaning to her, he pressed his lips to hers. She sighed, and turned, and opened her eyes. Siegfried passed his arm beneath her head and drew her to him. The glow of the fire had faded into the bright golden sunshine of a mountain spring. Before them stretched the world of the mortals, kindled with the warmth of early afternoon. In the trees a million birds sang, and it was as though all the orchestras in the world were playing wonderful music.

"Sun, I hail thee," sang Brunhilde.

"Hail, Oh Light!
Hail, Oh glorious day!
Gods, I hail you!
Hail, Oh World; Hail, Oh Earth in thy glory."

Closely held in Siegfried's arms, she gazed into his eyes and told him of the sleep to which Wotan, father of the gods, had doomed her. She told him of the days when she had been a warrior goddess; of the Valkyrie, wild maidens of the battlefield; and of the war god's command that everlasting life be taken from her, that she again be of the mortal tribes.

But, as Siegfried held her to him, all thought of her doom vanished. In the love of the forest-youth happiness had come to her. A new life reached out before them, a life of freedom and love, of joy in the creatures of the earth.

Arm in arm, Brunhilde and the lad passed down from the mountain heights, down into the places of deep streams and green fields. As they went, the joyful hunting song of Siegfried, the son of Siegmund and Sieglinde, awakened the forests of the mortals.

[The End]

The Grasshopper Boy

By Ethel Said Bohna

I wish I was a grasshopper,
I'd hop, and hop, and hop.
I'd sail across the dusty road,
I'd hardly ever stop.

I'd climb high on a wheat stalk,
And swing, and swing, and swing;
I'd play through every livelong day
All through the sunny spring.

I'd spread my yellow under wings,
(Or maybe they'd be green),
All made of spotted fairy gauze,
The daintiest ever seen.

I'd stretch my shiny stiff hind legs,
And raise them in a hump;
I'd creep down in the cool, dark grass;
But mostly I'd just jump.

And then at night I'd be—a—well,
At night I'd just be me.
All day 'twould be great fun to play,
But I can't hardly see

How can a hopper shut his big pop-eyes
To take a nap?
How can a hopper cuddle up
All soft on mother's lap?

How can a hopper get my 'jamas
On his many feet?
How can a hopper tuck my bib
Into his neck to eat?

How could dear mother kiss his chin?
How could she hold his hand?
How could he say his little prayers?
How could God understand?

How could he hug my teddy-bear?
How could—oh, what's the use?
I really wouldn't be a bug
That spits tobacco juice.

I think all day I'll hop and hop
And know grasshopper joy,
But when night comes, and it gets dark,
I'll play I'm just a boy!

JACK FROST

Every little grass blade
  Is a silver bar.
Every tiny sand-grain
  Is a frosted star.

There's a silver forest
  Where there were some brakes.
There are silver fairies
  Skating on the lake.

Jack Frost is a-peeping
  'Round the holly row.
His eyes are like a robin's,
  His hair is white as snow.

Comes the sun a-shining,
  He's vanished like a bubble.
Oh! Where did he go to?
  Goodness! He's a puddle!

ROBIN SINGING IN THE RAIN

Dripping sheets of misty rain,
  Hear a robin somewhere cheer,
Whistling in a sweet refrain,
  "Soon 'twill clear! Soon 'twill clear!"

In the garden there he runs,
  "Soon 'twill clear! Soon 'twill clear!"
Heralding the coming sun,
  Tho the gloomy clouds drip tears.

BUTTERFLIES

Butterflies,
Flitting there,
Flowers on the sunlit air.

Gaudy hue,
Gold and blue,
Velvet garments bright and new.

Sunny haze,
Summer days,
Were made for the likes o' you!

MINIATURE

If I'm ever an elf,
I'll find for myself,
When winter is near
And the fields are drear,
A hazelnut home,
Half-buried in loam.
I'll scoop out the meat
That is toothsomely sweet.
I'll hang up a door.
I'll polish the floor.
I'll make me a bed
With a thistle-down spread,
And an arm-chair, too,
With a cover of blue,
A little red lamp
From a bit of swamp-damp,
A table of twig,
That's not too big.
I'll put up a shelf
Just the height for an elf.
There I'll store moon cheese,
A few dried pease,
Rose-hip conserves,
Pansy-leaf preserves,
Nasturtium seed,
Dried jewell-weed,
Wild ginger tea.
I'll make for me
A gown of green
With a satin sheen.
When the wind is cold
I'll be snug in the folds
Of my thistle-down spread
On my maple-twig bed.
When the snow drifts deep,
I'll be asleep,
Asleep, asleep.

CHIPMUNK

So fat, and roundly sleek,
With a nut in either cheek,

He scampers swiftly by,
And stares with beady eye,

From the fastness of a tree,
Not a whit afraid of me!

He scolds with shrilling noise,
In such a chattering voice.

Tho he really isn't cross,
He has to show who's boss.

Oh, did you ever see
Such great audacity?

CASTLES 'NEATH THE FERN

There are fairy castles
  Underneath the fern.
Tho I've never found one,
  Some day I will learn

How to find a castle
  Where wood orchids blow,
How to find a fairy
  Where the trilliums grow.

MY MOTHER'S GARDEN

My Mother's garden is full of posies,
Fragrant lilacs, velvet roses.
Soft green grass in neat small plots
Bordered by such clean white walks.

My Mother's garden is so sweet!
I wouldn't walk with muddy feet
In that quaintly quiet place,
But step lightly, with dainty grace.

RANGE HAWKINS—American

By JOHN B. WOOSTER

A GROUP of Freshmen were stretched on the green grass of Merlin Campus. Against an oak tree sat Ted Harper, his legs stretched across the stomach of Fatty Cohen. Ted eyed the bunch of undergraduates, and dug his heels into the place where Fat's ribs should have been.

"I'm out for the 'nine,'" he announced.

"Out of it, you mean," grunted his chum, William Marmaduke Smithers, Esq.

Fatty Cohen groaned as Harper slid his bony frame across him and landed in a heap on the ears of Smithers, or "Marmalade," as he was called.

That's how the fight started. Arms and legs and sweaters and caps flew, and under the uproar of battle, Fatty groaned and grunted while one Merlinite stood on his ear and the other tried to gouge his eyes out. Fatty always was the goat in every fight. In the midst of the excitement, Harper jumped up.

"Look who's here," he shouted.

A tall, bronzed youth stood watching them. His face was expressionless. His dull eyes seemed to look through them. The fight stopped, and Harper greeted the newcomer.

"Hullo."

"Hullo," said the stranger.

"Say 'Sir,'" commanded Harper.

"Hullo, Sir."

"That's better. What's your name?"

"Hawkins."

"Say 'Sir.'"

"Hawkins, Sir."

"Where you from?"

"Denver."

"Sir!"

"Denver, Sir."

The crowd grinned. Ted Harper arose and held out his hand.

"Hullo, Hawkins from Denver," he said, and punched the newcomer in the ribs.

Without a word, "Hawkins from Denver" marched away.

The following morning after chapel, Dean Gregory addressed the student body. After a half hour of tiresome generalities, he settled down to personalities.

"Merlin has a student," he announced, "of whom we believe we shall have reason to be proud. It is my hope that Range Hawkins will make history for our college. Range is an American! In fact, he is the real American. His forefathers were here years before the Mayflower was thought of. We are glad to welcome Range. But that is not the only reason Merlin can be proud of him. Range Hawkins has won a scholarship, in competition with every school in the country. Range Hawkins, . . ." on and on he rambled, and the more he said the harder

he made it for the newcomer. The boys snickered and nudged one another and the red skin of the Indian became redder than before.

Range entered into the scholastic activities, but there seemed to be no place for an American Indian in the life of the school. Days of grinding stretched out into weeks, and gradually the importance of text-books gave way to the opening of the baseball season.

Day after day the "nine," followed by the pinch team and the crowd of onlookers, went to the diamond. Every day Range Hawkins was on the side-lines, watching eagerly, but speaking to no one, and greeted by none. One day, between practice innings, Bert Ellis came up to him. Ellis was the Merlin moundsman. He was a clever pitcher, and knew it. His father was one of the founders of Merlin, a man of great wealth and greater vanity. Anything that Bert had ever fancied had been given to him. In his own eyes, he was cock of the walk. He swaggered now, as he approached Hawkins. He felt superior to the stalwart son of a fading race.

"Hey, what you doing in a uniform?" he demanded.

"I'd like to play," Hawkins answered.

"Humph! You play?" Bert turned and laughed at the team: "Hey, fellows, the Indian wants to play ball."

"Toss him a few," someone suggested.

"Good idea," agreed Bert. "Get out in the field, old-timer."

Hawkins started across the field. Ellis threw a glove after him, and told him to put it on. Hawkins dragged it on clumsily. He had never worn a glove before.

He stood, gracefully relaxed; the pitcher wound up, his arm shot out, and the ball left his hand like a bullet from a gun. It passed at least four feet over the Indian's head, and he made a futile attempt to stop it. The crowd laughed.

"Get this one," shouted Bert.

Again he delivered, straight for Hawkins' stomach.

Range's arm shot out. The ball crashed into his hand, and doubling his fingers back, fell to the ground.

Ellis spat:

"As a hunter of buffalo, I guess you're all right, but as a ball catcher, you'd make a swell ping-pong player. Beat it, old horse."

Hawkins looked around. There was not a friendly face in the crowd. Dropping the glove, he shook his head and walked from the field.

* * * * *

That night Range Hawkins sat in his dormitory room, his clenched fists between his knees. College had proven a disappointment. With the pride of his race, he recognized no man as his better. Well, that might all be true. But here in the world of a new America, there seemed to be no place for him. As he meditated, there came a knock at the door.

"Come," he called, and Ted Harper entered.

"Nice room you got, Range," he said.

"Not bad," Range agreed.

"Like it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Cut out the 'sir,'" Harper laughed.

He walked around the room. He had something on his mind, but he didn't know how to say it. He eyed the Indian dubiously.

"Never worn a ball glove before?" he demanded.

"Nope."

"Ever thrown a ball?"

"Nope."

"What makes you think you can play ball?"

"I can throw a knife," said Range.

"Gee! You can?"

"Sure!" said Hawkins, and, drawing a scout knife from his pocket, threw it at a sketch nailed on the door. It was a large black and white of a cannibal chief. Straight as an arrow, the knife planted itself in the black man's heart.

"Gosh," exclaimed Ted, "can you always do that?"

"I think so," said Range.

Ted Harper was the kind of a lad who thought slowly, but when he had come to a decision, he acted with speed. He eyed Range steadily for a moment, then banged his fist on the study table.

"Range," he said, "I want to talk to you. You know, you don't understand the fellows around here. And they don't understand you. I have a plan. I want you to do something for me. . . . " He leaned forward eagerly, and explained his idea, and Range Hawkins, having found a friend at last, just sat and listened.

* * * * *

Saturday morning on the campus of Merlin College! Groups scattered here and there, discussing the chances of Merlin's winning the final game of the series that would wind up the baseball season with the College of the Interior. Banners hung from windows. Pennants were clutched in eager hands. Colors were worn on sleeve and hat. A long line had formed outside of the Merlin Stadium. Within the club room, trainers were preparing their charges for battle. Arms were oiled and rubbed. Backs were slapped and pounded. Cries floated over the partition that separated the two teams. Bert Ellis lay face down on the table. Two trainers were at work on him. The coach stood over him, lecturing:

"Ellis, you poor fish, why did you have to celebrate last night? You're in rotten condition."

"Am not! Never felt better," growled the boy.

"Yes, you are."

"No kidding, coach, I can pitch perfect ball today."

"I hope so," groaned the man.

A whistle blew, and the players leaped to their feet. The door opened and their cleats banged on the floor as they struggled out, followed by Range Hawkins in a torn baseball suit.

Yells! Cheers! A bedlam of noise and serpentine! A ball snapped around the field! Bert warmed up on the side-lines! The captains met in the center of the field. A coin was tossed. Interior went to bat.

Bert posed in the center of the field. Conceit and self-satisfaction showed in every movement he made.

"Play ball!"

The crowd tensed. The only sound was the shrill voice of a freckled youngster shouting, "Coney Island Red Hots!" Bert pitched a perfect inning. The rival team

went out in one, two, three order, and the Merlinites trotted to the bench.

"Watch my dust," said Bert as he punched Range Hawkins in the ribs—and Hawkins watched.

For six innings Bert Ellis pitched beautiful ball, without allowing a single run for the other side. Merlin, on the other hand, had knocked out three runs. Bert came in, before the seventh inning, and sank on the bench. He was tired out. Sweat was beading his face. Range eyed him.

"Want a drink, Bert?"

"Yes, but not water."

"What do you want?"

"Shut up, I'm tired."

"Can you finish?"

"I'll tell the world I can!"

But he couldn't. When everything looked rosiest, he went to pieces. He filled the bases in the seventh inning. Then pulling himself together, he struck a man out. An Interior man stole home, on a dropped ball. A driving Texas leaguer brought in two more runs. The score was tied. The Merlinites began to be afraid. The coach groaned and grunted and smoked endless cigarettes. Again the bases were filled. Then a high fly, caught at first and shot into home, ended the agony in a beautiful double play. Interior was out. Score three to three.

In the eighth inning, Merlin whipped out a long drive that brought in a run, and then Interior came to bat again.

"Harrison, pitching for Merlin!" bellowed the announcer.

Harrison, a lanky blonde lad, came nervously into the box. He dug his heels into the mound, rubbed his hands on the rosin, and pitched. The ball swung a foot away from the plate. The crowd laughed and booed. Again he wound up and delivered.

"Ball!" signaled the umpire.

"Ball three. Ball four."

The man walked, and another came up. Harrison drew himself together.

"Ball one. Ball two. Strike one." Then the bat connected, and the ball soared over Harrison's head for a three-bagger, and again the score was tied. Harrison's face was white.

The batter came up.

"Strike. Ball one. Ball two. Ball three. Walk."

A sob ran through the Merlin bleachers.

"Take him out!" the crowd yelled. "Send him home to mama. Get a pitcher!"

It was awful. The morale of Merlin was shattered. In the pit the coach sat, his head buried in his arms. Merlinites clustered about him, whispering, pleading, gesticulating. He shook his head.

The bat whanged against the ball. The circus was in motion again. The batter was safe on second, and two more runs came in.

Then, desperately pulling himself together, Harrison struck out a man; two more flew out, and the score was six to four.

Merlin at bat! The Interior pitcher laughed. He threw an easy ball. The Merlinite batter swung wildly at it. The crowd jeered. The batter ducked as the next ball came over and hit him on the shoulder. He took first. Harrison came up to bat. The announcer raised his hand.

"Range Hawkins batting for Harrison," he announced.

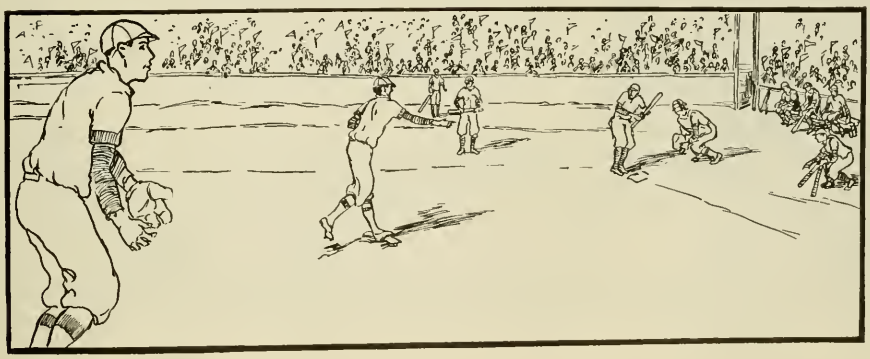
Someone laughed. A bunch of spectators decided the game was over, and started for the gate.

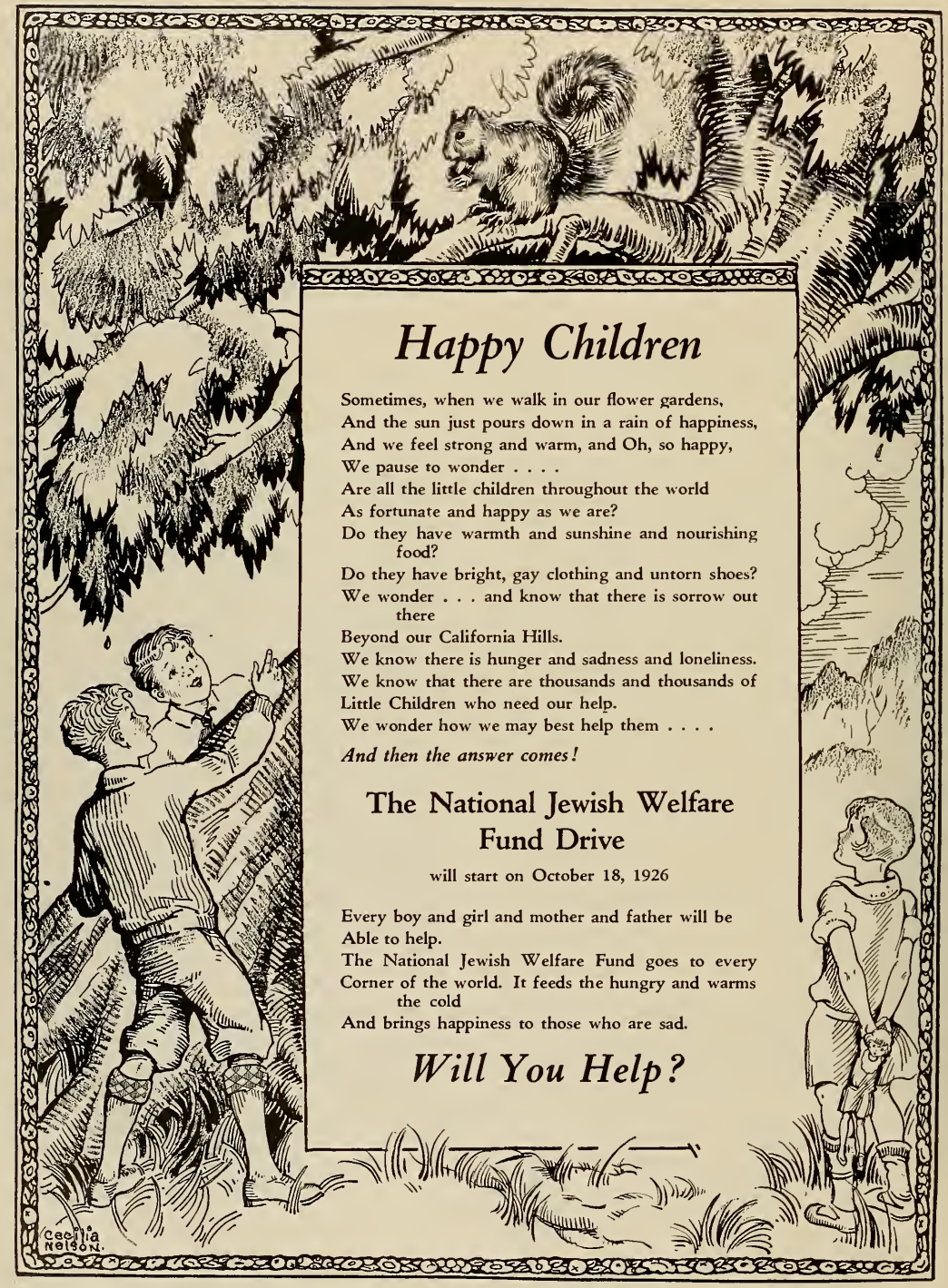
Hawkins stood easily, balancing the bat on his toe. The pitcher delivered. The ball seemed headed straight for the plate, but it swerved. Hawkins stepped aside, and shook his head. Ball one! Again the ball left the pitcher's hand. Straight for the plate it headed, and swerved. Hawkins grinned. Ball two! The pitcher wound up. Swiftly the ball flew through the air, and Hawkins connected. Up the sphere whizzed, until it was a speck against the sky, and then came down—on the other side of the fence. Score: 6-6. Three men struck out; the Interior pitcher trotted to the pit, grumbling.

Ninth inning! Interior at bat! Range Hawkins pitching! He seemed unaware of the crowd. His face was expressionless. He gripped the ball in his hands. It might have been a scout knife. It curved, in a beautiful arc, and darted across the plate. Strike one!

And then, a new presence was felt. The atmosphere became strained. The only calm person in the crowd was Range Hawkins. He was out on his western plain, alone. The blood of his fathers was gay with the joy of battle. The ball was a knife, the home plate a thing of the wilds. Every ball he threw was a strike. The batters came up and struck out. One, two, three! They had never been

(Continued on Page 173)





Happy Children

Sometimes, when we walk in our flower gardens,
And the sun just pours down in a rain of happiness,
And we feel strong and warm, and Oh, so happy,
We pause to wonder . . . .
Are all the little children throughout the world
As fortunate and happy as we are?
Do they have warmth and sunshine and nourishing food?
Do they have bright, gay clothing and untorn shoes?
We wonder . . . and know that there is sorrow out there
Beyond our California Hills.
We know there is hunger and sadness and loneliness.
We know that there are thousands and thousands of
Little Children who need our help.
We wonder how we may best help them . . . .

And then the answer comes!

The National Jewish Welfare Fund Drive

will start on October 18, 1926

Every boy and girl and mother and father will be
Able to help.
The National Jewish Welfare Fund goes to every
Corner of the world. It feeds the hungry and warms the cold
And brings happiness to those who are sad.

Will You Help?

Jimmie-Boy and the Penny

By FRIEDA KUHL

Illustrated by Della Taylor

JIMMIE-BOY stared at the penny in his hand and blinked. It was very bright; by far the brightest penny that Jimmie-Boy had ever seen. But then, the sun was also bright, and its rays reflected themselves on the penny, so that may have been the reason that it almost hurt Jimmie-Boy's eyes to look at it. He clenched his dirty little hand tightly, then opened it again. Yes, it was still there. It looked almost like gold, against the grime on the small brown palm. The boy stared down into the gutter whence the penny had come, perhaps expecting to see golden visions of further pennies lying there. There were none. He turned his gaze back to the one he held, then rubbed it hard against his tattered trousers. He looked around cautiously. No one was looking. Jimmie-Boy put the hand that had the penny through a hole in his shirt. There it found a little pocket sewn inside. The new penny dropped into it with a click. There were other pennies there, and some dimes, and some nickels. Jimmie-Boy was very rich. Only two or three more weeks, and then . . . . .

"Hey! Why doncha wake up! Always a-moonin' there! Sissy!"

Jimmie-Boy looked at Spuds. There was mild contempt in his eyes. Spuds was very offensive looking. Jimmie-Boy looked down at the bunch of papers he had dropped when he had seen the penny, and picked them up.

"Mornin' Sun!" Spuds was crying at the top of his voice. Jimmie-Boy had not seen the tall gentleman who was coming towards them. He gazed at Spuds as the latter sold the paper, and pocketed the money, a huge grin illuminating his fat, freckled face. A soft mist gathered in the great brown eyes of Jimmie-Boy.

"Cry, now, cry! Sissy!" Spuds was merciless in his triumph.

"Always a-missin' your chance, y'are!" He put his hand in his pocket, and rattled the money that almost filled it. Jimmie-Boy instinctively put his hand over his heart, and felt his treasure hidden there. A curious expression, half wistful, half triumphant, came into his face. It seemed to Jimmie-Boy as if he could feel the brightness of the penny that lay against his heart.

His papers under his arm, he moved away to the further end of the block. He smiled at a stout lady who was passing.

"Mornin' Sun! Mornin' Sun, Lady?" The lady looked down into the wistful, grimy face with the shining eyes, and bought the paper. In a few hours Jimmie-

Boy had sold them all. Then he scooted down the street.

People looked back for one more glance at the little figure that ran so fast through the thronged streets, and wondered. There was indeed a look of extreme happiness in the face of Jimmie-Boy, as he hurried home. Some of these people might not have called it a home, but to Jimmie-Boy it meant shelter and a feeling of security. It was, in fact, nothing but a little tumble-down shack at the back of a deserted lot . .

Jimmie-Boy counted all his money that night. There were two dollars and ten cents! That was without counting the penny. He would not spend that. The other money would be enough to buy his ticket. His ticket! . . .

Jimmie-Boy looked back over the events of the past turbulent three months. Four months ago, (how long it seemed!) Jimmie-Boy had lived with Sally. He had lived with her ever since mother and father had left them. Sally was his sister; and the boy had been very, very proud of her. But then Sally had married, and gone to live in the country. Mr. Herbert, the landlord, had offered to keep Jimmie-Boy until he finished school, after which time he was to go and live in the country with Sally. Jimmie-Boy had not liked Mr. Herbert. He was a big, bulky man, with a fat face. He had beaten Jimmie-Boy once, when the boy had refused to do his bidding. Then Jimmie-Boy had revolted. One dark night, while Mr. Herbert was snoring loudly in his spacious room, he had crawled out of his tiny cot in the attic, and stolen softly away through the night. It had been a lovely, lovely night. The stars were shining, and the moon, a yellow, golden moon, had seemed to smile at the small figure that ran stealthily through the narrow streets. Jimmie-Boy liked that moon. It reminded him, somehow, of Sally.

After that night had come a hard, bitter struggle; days in which the boy, starving and dirty, had crawled back at night to Mr. Herbert's house, had almost rung the bell. But then, each time, he had set his little jaw very hard, and had gone back to the shack in the deserted lot. After a week he found work. It was nice work, that of selling papers. But there were sad days too, and sad nights; nights in which Jimmie-Boy cried out his lonesomeness to the moon. Nights in which horrible, stark visions of Mr. Herbert rose before him; days in which he thought he saw a glimpse of his great body among the crowds. Otherwise he was happy. He began to feel independent, and started saving as much as he could. He began to dream of a railroad ticket that should take him to Sally.

So. on this moonlit night, Jimmie-Boy counted his money very carefully. Two dollars and ten cents! And then there was the penny, too. He gazed at it lovingly. The shadows were creeping in, but the penny still shone brightly. The moon rose in the sky. It sent some very pale rays through the little window, and they made the penny look like real gold; yellow gold. Somehow, to Jimmie-Boy, that particular penny did not seem to be quite like the other pennies he had.

"Must be an A'stralian penny, or a French penny, or sum'pn," he reasoned. He put it into the little inside pocket, all alone. Then, from a soap box in a corner, he extracted a little bag, into which he put the two dollars and ten cents. He would not keep the bright penny with his other money. The bright penny should lie alone, next to his heart. And so, with it lying snugly there, and the little bag containing the rest of his treasure clutched tightly in one hand, he lay on the floor and slept. Through the tiny window at the back a pale moon ray found its way, timidly at first, then a bit more brightly. It seemed to wander about the little room, until it found the small bundle of rags on the floor. Upon this it rested lovingly. Another shaft from the moon entered, and another. Together they shone strangely on the little figure. They passed gently, almost reverently, on the smile that was on his face, and seemed to concentrate oddly over the little hand pressed to his heart, making it brighter, just as if there was some unknown happiness beneath.

* * * * *

Morning. On the busy street corner, Jimmie-Boy made himself known at the top of his voice. Business was good. Already he had sold several papers. A tall gentleman, arrested by the lusty voice and coaxing smile of the boy, had bought the paper, and said: "Keep the change"; the boy had pocketed the fifty cents with a choked: "Thank you, sir! Oh, thank you, sir!"

And then, a beautiful lady had stopped, and just looked at Jimmie-Boy. She had said nothing, but, with her small gloved hand had pushed back the hair that tumbled over his forehead. Then, drawing back quickly, she had pressed a dime into his hand, and walked away.

Jimmie-Boy had stared at her silk-clad back until she was out of sight.

Spuds, coming towards him, again caught him with the dreamy look in his eyes.

"Ye're always a-moonin' there, ain't you?" he said.

"What?"

"I said ye're always thinkin' . . . " Spuds repeated.

"Yes," answered Jimmie-Boy, then he continued:

"Say, Spuds, did you ever want something very, very much?" Spuds stopped chewing for a second, and squinted his eyes thoughtfully, until they were mere slits in his red face. Then he scratched the back of his neck, where his reddish hair grew unshorn.

"Well . . . can't say I ever did, 'xept maybe eats. . . . Hey, what's got in ter you, Jim? You wantin' sum'pn? Sum'pn you ain't got?"

"Yes, and I'm going to get it very, very soon . . . . ," he smiled.

"Gee, Spuds! Gee!" he added.

"What?"

"I'll . . . . I'll be goin' away soon, Spuds . . . . " he broke off, and put his right hand over his heart, where the penny lay.

"Where ye goin'?" Spuds was only mildly interested. "First you want sum'pn, then you talk of goin' away . . . . "

"That's just what I've been wishing, Spuds. To go away . . . . " His heart was beating very fast, against the penny. "I'm going next week, I think," he added.

"But where?"

"Oh, where? Why, to Sally, of course. My sister," he explained, then added, "In the country. Ranch."

"Well, ain't that swell!" said Spuds. He too had a wish now; to be in Jimmie-Boy's shoes.

"Say, have they got horses there, and . . . cows?" he swallowed hard.

"Yes," said Jimmie-Boy, then stepping forward: "Mornin' Sun, sir, Mornin' Sun?"

* * * * *

The day was very successful. Jimmie-Boy had sold all his papers. It was too early to go home. He went into a bakery, and bought some rolls. In another store, he bought some cheese. So, furnished with a good supper, he walked on and on, through the surging crowds of people going home, but regardless of them all; munching his bread and cheese, with a contented look on his face. Suddenly he decided to go to the railroad station, and once more make sure how much his ticket would cost. The man at the ticket window smiled. He had seen this same little boy wandering around the station three or four times. He gave the information desired, then asked:

"When you going, sonny?"

"Next week," Jimmie-Boy said briefly.

"Oh," said the other.

The walk home was very long, and Jimmie-Boy was tired when he got there. But he took the time to again count his money before sleeping. Two or three days more . . . . It was Saturday. Suddenly, before his eyes, there arose a vision of Mr. Herbert. Mr. Herbert, who, should he see Jimmie-Boy, could keep him from going. Mr. Herbert! Jimmie-Boy hated him. A gust of wind blew open the battered door. Jimmie-Boy shivered. He went outside, and looked all around. There was no one in sight. Reassured, Jimmie-Boy closed the door, and went to sleep.

On Sunday, the next day, Jimmie-Boy walked around for hours.

"Think I'll see everything before I go," he thought. He walked through a small park, and watched the people sitting on the green benches, and the children playing all around. A group of boys his own age called out to him to join them.

"Hey, you! Come on!" they yelled. Jimmie-Boy walked on. He walked through a street of beautiful houses. Tall, forbidding houses made of gray stone, with stiff blue-green lawns in front, and iron-grilled doors! Before the eyes of Jimmie-Boy there arose a vision of a tiny brown cottage in the country, with flowers growing wildly all around, and greens clustering about the windows and door. He walked on. He came to a section of dilapidated houses; houses that had seen much of happiness and sadness.

He was very tired when he went home, but knew that he had no regrets about leaving the city. There was nothing, and no one, he was sorry to leave, except, perhaps, the little tumble-down shack that had sheltered him during that long month of work, and expectancy, and dreams.

Monday passed very quickly. On Tuesday night he packed his very few belongings. He was leaving Wednesday afternoon. Yet each night, just before he slept, there came a curious fear in him, and he saw a vision of Mr. Herbert standing, leering and forbidding, before him, keeping him from going. With the morning, however, all doubts and fears passed from his mind, and he was happy once more.

Wednesday morning he said good-bye to Spuds.

(Continued on Page 163)

A Real Sailing Model of a Famous Fighter

By TOM WHITE

Photos by the Author

Shades of Lord Nelson and the battle of Trafalgar!

Out into the open water majestically passes a lofty frigate, heading well up into the breeze with every sheet taut, every gun-port bristling ominously. Ready for action! Is it the *Victory* with the valiant admiral himself grimly surveying the horizon? It can't be, for the *Victory* had three gun-decks to provide for her one hundred and twenty-five guns. This proud ghost-ship, stately reminder of that stirring engagement off the coast of Spain in 1805, is a replica of the British line-of-battle ship *Lion* which, under the immediate command of Admiral Collingwood, led the port column in the attack against the combined French and Spanish fleets at Trafalgar. Admiral Nelson in his famous flagship led the starboard column. The *Lion* was his second in command.

This noble ship, built a century and a half ago, still upholds the proud traditions of her navy as she rests in quiet dignity at her moorings in Portsmouth harbor; in fact, her name is still carried on the official navy register although her sails and some of her yards have been long since sent down and her deck carefully boarded over. But the indomitable, adventuring spirit of her fighting days still carries on as a three and one-half foot model, true to scale and detail, even to the four gun-ports, reserved for saluting purposes only.

As a ship's model, she is a thing of rare beauty, from her figure-head of a crouching lion hand-carved from mahogany, all the way aft to her carefully wrought stern with its myriad detail of square ports, coat-of-arms, scroll-work and filigree. Notwithstanding all the infinite patience and skill bestowed on her, there are no doubt other models which have required the expenditure of an equal amount of time and energy, and perhaps they look just as smart, just as ship-shape and just as true to the original after which they have been fashioned. But right there the comparison stops.

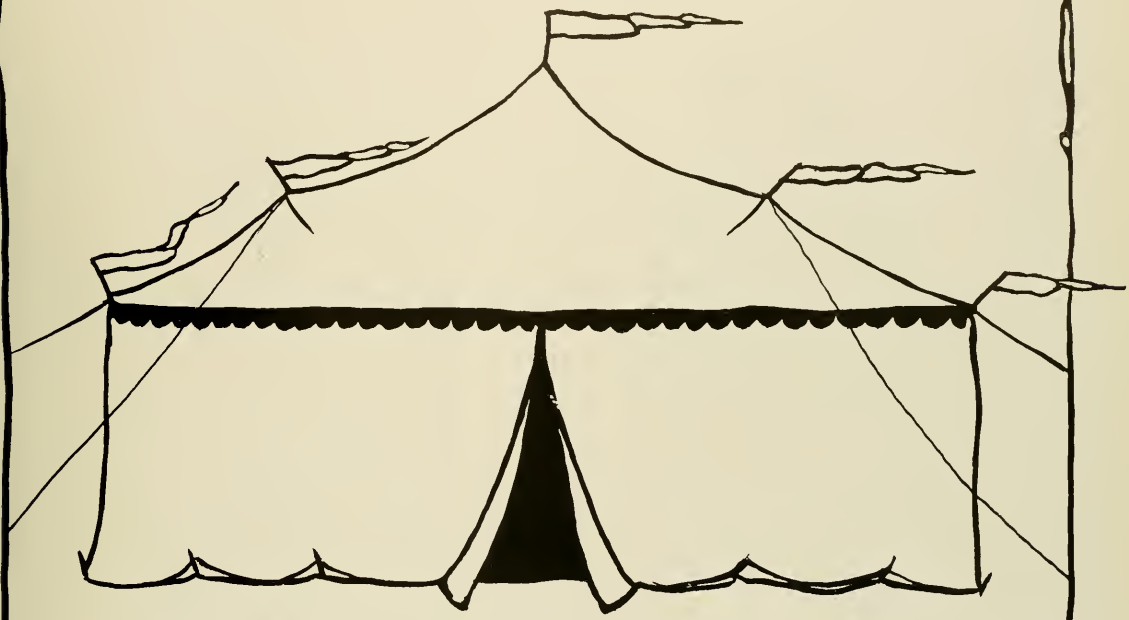
The builder of the *Lion*, F. J. Parkes of San Francisco, has made and sailed models all over the world and he has yet to learn of another square-rigger in miniature that is able to handle herself. Of catties and sloops and schooners and other fore-and-aft rigged models that will sail into the wind on one tack, come about

and go off on the other tack, there are many, many thousands; but it remained for one who has sailed small boats and spent years at sea, to solve the knotty problems involved in bringing about a square-rigged model from one tack to another in a smart, seamanlike manner.

Countless ship models will float, right side up, and a great many of these are capable of bearing sail, that is to say, they will not actually capsize in a stiff breeze. But that is about all that may be said for them—they are wonderful looking craft in a glass case, or even afloat, providing there is no wind. But of those that can carry sail at all in a breeze, it is usually the case that they handle badly, if at all; they back and fill and misbehave quite as though manned by a crew of drunken sailors.

With a serene confidence in her ability to take care of herself, which confidence was beyond a doubt possessed in generous measure by her historic namesake, the ship *Lion*

(Continued on Page 161)



THE CIRCUS CUT-OUT

For Small Girls and Smaller Boys

Today let's go to the side-show. Hear the villain with his black moustache and his tiny silk hat, shouting: "Step up, ladies and gents, your last chance to see the Wild Man of Borneo! Right over this way, now. See Leilah the snake charmer. She eats them alive. Eats them alive! Step right over this way now, and see the skinny man! He's so skinny that he's afraid to drink lemonade, for fear of slipping through the straw. Only ten cents. One dime! One tenth part of a dollar! See the fat girl! See the strong man! See Madam Zuzu, the bearded lady! See Elsie, the tattooed girl. And remember, Ladeeze and Gents, today, and today only, the price is ten cents. Don't crowd now. Look out there son, you're stepping on that baby's nose. Step up, step up, the last show of the evening has just started! The last chance before you go into the main tent! Hear, hear, hear! Ten cents, one-tenth part of a dollar."

Let's go, boys and girls, and see the side show.

500 LBS.
500 LBS.

THE FAT GIRL

They say the fat girl, with delight,
Consumes eight beef-steaks every night.
A dress for her takes bolts of silk,
Each day she drinks twelve quarts of milk.

Her bed is always on the floor,
It shakes the house when she does snore.
But she's a gentle little one,
Although she weighs a half a ton.

When she sits down, foundations reel.
She even bends her chair of steel.
She reaches to a handy shelf,
And sells us photos of herself.

The fat girl never rides a train,
The engine could not stand the strain.
She laughs, and when she laughs, egat!
She adds ten pounds or more of fat.

THE SKINNY MAN

The funny drawn out skinny man,
Of fat has not got any.
The foot-prints that he leaves behind,
I've covered with a penny.

I guess he never eats or drinks,
And that's what makes his woes.
They say one day he tried to drink,
And slid right through the hose.

He has to walk on hardwood floors.
The reason's very droll,
For if the boards were far apart
He'd fall into the hole.

It's strange to think that one so thin
Should cling so hard to life.
But I'll explain the state he's in:
The fat girl is his wife.

THE SNAKE CHARMER

So careful is the charmer,
Her snakes will never harm her,
But crawl around her arms and face
And hold her in a cold embrace.

She seems to like the dangerous pets,
And to her audience she bets
That no one dares to even poke
Her rattlesnake. But that's a joke.

She raises snakes of every size,
Snakes with big and glassy eyes.
Snakes she raises in a hut,
She says they will not bite her, but . . . .

I would not want to take her place,
And have big snakes about my face.
And while for them I have no fear,
I like them best when they're not near.

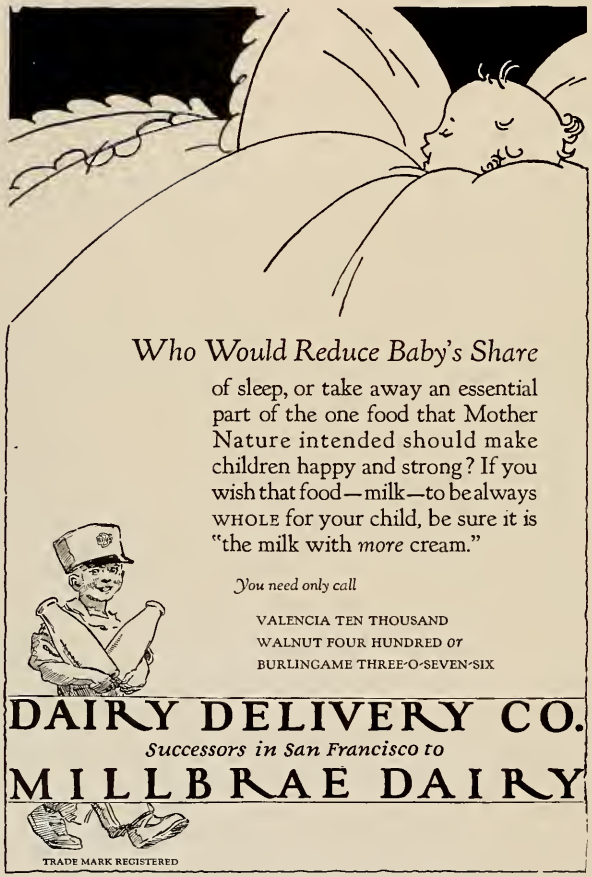
THE STRONG MAN

Now listen to the strong man's song.
His muscles are so very strong
That he can break big iron bars
And toss the pieces at the stars.

I've seen him lift a mass of steel
That used to be an engine wheel.
I've seen him bite thick China plates,
And seen him lift tremendous weights.

I've seen his muscles snap right out,
When lifting elephants about.
He'll hold a cannon in his teeth;
Or move the earth, 'tis my belief.

I've seen him catch an iron ball
As if it was no task at all. . . .
And then his little boy at play
Would take and bounce it right away.


Who Would Reduce Baby's Share
of sleep, or take away an essential part of the one food that Mother Nature intended should make children happy and strong? If you wish that food—milk—to be always WHOLE for your child, be sure it is "the milk with *more* cream."
You need only call
VALENCIA TEN THOUSAND
WALNUT FOUR HUNDRED or
BURLINGAME THREE-O-SEVEN-SIX
DAIRY DELIVERY CO.
Successors in San Francisco to
MILLBRAE DAIRY
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

A FAMOUS FIGHTER

(Continued from Page 156)

of today handles herself in a manner quite befitting the grand old windjammer of long ago. With just enough of a start to carry her away from the shore, she heads out into the lake, her sails fill and off she goes! Like the old

ship, she requires a little "weather helm," which is taken care of by means of a weighted rudder. Well out into the middle of the pond the breeze freshens and she heels far over, very nearly shipping water through her gun-ports. She rights herself easily as she nears the far shore; finally, gaining the protection of the shore-line where the water is partially shielded by the trees, she comes up into the wind.

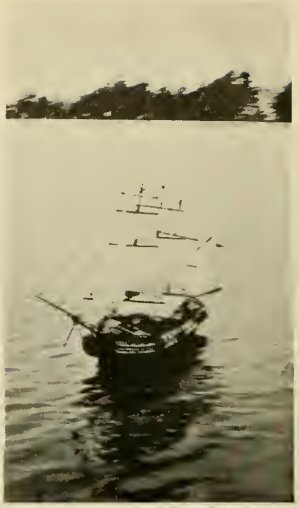
Right here is where the miracle happens. Does she go "flat aback" and cut up generally? Not for an instant. She no sooner comes up into the wind, than around she goes—spanker, yards and jibs—and she is away on the other tack, with her weather clews barely lifting. The phantom helmsman keeps her "on the wind" as skillfully as the most highly experienced seaman of a bygone century. Back and forth she tacks, handling herself like a thoroughbred; and all the while one watches the capable little vessel bravely making her way across the lake, through fair weather and foul, coming about smartly of her own free will, then heading back on the return passage, one's mind becomes so centered upon the colorful pages of history of which she is the very embodiment, as to be carried back over the years to those stirring times—almost!

Even though one may not be mechanically inclined, at least his curiosity is aroused. He wants to know what "makes the wheels go 'round," and with the sailor his curiosity is doubly fired by the question, "What makes the yards go 'round?"

To those who must know, here's the answer in a few words: When she comes up into the wind, her weighted rudder swings amidships, her head sails come aback bringing her on to the other tack as her spanker fills and her yards go 'round. The main braces are crossed just before the mizzen mast, so when the spanker boom goes over, the main yards are brought around at the same time. The braces from the fore and mizzen are bent on directly to the main yards, therefore when they swing 'round the others go with them. The jib sheets, of course, go over with the first pressure of the breeze.

The *Lion* comes about in her own length, and is never "in irons," as the sailors call it when a vessel is so stiff when making a tack that she hangs in the wind. She sails close and holds her own. Whatever headway she might make to windward, however, is overcome by her leeway.

This model in common with all others Mr. Parkes has built, was first carefully laid down on paper. The plans were drawn to scale and every detail gone into and provided for with very nearly the amount of work required in the laying out of a regular seagoing vessel.



As a member of the San Francisco, Royal Channel Islands and East London model yacht clubs, Mr. Parkes has built and sailed scores of tiny craft. Besides the *Lion*, he has just finished a trim little three-masted schooner that can show as clean a pair of heels as anything in her class. Another model he has just christened is the auxiliary powered barkentine which bears such a striking resemblance to the Coast Guard cutter *Bear*. This wonderfully complete little four-footer is fuelled by means of a twin alcohol burner. Up to forty-two pounds of steam is generated in a tiny boiler, four inches in diameter by four inches deep, and fitted with forty-one tubes. Two miniature cylinders, seven-sixteenths by one inch, give her a speed sufficient to make the patent log at her taffrail hum with delight.

Woe betide the luckless rum-runners caught lurking offshore with this vigilant little watch-dog on the job!

Johnny-Get-Your-Hair-Cut

An Hour With Jackie Coogan

By BETH WENDEL

IN THE center of the "Location Lot" stood a long, low car, a jazzy car, its shiny red paint reflected in the dull lustre of a limousine placed along side. Jackie's automobiles! Lucky boy!

Then I heard a tired voice say, "Gee, I'd like some ice-cream."

Jackie stood in an oversized costume, trousers too long, sweater too wide, cap too large. He smiled a good-natured, rather weary greeting. He was interviewed so often. He lifted his cap, with a manly gesture, and I explained that I wanted to write about him for the Treasure Chest. He brightened.

"My Treasure Chest came this morning," he said. "It looks like a good number. I'll read it tonight."

"Tell me something of your plans, Jackie," I asked.

He looked at me, and twisted his toe in the ground; a broad grin flashed, and his eyes twinkled.

"This will be my last picture for two years," he answered. "I'm going to school, in Berkeley-High-School." He said "High school" with a touch of pride. A busy, eleven-year-old boy like Jackie must be extremely intelligent to be so advanced in his studies.

"The picture we are filming now," he continued, "is 'Johnny-Get-Your-Hair-Cut.' It will be released on Thanksgiving Day. Then I'll never be seen with long hair again!"

Jackie is extremely pleased that he is now out of the "Small-boy" class. He anticipates playing junior roles.

"I've been growing lots," he said, with dignity, "and after two years in Berkeley, I'll take big-boy parts. Won't that be swell, Mrs. Wendel? Then, when I'm a man, I want to be a director."

Jackie is a serious young person. His large brown eyes are deep, thoughtful pools.

Boys and girls envy Jackie his importance, and do not understand the trials and hardships of his work. There are hours of working, hours of direction, hours of correction. When Jackie works, he is a true artist, body and soul in his effort to do well. He listens attentively to the directions, then uses his own judgment in interpretations. He is a dramatic genius, gifted with ability to create and live the parts he plays. In one scene, he may be the picture of dejection, his shoulders shaking, tears rolling down his cheeks (Jackie does not use onions to make himself cry), then, when the scene is completed, he is a happy boy again, singing and dancing for the amusement of the other members of the company.

Jackie is beloved by the company.

"He's a great kid," a boy named Jim Moran said, "he's always a good sport, but he'll fight if there's a reason. He never forgets anything. He isn't spiteful, but he'll always score off a mean trick."

As we were talking, someone brought Jackie a basket of fruit. He offered me some, helped himself, then re-wrapped the package.

"I'll save this for my mother," he confided, "she likes fruit."

Jackie and his parents are great pals, and they have not allowed fame to spoil their son's nature. He is far from the "spoiled boy" and shows kindness and courtesy to all acquaintances and friends.

A group of school children passed and looked in, and stared at him. Jackie waved.

"Think I'm a side-show?" he demanded. The school children drew near, then, finally, Jackie, very much like every other boy, wandered away.

Someone called "John," and he looked about to see if he was wanted. "John is my real name," he said, "I thought they were calling me."

"Is that what your mother calls you when she is angry?" I asked jokingly. His brown eyes gazed steadily into mine.

"My mother never gets angry," he said, and from his soft voice and sweet expression I felt the sympathy and understanding that exists between them.

"All ready, Jackie!" a man's voice cried.

"See you later," Jackie said swiftly; then he ran towards a group of people standing ready for action.

I saw a new Jackie, all business, keenly alert, and deeply interested. The director shouts "Camera" and Jackie, the boy, is Jackie, the actor. It is not necessary to tell him things twice. He very often makes suggestions, which Mr. Mayo, his director, adopts. He concentrates his attention on his particular part, and does not heed or interfere with directions given to others.

When he is concerned, his interest is undivided, but despite his importance, he is quiet and unobtrusive on the "Lot."

The Coogan company is a happy group. Mr. Coogan assists the directing. Mrs. Coogan sees that every one gets plenty to eat, and a big fat man is employed especially for the purpose of keeping every one in good humor. When the sun beats down on the "Location Lot," and the company is weary with the hours of work, the fat man walks about, telling jokes, playing clown, forcing smiles. Tales of harsh directors do not apply to the Coogan company, for kindness and courtesy are extended to the most unimportant actors.

One little boy said to me, "I used to hang around the lot, watching 'em take pictures. I have no mother or father, and never used to get enough to eat. Jackie asked Mr. Mayo to give me a job, and now I'm on easy street." He looked affectionately at Jackie, and murmured "Gee, he's a swell kid!"

Just then Jackie was being filmed on horse-back and he looked very tiny, perched on a large mare. He waved to me in between "Shots," and I too, felt my heart saying "Gee, he's a swell kid!"

"There's a big race in the picture," he told me later, and I really do not do the riding. Some one 'doubles' for me, and I hate to get the credit. No one will even know that another boy did the work."

Jackie likes fair play, and wants no credit that he does not deserve.

He's a splendid boy; a boy with a sweet disposition, and an admirable character. I'm sure that the two years he's about to spend in school, away from the camera, and the public eye, will develop his excellent qualities to a far greater extent and lay the foundation for his desires to be a great director.

He will go to public school, and forget that he has been doing a man's work. He will make boy friendships, and maybe some enemies, but he will always be Jackie Coogan.

I spoke to Mr. Coogan Senior.

"No," he said, "Jackie is not spoiled. He's just a boy, a real, regular boy. But don't forget! In all the history of the world, he is the only eleven-year-old boy who has made a million dollars all by himself, by real hard work, combined with wonderful talent. He brings happiness to everybody around him. Don't you think, Mrs. Wendel, that he is doing his share to make the whole world happier?"

Yes, I do! "He's a swell kid."

JIMMIE-BOY

(Continued from Page 155)

"I . . . . I hope you'll make lots and lots of money," he told him.

The other shrugged.

"Nothing much in this newspaper business . . . . hey, Jim, there's a gent over there staring at you . . . "

Jimmie-Boy looked. On the other side of the sidewalk, a man was standing, his hands in his pockets, a sneering, leering look on his face. It was Mr. Herbert.

Jimmie-Boy, a great fear clutching his heart, put his hand over it, and felt the brightness of the penny that lay against it. It gave him courage. Mr. Herbert, never changing the expression on his face, came forward.

"So!" he sneered.

Jimmie-Boy looked up at him defiantly. Spuds, alive to the fact that there was danger in the air, breathed:

"Beat it, Jim. Beat it!"

"So!" said Mr. Herbert again. Jimmie-Boy quaked. He looked around wildly. Then, following Spud's advice, he started to walk away quickly. He had gone but a few steps, when he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"Think you're going to get away? Huh!" Mr. Herbert kept his heavy hand where it was, and led the boy through the throng, past the busy part of the city, towards his house . . . .

Jimmie-Boy said nothing. In his mind he was forming wild plans of escape, his hand was over his heart. . . . . Then, suddenly, while crossing a street, they got too close to a machine that was crossing. Mr. Herbert put out his hand for a second, and Jimmie-Boy broke away. Mr. Herbert tried to catch him, but the boy, very nimble, slipped through his legs and was off. Through narrow streets he passed, and through winding, dirty alleys. He had lost his little packet of things, but he didn't care. Nothing mattered, except to get away, to the station, to the train . . . . to Sally. . . . .

After two hours of desperate running around the lost parts of the city, he ventured into the crowds again, and, with stealing, backward glances, made his way to the station.

After he got there, he sat, huddled in a corner of the waiting room, afraid to look around, completely worn out. It was almost time for the train. He got up slowly, slowly, and made his way to the ticket office. The man smiled at him.

"Want some more information, sonny?" he asked.

Jimmie-Boy looked up at him, and shook his head, slowly.

(Continued on Page 176)

Dots and Dashes

By S. B. DICKSON

Illustrated by Cecilia Nelson

CHAPTER V

WHAT WENT BEFORE

While Bill Hodgkins, Captain of the Midway College football team, is trying to prevent Freddie O'Neil, quarterback, from going "professional," strange secret code messages are received by radio at Midway, which, when deciphered, tell of a plot to ruin the Midway team. Hodgkins, in Freddie O'Neil's room, is attacked by professionals, and found some time later by his friends, in a bad condition. He is taken back to the college, in time to hear a message stating that the plotters were taking a purse of money to the Quad at midnight, where it will be received by a member of the college, in league with the conspirators. Hoxie and his friends make plans to be on the Quad. Let us follow them there.

A FULL MOON cast a cold, white light over the Midway Quad. The air was heavy with the perfume of pungent shrubs. A breathless silence hung over the scene like a pall. Down in Strawberry Hollow a cricket chirped, and then a chorus of crickets took up the refrain. An owl hooted and a shrill-voiced night-bird answered from the shrubbery. A bell chimed the three-quarter hour in the clock-tower of Students Hall. There was a flutter of wings and a rustling in the dry leaves of the maple trees. An automobile horn tooted down in the village.

Out from the dark shadows of night came a form, walking slowly, with arms behind it. It walked to the fountain in the center of the quad and leaned against the trunk of a tree. It raised a hand to its lapel and straightened a white carnation. It looked to the right and the left and then slowly circled around the fountain. There was no sound save the silver tinkling of the water as it spilled from the fountain.

Another form came up out of the shadows; a short, fat form that waddled as it walked. It passed the first form without speaking. It also wore a white carnation. The two separated and continued their solemn, ghost-like parade around the fountain.

Then came more forms, a third and a fourth and a fifth. All paced slowly, silently, solemnly. All wore white carnations. A sixth appeared, a seventh, another and another till presently there were fifteen parading figures, all with white carnations glaring in the moonlight. Some one on the far side of the fountain, giggled. There was the sound of a dull blow struck, and then silence again. The soft grass killed all sound of treading feet; it was truly a ghosts' parade.

The bell in Students Hall rang out again: do-mi-sol-do, and then solemnly pealed out the twelve dirge-like chimes of midnight. The parading forms, twelve to fifteen feet apart, stood still. The owl hooted sadly.

Then the silence was broken. Crunching feet came down the graveled walk from Chemistry Hall. A man

appeared, walking slowly, his fists thrust in his trousers pockets. He headed for the fountain, looking straight before him as he walked. A form appeared before him; a form wearing a white carnation. The newcomer looked at the form and nodded. He drew a wallet from his pocket. He held it out in front of him. As he did so the form stepped to one side and a second carnationed form appeared.

"Hmmm," said the newcomer, "I must have made a mistake."

The forms stood silent. No word crossed their lips.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said the newcomer. "I thought . . . . "

But before he could say what he thought, a third form appeared. The newcomer rubbed his eyes.

"Now, look here," he said, "if they think they can put anything over on me . . . . "

And then forms appeared from all directions; fifteen of them. All wore white carnations. None spoke. They circled around the newcomer. One of them whipped a long coat from under his arm. He slung it over his head and wrapped it around the newcomer's face. There was a swift, silent scuffle, the twisting of ropes, the panting of breath. Then the fifteen forms moved down the quad carrying the tied stranger.

A man and woman passed them at the door of the Book Store, and laughed.

"Some frat initiation," the man grunted.

The sad owl hooted and the crickets broke into a symphony of the marsh.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, up in Hoxie's room, Frenchy Lafitte puzzled over the last mass of dots and dashes. There was no word of one letter in it, and that made the task more difficult. But he soon found a clue. There were twenty-eight T's; far more T's than any other letter. So he figured that T must stand for E. Writing in the E's he paused at the seventeenth word, MFTVT. If T was E, then the word certainly looked like THERE or WHERE. Which was it? Running ahead he stopped again at the twenty-third word. If MFTVT was WHERE, then MFEM must be WHAW or THAT. Of course it was THAT, and the other word THERE. So, with his T's, H's, A's, E's, and R's, it was a simple matter to work out the cipher. He read it quickly and then a second time more slowly:

WE HAVE GOT O'NEIL WHERE HE CAN'T DO ANY HARM AS FAR AS HE IS CONCERNED THERE WILL BE NO BIG GAME THAT IS SURE REPORT TO ME ANY TALK YOU HEAR ON THE CAMPUS AND KEEP YOUR EYE ON MURK WE ARE READY FOR THE NEXT MOVE NOW AND . . . .

They had O'Neil! What did it mean? Had they talked him into their way of thinking? Or were they holding him prisoner? And Sammie Murk! What in the world did mild, grinning Sammie have to do with the mystery? Did he know something that he was keeping dark? His actions, as a matter of fact, had been queer when he had come in to look for Hoxie.

"Gosh," groaned Lafitte, "there's been enough happening since half past five this afternoon to fill a book."

He walked up and down the room. He drummed on the piano a minute, then went to the window. As he leaned out the midnight bells chimed in Students Hall. He grinned, and as he did so, dots and dashes came pouring in from the loud speaker again. The signals came more slowly than before and the finger sending them seemed to be rather uncertain. But in a couple of minutes they stopped and Foots commenced to decipher the following:

MYOXR X HZ HVDXWMA

LQA BYSA VRA YS AY

HSEYSR LQA VHTXAAR

JNDRHB AMR KYDB AMHA

X MHFR WYSR NDYTRJJXYSHV

HSB BYSA KYDDE KXVV

VRA EYQ ISYK KMRDR X

HZ JYYS YSRXV

Suddenly he let out a shout, and his pencil flew like lightning. Then he reread what he had written and danced around the room like a maniac. His feet whirled into a Charleston; he whooped and pounded the cushions on the couch. Into this scene of insanity marched fifteen forms wearing white carnations. They carried a sixteenth figure that they dumped on the couch. Then bedlam broke loose. Through the babel of voices, Hoxie roared:

"Shut up, you idiots. We'll have the whole dorm down on our heads."

The noise subsided and all gathered around as Frenchy went to the couch and twisted the form on it around. He ripped off the coat that covered the head, and a little, weazened man, unshaven and dirty, lay there, frightened half to death. Foots cut the cords that bound him and pulled him to a sitting position.

"Now, what have you got to say for yourself," demanded Hoxie.

The little man rubbed his arms and his head and pulled the sleeve of his coat across his nose.

"I didn't mean nothing, gents," he said. "Honest, I didn't. I don't know what it's all about; honest I don't. Let me go, you fellows, and quit roughing me."

"Not if I know it," said Morg Lindsey. "We want to know what's behind all this, and what's more, we're going to. What's your name?"

"William Henderson."

"What's your business?"

"Ain't got none."

"What have you done with Freddie O'Neil?" demanded Hoxie.

"Don't know no O'Neil, fellows. Honest, I don't. I don't know what it's all about."

"Do you think," Red Summers interrupted, "that we have made a mistake, men? Got the wrong man?"

"Of course not," grunted Lindsey. "Didn't he have the wallet? Gosh, where's the wallet?"

"Here, you," Lafitte broke in, "where's the wallet?"

"Here," said the man, and pulled it from his pocket. "I don't know what it's all about, fellows."

Lindsey opened it and shook it. A hundred dollar bill fell out. A dozen hands reached out to grab it, but Foots swooped, and, picking it up, thrust it back into the wallet.

"Where did you get this?" he demanded. "Where were you going with it?"

"Going to give it to the guy I was supposed to give it to."

"Who?"

"A guy with a white flower in his coat."

"Who gave it to you?"

"A guy."

"Who?"

"I don't know, fellow."

"What do you mean, you don't know?"

"A guy gave it to me and says, 'Here's five bucks. Take this purse and give it to a gink with a white flower in his coat.'"

"But who gave it to you?"

"I tell you I don't know. He met me in front of Corbin's Pool Room. I never seen him before. He gave me five bucks and says, 'Here, my lad, give this to a fellow with a white flower in his coat. He will be at the water-fountain in the middle of the College at twelve o'clock.'

I went to give it to him and when I get to the water-fountain there's a whole gang of you. Say, if you fellows try to make a mutt of me I'll have the police on you. I just went to the water-fountain and . . . . . "

"Oh, ring off!" barked Morg Lindsey.

Lafitte and Hoxie walked to the window and whispered together for a minute. Then Foots turned to the crowd.

"I guess the old boy's square," he said. "Let's make a purse for him and send him on his way."

"Going to let him keep the wallet and the hundred bucks?" asked Red.

"I should say not. I'll keep that till I find out who it belongs to. Come on, fellows, chip into the hat."

Between the sixteen, they collected six dollars. Lafitte handed it to the mystified little man.

"Old Top," he said, "be on your way. We'll keep the wallet. If you meet your friend at Corbin's, tell him that you delivered it. If you tell him anything else we'll kill you, sure. We know everything that goes on. Now beat it."

The weazened man grinned and thrust the handful of silver into his pocket.

"Well," he sighed, "I don't know what it's all about, and I don't much care. I get eleven dollars and you get the purse. I guess I got no kick coming. Well, I guess I'll be slipping along. So long, fellows. College's a great place." He turned and started for the door, mumbling, "I dunno, I dunno. He says give it to a fellow with a white flower. Then there was a whole slough with white flowers. I dunno . . . . "

Lindsey kicked the door closed after him. Then Foots took the floor again.

"Men," he said, "we haven't got far with that bird. But something new has come up. Do you trust me all the way?"

"Sure, the whole hog," they shouted.

"Well, I've had another message that I can't tell you because—just because I can't. But it's a knock out. Just pack up your troubles and beat it. Hox, I'm staying here with you. I'm asking a lot, I know, in expecting you all to be satisfied to leave things in my hands, but I simply can't tell you any more now. Go on; get out and keep a stiff upper lip. I'm dead to the world and I've got to talk to Hoxie before I roll in. Tomorrow is Sunday, and a long day. Anybody pounding on that door tomorrow before eleven G. M. is likely to get a ride in a hearse. And that's that."

Disgruntled, but with all confidence in Frenchy Lafitte and his good judgment, the Midwayites shuffled from the room and closed the door. When their footsteps had died away down the hall, and silence brooded once more over the dormitory, Lafitte turned slowly and grinned at Hoxie Hodgkins.

"Well, you grinning ape," Hoxie grunted, "get it off your chest. You look like you've had money from home. Hurry up, I'm tired."

"Don't hurry me," said Foots. "I won't be hurried. When I have a good yarn to tell, I tell it in my own inimitable way. The setting has got to be right and . . . "

"I'll fix the setting." Hoxie winked, and swinging across the room he grabbed Lafitte by the throat and forced him to his knees. Foots rolled over on his back and Hodgkins knelt on his chest.

"Come on, now, Frog-legs," he commanded, "spill it."

"I've had another message," gasped Foots.

"So I supposed," Hoxie nodded.

"But," added Lafitte, "this one was sent by Freddie O'Neil."

(To Be Continued)

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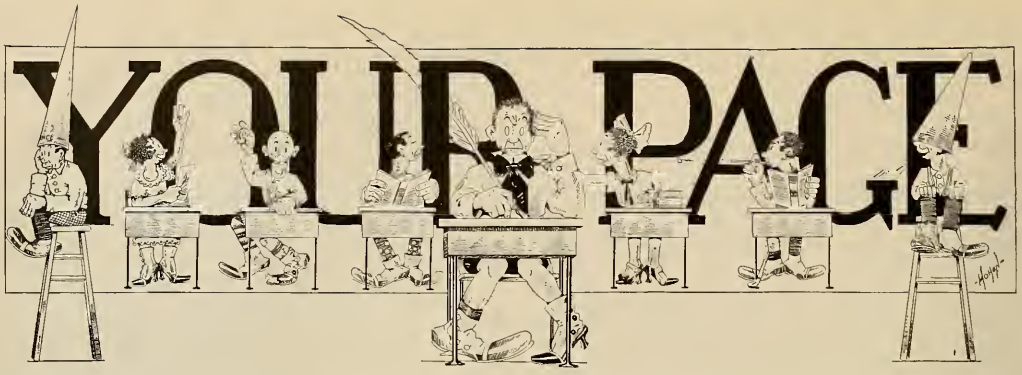

THE ADVENTURES OF A PENNY

By HELEN LOUISE NEWMAN

SOME young readers may think that I was always a penny, but, indeed, I was not. I was composed of little grains of metal in a stone. I was born in a copper mine. I often saw men, called miners, take my brothers and sisters and put them in a sack.

One day a miner found me, and I heard him say:

"Here's a swell one, Bill!" Then he put me in a sack with other stones. It was so dark in the sack that I couldn't see my brothers and sisters. We stayed in the sack a long time; then we felt the sack moving. We were joggled around for a long time, but finally we reached our destination. I discovered a hole in the sack, and, peeping through it, I saw an extremely large house, on which I spelled out the words, "SAN FRANCISCO MINT."

At the mint men were running to and fro as busy as bees, and there was a loud buzzing going on, which would have made me deaf if I had had ears. As I have said, I was little grains of copper in the stone. A man put me and brothers and sisters into a big metal box.

I couldn't remember anything after that, except that sometimes I felt very hot; and being wiggled around, I got so dizzy that I must have fainted. When I came to, I found my brothers, my sisters, and myself, in a large box. At first I did not recognize them, for they were strange round things of a pretty color of red. Neither did they recognize me, for they told me I was the same.

Then I was put in a closed box where I stayed for quite a while. One morning I felt a breeze. I looked around. I was in a man's hand. How glad I was to be out of that close sack in the room, into the open air! The man walked past, what seemed to me miles of large boxes (which were houses). Finally we came to a pink house. We went into a large room in the pink house. The man called:

"Betsey!"

A little girl came down the stairs. Evidently she was Betsey.

"Here is a penny for you, Betts," he said.

"Oh thanks, daddy!" she cried, as she put me into her little bead purse, amongst other pennies not half so shiny as I was, and she skipped off to the store.

Candy stores were very peculiar, I thought, for you did not take what you wanted, but you had to ask for it, as if you couldn't take what you wanted yourself.

Betsey asked the lady in the store for a "Penny lollypop." She put me in the lady's hand, and received a funny round thing on a stick, which she walked off, sucking.

The lady took me to a large metal box which said "BANK" on it, whatever that means. She pressed a large button on it, which had a number "1" on it. (There were many buttons on it). A drawer sprang out, and she put me inside of it. She then pressed another button and the drawer jerked shut, with me inside it.

The next day she opened the drawer, took me out, and handing me to a little boy near her, she said:

"Here's a penny for you, Edward; you had better hurry to school now, or you will be late."

"Oh thanks, ma; gee! It's a brand new one! Goodbye." With this, he ran off.

At school I was very proud, because the boys all wanted to trade for me, but Edward didn't consent. He had a race from school, and as he was running, I fell out of his pocket, into the gutter. There I lay for weeks, waiting for someone to pick me up. Finally a street cleaner swept me away, not knowing I was there.

* * * * *

I am writing this from the garbage pile, in hope that Betsey, her father, or Edward, will read this and rescue me.

BE GENEROUS

Never be stingy,
Never be tight,
Always help others
And ask them to have a bite.

BOILED MILK

Boiled milk like a magic key,
Opens the door of joy for me.
Freshly fragrant it steams and
bubbles,
Making an end to all my troubles.

By ALEX KOSTRIKIN.

(Continued on Page 174)

THE PEACH PRINCESS

Inside of the peach is a princess
  Imprisoned deep
Within a small, carven castle,
  Fast asleep.

When the peach is eaten, and the seed
  Is tossed away,
The princess smiles in her magic sleep,
  Day by day.

Then comes the Prince of Sun and Rain,
  Unlocks the door,
And gives the kiss that wakens her
  To sleep no more.

Opening her eyes, she murmurs,
  "Lo, I am free!"
And soon becomes that wondrous thing,
  A slim green tree.

IVY GRANT MORTON.
Route B, Box 26, Hanford, California

HE'S MY PAL

Hello, Missus Jones, how are Bobby and Jim?
  Say! This is my comrade here, Hal.
For we chum every day, and the rain stays away
And when I'm in trouble he cheers me in play,
And when I am with him no cloud seems so grey,
  So he's more than a friend,
    He's my Pal.

He is kind of freckled, his nose does turn up,
  But that ain't his fault, is it, Hal?
But our friendship is long, and we're equally strong.
And out in the foothills you'll hear us in song,
But when I'm in Dutch, he is equally wrong.
  So he's more than a friend,
    He's my Pal.

His body is small, but his heart sure is big,
  And his heart's in his smile; ain't it, Hal?
For a touch of our hand makes us both understand
That our boyhood's the greatest of wealth in the land.
And through all our troubles, together we stand,
  For he's more than my friend,
    He's my Pal.

J. B. WOOSTER.

CREED OF AMERICAN CHILDHOOD

May I be strong in work or play,
To gain the most from every day.

May I enjoy clean, perfect health,
I will not ask for other wealth.

May I have dreams, for dreams blow rain
Away, and show the clouds again.

May I have friends, they play their part
In building up a human heart.

May I have time to use in play
And build my body strong each day.

May I have hills and streamlets wild,
For Nature leaves her mark on child.

Give me a dog, there'll be no end
Of pleasure from that faithful friend.

Give me my childhood, unbound, free,
That's what will make a man of me.

May I have love, a world will know
The quick response to love I'll show.

Then when I grow to manhood free,
My country shall be proud of me.

J. B. WOOSTER.

WHEN I AM VERY HAPPY

When I am very happy,
  I easily could cry,
When I feel most contented,
  I somehow seem to sigh.

My throat feels tight and chokey,
  When I'm 'specially glad,
And when things are the brightest,
  I'm just a little sad.

I wish someone would tell me
  Why everything's that way,
Why joy makes me so solemn,
  Instead of very gay.

BETH WENDEL.

ANCESTORS

I've often thought I'd like to place
  My grandsires in a row,
And question each one carefully
  On facts I ought to know.

I'd walk far down the endless line,
  In clothes of every age,
And write their names and histories,
  And dates, page after page.

And when I came to Adam,
  At the end of the long line,
I'd ask him for his autograph,
  And show him where to sign.

FLORIDA WATTS SMYTH.

NEST BUILDING

(To a swallow that builds her nest each year under the roof of an open-sided baggage car on the two-mile railway between the lakes at Atlin, B. C.)

Why do you build here, mother swallow,
    In a car?
You are far too modern, mother.
    Yes, you are!
Your poor husband tries to follow,
    When you ride.
Did you promise not to leave him,
    As a bride?

Next year choose a quiet roof-tree,
    Still and sane.
How can you instruct your children
    In a train?

Do not travel with the tourist.
    You can fly,
High above the creeping train—
    In the sky!

FLORIDA WATTS SMYTH.

LET'S WIN A PRIZE

Robison's Pet Shop, located in the Granada Theatre Building in San Francisco, is going to give a beautiful German Roller Canary and cage to the boy or girl who writes the best true story about a canary bird that has brought happiness to some one. Canary birds have brought happiness to grown-ups and children that were sick and crippled. Their songs have changed the lives of many people.

On the evening of October 4, at 5 o'clock, Brother Bob of Station KTAB will tell the story of a bird that brought happiness. Listen to it and you will know what kind of a story we mean. Then send your letters and stories to him at KTAB. The best stories will be read during the Children's Hour, and the winning story will be printed in your Treasure Chest next month.

Brother Bob has given us a nice story, himself, this month. It is about two fuzzy coons: Sambo and Arabella. They come to a lonely . . . . but read the story for yourself!

SAMBO and ARABELLA

WHEN the fog comes rolling down from Tamalpais, and all the outside world is hidden, it is very lonely in the White Lighthouse at Lime Point. Old Pete Nelson, who has kept the light for thirty years, can tell you how lonely it is at times. But one day, when things looked gloomiest, Old Pete found two new friends. They came, out of nowhere, from the greyness and cold of the outside, into the warmth of the Lighthouse. They were two little coons, very, very wet, and, above all, very, very hungry. As if by instinct, they found their way directly to the kitchen. There was a faint, pleasant odor coming from that direction, that tickled the sensitive noses of Sambo and Arabella. It was the odor of mush, fragrant mush that was being cooked over the small stove. Sambo and Arabella saw Old Pete through the open door, and waited discreetly outside until he had finished eating. Then they went in. Sambo headed directly for the plate that had contained the mush. Arabella found the pot over the stove. She poked her nose into it, and drew it out with a jerk. It was hot. She looked at her lord and master. He had licked the plate until it was very, very shiny, and now was poking around for something more to eat. Arabella followed suit. They found some scraps of bread, and some cake; some terribly good cake. Sambo and Arabella, like all well-brought up coons, had an exceptionally sweet tooth.

When Old Pete, attracted by stealthy noises from the kitchen, came in through the other door, he saw two little bits of grey spotted fur scurrying through the front door. He noticed the shiny plate, the bits of bread and cake, and the overturned pot on the stove. Old Pete smiled, and looked out of the window, hoping to see further signs of his little visitors. From beneath a large rock, he saw four black snapping eyes gazing wistfully towards the Lighthouse.

Sambo and Arabella came again the next day. They poked their noses in through the half-closed kitchen door, and saw nobody there. They peeked cautiously around, and, (wonderful, wonderful luck!) there were two plates under the sink, each full of mush—warm,

(Continued on Page 172)

"TWEET! TWEET!" SAYS CANARY DICK. "I WANT A HOME. A SUNNY ONE! WITH A BOY OR GIRL FRIEND TO SING TO. TWEET! TWEET!"
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THE POSTAGE STAMP MAN

Edited by THEODORE L. BEHR
Manager of the Edw. P. Seebohm Co.

Have you stamps to exchange? Do you want to know something about your stamps or some stamps that you do not own? Write to the Stamp Editor of The Treasure Chest, enclosing self-addressed, stamped envelope.

There is perhaps no ruler whose portrait appears on as many stamps as that of Queen Victoria of England. Her portrait graces all the stamps of Great Britain during her reign and is on practically all the stamps of the many British colonies. She was also honored in having her portrait on the very first stamp that was issued.

Queen Victoria ascended the throne in the year 1837 and in 1840 the first stamp was issued. The design for the stamp was taken from the royal medal,

which was designed and engraved by Mr. William Wyon at the Royal Mint. The popularity which the Queen enjoyed can be partly shown by the fact that practically all of the designs submitted for the stamps had Queen Victoria's portrait as the chief subject. The accepted portrait is a full profile of the queen and is the type used for all the stamps of Great Britain up to 1901. It was also used for nearly all the colonial types.

Among the most handsome stamps issued are those bearing the full faced portrait of Queen Victoria. This was taken from a painting of Queen Victoria done by A. E. Chalon. The painting shows a full length picture of the queen in her royal robes. For the stamps of this type just the head was used and the engraving of the dies by Mr. William Humphrey was so well executed that the stamps bearing the full faced portrait are considered by some to be the finest productions of all stamps. The full faced portrait was used for the stamps of New Zealand, Queensland, Bahamas, Canada, Grenada, Natal, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Tasmania.

A third type was later used showing Queen Victoria in her widow's weeds. This type first came into use in 1893 for the 20c and 50c of Canada. The Jubilee issue of Canada shows Queen Victoria in 1837 and in 1897,

the full faced portrait for the first and the "widow" type for the second. This last type had less use. It is found only in Canada, India, and Southern Nigeria.

In discussing all these exceptionally fine pieces of work we might say a few words about some of the crude local productions of various colonies. Mauritius, whose first stamps are famous for the high price they command, entrusted the work of engraving her first stamps to a local watchmaker who did the work on a copper plate similar to those used for visiting cards. Not having the facilities at his command for reproduction of the die to a plate, he printed the stamps from the original engraved plate. The cop-

(Continued on Page 174)

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SAMBO AND ARABELLA

(Continued from Page 170)

fragrant mush. They went straight to it. With their little paws they took some, and brought it to their mouths. Sambo and Arabella looked at each other with a disappointed expression. There was something missing. Sambo looked around; near him, to the right, he saw a bowl filled with white stuff. He tasted it. It was sweet, wonderful! He dug his paw into it, and sprinkled the sugar on his mush, then did the same to Arabella's. Again they tasted the mush; it was delicious. By the time they had finished, a contented, sleepy expression had come into their eyes. They turned to go, and saw Old Pete standing in the doorway. They did not run, but walked out slowly, with little backward glances. They, too, were lonely, and anxious to make friends.

They came every day after that. They became accustomed to the old man's presence, and loved him, as he loved them. Each day he placed the plates of mush under the sink, always making sure that the bowl of sugar was near. Each day Sambo and Arabella sprinkled the sugar on the mush, then ate it with great relish. One day, however, the old man forgot (purposely) to put the sugar under the sink. The coons came, sniffed the mush, then looked at each other. They put their paws into it, and brought it to their mouths. It wasn't sweet enough. Sambo looked for the sugar, and did not find it. Arabella looked, too. There was none. They tasted the mush again, hesitatingly. Sniff, sniff! It wasn't good. Sambo looked around again, then stared at Old Pete. The old man was looking the other way. The coon went around him in circles, the expression on his face changing from one of hope and expectancy to one of chagrin and disappointment. At last, in a haughty, offended way, Sambo went back to the mush. He was hurt, terribly hurt. His pride had been touched. He sniffed once more, his black nose high, then, with one paw, he very daintily raised one side of the plate, and turned it upside down. Having accomplished this, Sambo, with a look at Arabella that demanded obedience, left the scene of disaster, followed by his mate.

The next day Old Pete waited impatiently for his animal friends, but they didn't come. They didn't come the next day, nor the next, nor the next. For three long, lonely weeks Old Pete waited, knowing that some day they would come back. One cold, foggy morning, he stood, looking out of the window. It was just on such a morning as this that they had first come to him. The fog was very dense. But now, from the very midst of it, he saw a small dark form coming. Old Pete, with a smile, and joy in his heart, recognized it as Sambo. The prodigal son was coming home, his head bent low. A little further back came Arabella, with a wistful appeal in her eyes. Old Pete saw more forms coming, much, much smaller ones. They were little coons, following closely. There were one, two, three, four, five little ones. Sambo and Arabella, daddy and mother coon, had brought home the pickaninnies.

RANGE HAWKINS—AMERICAN

(Continued from Page 151)

up against such a proposition before. The crowd at the gate turned back. The stillness was deathly.

Merlin came to bat. The Interior pitcher was on his guard. He was slow, deliberate, sure. He struck a man out. He struck the second out. The third flew out. This was baseball!

Tenth inning! Hawkins on the mound! Not a cheer to lead him on! Not a friendly face in the crowd! Crowd? He saw no crowd. He was alone. He pitched.

Strike one! Strike two! Strike three!

Strike one! Strike two! Strike three!

Strike one! Strike two! Strike three!

Nothing had ever been seen like it before. Not a sound was heard, but the ball whanging against the soft glove.

Merlin at bat. The Interior pitcher knew his stuff. He threw an easy ball, then put one over. It was a safe hit. He struck out the next two men in quick succession, then caught the man on first stealing.

Inning eleven! Range Hawkins in the box! Calm, deliberate, sure.

Strike one! Strike two! Strike three!

Strike one! Strike two! Strike three!

Strike one! Strike two! Strike three!

Then pandemonium broke loose. The crowd became hysterical. Out of the bleachers they poured, and clustered behind the catcher. Guardians of the peace paced to and fro, nervously swinging their clubs.

Merlin at bat! "Marmalade" Smithers at the plate! He eyed the Interior pitcher with a grin. He turned and winked at the Merlin coach. Someone in the bleachers laughed. Someone else banged a neighbor on the head. The ball hummed. "Marmalade" connected, and went to first. Fatty Cohen came up. He wabbled, and the crowd whistled:

"There he goes. Oh, ain't he sweet . . . "

Interior pitched a slow ball. Fatty caught it on the tip of his bat. It rolled towards the pitcher's box and stopped. Fatty went to first; "Marmalade" to second.

The pitcher hitched up his trousers. He raised his hand to silence the hooting crowd. Frenchy Du Pre came up. He struck out. Then Tommy Snodkins. Tommy flew out. Then Range Hawkins.

Range lifted the bat carefully, as if it had weighed a ton. He looked over at the Merlin pit. Ted Harper nodded to him. Range nodded. The pitcher wound up. You could have heard a pin drop. The ball flashed like a streak of lightning, cracked against the bat—and started on an endless voyage to heaven.

If it didn't go to heaven, no one was the wiser, for it was never found again. The game was over. The score.

Merlin 9.

Interior 6.

"Range Hawkins! Range!" shrieked the mob as they flooded the field. But Range was gone. Under the bleachers he sat, on an old soap box. His arms were folded. His face was expressionless. He gazed straight before him.

He was thinking about the Americans!

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YOUR PAGE

(Continued from Page 168)

A BLUEBIRD

There was a little birdie,
And he was very blue.
He sang very well,
And his singing was so true.

In Spring he built a nest
His wife lay an egg,
She hatched a little bluebird,
And he began to beg.

—Mary Story Kilgore, Age 9.

PLAYING PIRATES

We were busy playing pirates
Down beside a chafing sea;
And we did not heed the breakers,
Which were breaking restlessly.

We had found a cave of sapphire
Hacked into a cliff of grey,
So we called it "Pirates' Trophy,"
And we played in there all day.

We were all within our cavern
Busy with our little shows,
And the waters came much nearer
As the autumn tide arose.

We were busy playing pirates,
And we might be playing yet,
But the tide rose to our cavern,
And each one got dripping wet.

Rix Dalten.

(Aged 14)

THE POSTAGE STAMP MAN

(Continued from Page 171

per being softer than steel wore away rapidly and the stamps could not be printed satisfactorily after a very short time. These two stamps are the most well known of rare stamps and a set is today worth $30,000. Another crude type of stamp representing Queen Victoria is found on the first issues of the Australian state of Victoria. They are supposed to represent the queen upon her throne, but the work was so poorly done that the stamps are today known to collectors as the "washerwoman" type.

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"GHOSTS" PRIZE STORY

by Ann Breslauer

A PLEASANT group was sitting before the fire of an old farm-house one windy night. It was just the kind of night to be in a dark room and tell ghost-stories. The wind blew through the trees dismally, and the old oak beams shook while the windows rattled.

An elderly lady smiled at a quartet of sparkling little faces and nodded her head.

"Yes, indeed, children, this old farm-house certainly has a good many stories about it. The one I love best, though, is how it got its name."

The little sparkling faces of which I spoke belonged to three little girls and their brother, who had come to the old farm to see "Granny" Blake. The old farm-house was a large three-story building surrounded by dull cypress trees. It had seen the end of the Revolution, and in it many important meetings had been held. What secrets it could tell! No wonder it had its many tales, especially of how it got its name, "Betty Blake's Farm."

"Oh, do tell us of it, Granny," said a very small girl, about five.

"Well, children," Mrs. Blake nodded, "sad to say, my great-great grand-parents were firm British people, with the exception of Betty Blake, their only daughter. Try as they might, no one could persuade Betty to be on the British side. For though no one knew it, was not George Mason, Betty's sweetheart, one of the bravest American soldiers!"

"Granny," interrupted the child, who had spoken before, "was Betty Blake pretty?"

"Pretty! Indeed, Betty was pretty. She was considered the most beautiful girl of her time," said Grandma.

"And oh, Granny," asked Dick, the boy of eleven, "was George Mason handsome?"

"What funny questions you children ask! Yes, I should say young George was good-looking, almost as good-looking as you, Dick," said Grandma, laughing at him.

"Anyway, this certain night, at the close of the Revolution, in this very room, sat a dozen British soldiers; all were elderly men, with the exception of one dark-eyed boy of about twenty. It was such a night as this, children; the wind blew, and the windows rattled.

"These men were making plans to capture the Americans at Yorktown the following day. Suddenly, each man looked at the other," went on Grandma, "distinctly could be heard . . . . pit-pat . . . . and then a wait. Over and over it occurred."

At this point the interested group *did* hear something. It was going pit-pat, just as the British soldiers must have heard it so many years before.

"W-w-w-hat i-i-is th-th-that?" whispered Violet, just nine years old.

"Ha ha, leave it to a girl to have the jimmies. Nothing but the rain, of course, silly!" said Dick.

His answer was taken rather discouragingly, though, as both Jane and Jean, the tiny twins of five, began to cry.

"Don't worry, children," said Grandma in a comforting tone of voice, "it's the rain, children, just as Dick says."

The three girls quieted down then, and Grandma went on with her story.

"' . . . . nothing but the rain,' said the youth to the British officers.

"'Yes, it is!' replied a rough looking man. 'It isn't raining.'

"All the soldiers looked, and saw that it was not raining. They were amazed.

"The word 'Spies! Spies!' went around the room. The lights went out. Silently each man stood, guns raised. The pit-pat went on, then suddenly stopped. . . . "

In the little room where our audience sat, the pit-pat was also heard. Louder and louder it became. Now slowly, now quickly, but Grandma's story was so interesting that they could not think of anything else.

"Well," Grandma continued, "the noise had almost stopped when the door seemed slowly to creak on its hinges. The young man jumped, wild-eyed. Again the door creaked. Every man was about to shoot, when a lithe young figure was seen crawling towards a closet which was on the other side of the room. The figure of the young officer was seen to jump at the thing that was slowly, slowly crawling. Shots rang out in the silence. The lights went on. In the corner lay a beautiful young girl, no other than Betty Blake. By her side lay the young officer. Betty turned to look at him, and she recognized George Mason.

"'My husband!' she screamed. 'Why did you not tell me that you were able to come tonight? I risked my life for you, but—I—am—glad!——' With this she rolled over, dead.

"At last George spoke. He was quickly dying.

"'I'm an American officer,' he said, 'I shall die a spy, but I thank God, not a traitor to my country!'

"Every man lowered his head and prayed, while the brave American boy died."

When Grandma had finished her story, every ear was listening tensely. The pit-pat was heard, now loudly, now softly.

Dick stood up.

"I'll find out what that is," he said, in a none too courageous voice. He was shaking.

The children had long since seen that it was not raining.

"The g-g-ghost of B-b-b-etty," whispered Violet.

"I wanna go home," shrieked Jane.

"Me, too," followed Jean.

In a few minutes, which seemed like hours, a loud laugh was heard. Then Dick came running into the room, chuckling softly to himself.

"Haw, guess what it was? Your old cat, Jean, was rolling a potato down the stairs. Haw, haw!"

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"Well," Violet remarked, "I'm glad it wasn't the ghost of either poor George or Betty. I feel sorry enough for them without wanting to see them."

"Me, too," said the twins in one voice.

"Granny," said Dick, "you take the cake, you're a capital story teller, but not on windy nights."

JIMMIE-BOY

(Continued from Page 163)

"No," he said, "I'm going today." Suddenly, the meaning of the words came to him, and his face lit up again, and lost some of its wan tiredness. The man held out the ticket. Jimmie-Boy smiled. It was the most wonderful moment of his short life. He put his hand in his pocket where his money lay, in the little bag. Suddenly his face became white. A miserable, awful look came into his eyes. He clenched his hand in his pocket, then looked up dully at the man, tears pouring down his cheeks.

"It's . . . . it's . . g-gone, sir . . . . " he choked.

"What, sonny?"

"My . . . my m-m-money . . . "

The other slowly drew back the hand that had been holding out the ticket. His heart went out to the pathetic little figure in the tattered clothes, but Jimmie-Boy did not see the sympathy in his eyes. He saw only, through his tear-blurred eyes, that the man was taking back his ticket. His ticket! Jimmie-boy looked back towards the crowded street, at the surging throngs, then took one step towards it all. He looked back once more. A train whistle blew. Jimmie-Boy stifled a sob; something in his throat seemed to choke him. He clenched his little fists tightly, so tightly that it hurt. In a blur before him, he saw the ticket office, and the man standing behind the window. There was something that clutched his heart; it was like a strong, cruel hand; the hand of Mr. Herbert. As if by instinct, he put his hand over his heart. It beat very fast. Jimmie-Boy slowly came to the realization that the penny was still there. His wonderful, bright penny was there! He put his hand inside the tattered shirt, and, with trembling, almost reverent hands, he took the penny out. He looked at it. How bright it was! He held it out to the ticket agent.

"It's—all—gone—" he sobbed, "all—but this—" The man stared at the penny. With his eyes fixed on it he put out his hand, and took the penny into it, and kept staring at it, with fascinated eyes.

"What—what's this, sonny?" he said, lifting his eyes from the penny, only to look at the miserable face of the tiny boy before him.

"It—it's—the penny—my bright penny—" he murmured. Then, seeing the expression on the other's face, he whispered:

"What—what is it?"

"What's the matter, sonny, didn't you know?" he said, and held out the ticket to him.

Jimmie-Boy stared at the man spellbound.

"Know—what?" he breathed.

"Didn't you know that this was a gold piece?"

It seemed to Jimmie-Boy that he must have known all the time.

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We will have all sorts of new entertainment and I want you to be sure to listen in on KTAB, (303 meters), Monday Night, October 4, from 5 to 6 p. m. We are going to have a big party. WE ARE GOING TO GIVE AWAY THAT NIGHT THIRTY SPLENDID PRIZES.

If you have a dog or cat that wants a good home, or if you would like a pet of your own, write and tell me about it, and I will try to find one for you. Now remember! Beginning with October 4, on every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoon, at 5 o'clock, Brother Bob will be with you.

Brother Bob, Radio Station KTAB, signing off until Monday, October 4, at 5 p. m.

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The TREASURE CHEST

for CALIFORNIA BOYS & GIRLS

VOL. I
NUMBER 6

NOVEMBER, 1926

$2.50 per year
.25 per copy

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

Frieda Kuhl is a rather big little girl. She writes lovely stories and dreams good dreams, and we are very happy when she brings us a story for the Treasure Chest. "The Castle on the Island" is so thoroughly nice that we feel sure all the folks who read it will be happier. But the interesting thing about Frieda Kuhl is that she is a big little Swiss girl. She did not speak a word of English until she came across the sea seven years ago. And now she writes such splendid English that we are proud to print her stories. We wish you would write her a letter if you like them. You may address it to this office and we will see that she gets it.

Now, Girls and Boys and Pirates, we have a grievance. We try very hard to give you what you want in your magazine, and we are particularly interested in "Your Page." But we want more poems for it, and more short stories. Betty Prell wins the prize this month for a fine story about the Enchanted Peacock. We want more Betty Prells. You surely don't want the poor, tired editor to do all the writing, do you? Then please send us your original poems and stories and let us print them.

We have many more lovely poems for this month and next month from Audrey May Wurdemann. And a wild song which you will find on the back page from Rosalie Moore of Alameda, who is sixteen years old, and knows as many funny words as ever crept into "Alice in Wonderland."

And here is the Thanksgiving Story that we promised you from Ann Breslauer. We are going to send a copy of the magazine to Ann's English teacher at Miss Harker's School in Palo Alto, and then Ann will have to live up to the standard of this story every time she hands in a composition.

By the way, we want you to be sure, each and every one of you, to fill out the enclosed Post Card. You will be surprised!

Finally, we want to remind you that it is now time to register in this office for the next short story classes, starting in January. They are for higher grammar grade and high school boys and girls; they last four months, and we know the present class is enjoying the work. It isn't really work, as a matter of fact. We listen to interesting stories, and discuss them, and write stories and send them East to magazines, and we are proving that there are a great many fine writers in California. Remember! The next classes start in January, and registration is now being received. Address, Mr. Dickson, care of Treasure Chest Short Story Classes, 1402 De Young Building, San Francisco.

Deep in the redwoods, two thousand years old,
Down in La Honda Canyon,
The fanciful features of stories oft told,
To Oliver, Betty or Stanyon,
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There's GULLIVER, bound to the earth by his hair,
As he was by the wee Lilliputians,
And a "SHIP OF THE PIRATES" who pilfered for fair,
And caused the sailors confusions,
And the SHOE known as home—to the WOMAN of 'steen generations.

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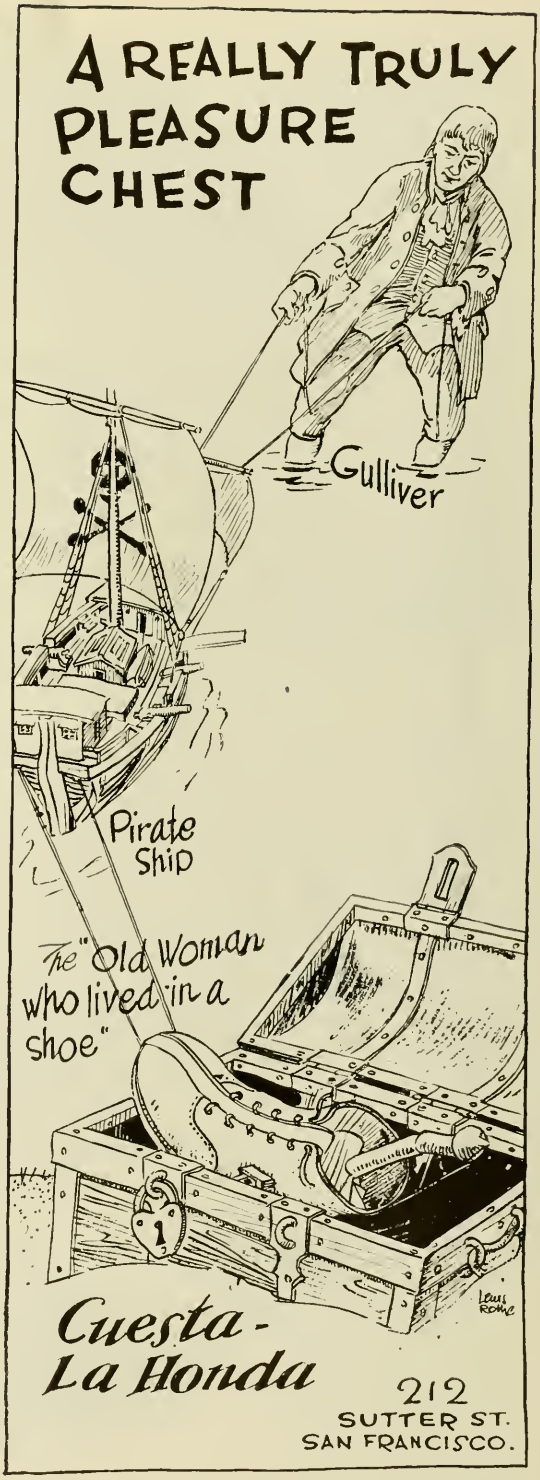

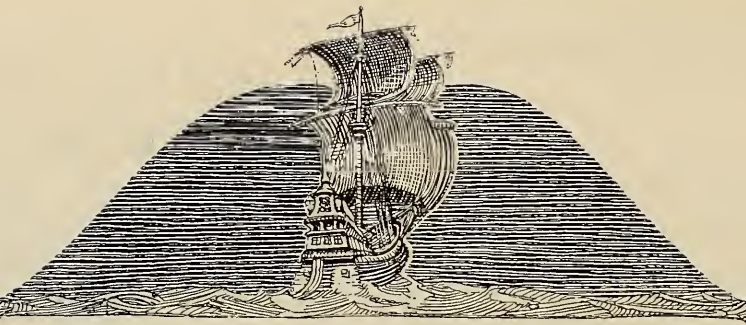

THE TREASURE CHEST

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We shall be glad to consider manuscripts available for publication. Same will be paid for at current rates. All manuscripts must be written on one side of paper, and if their return is desired, must be accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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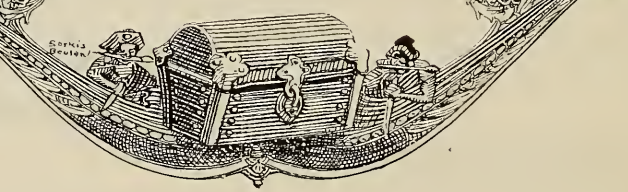

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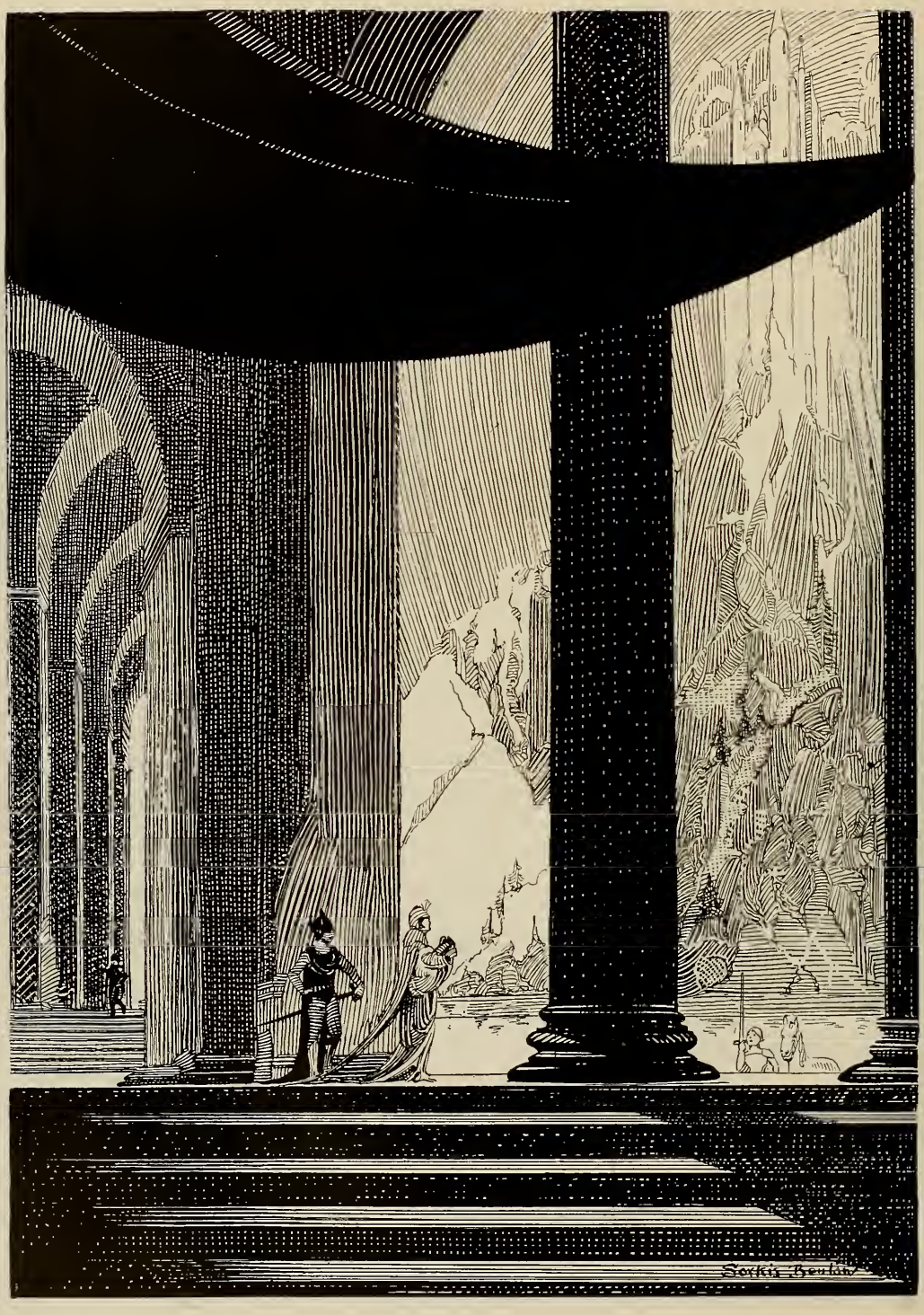

Sorkin Berlin

The Twilight of the Gods

Retold by S. B. DICKSON

A TIME of great happiness came to the hero Siegfried, and Brunhilde, the maiden of the mountains. They loved one another as mortals had never loved before. Long they sat, and planned of their future, and Siegfried told Brunhilde of his many conquests; of his welding the great sword, of his victory over the dragon, of his slaying of Mime the Niebelung, and of the golden ring and wonderful helmet that he had won. Then Brunhilde, gazing far out to the green valleys below, took up the tale, and told him of the gold of the Rhine maidens, and the curse that had fallen upon the gods. She told him how she had served his father, Siegmund, and of the punishment that Wotan had ordered her to suffer. Siegfried kneeled at her side, his eyes moist, his voice trembling with love. He drew from his finger the golden ring, and, placing it upon Brunhilde's, told her that that should be their troth.

"From this moment," he cried, "it shall become a blessing, instead of a curse, and our lives shall be as one, for ever."

Brunhilde smiled.

"It shall tell me of you always," she replied, "but you have work to be done. You are of a race of heroes, and great deeds await you among mortals. Your sword must serve you, and your strength never weaken. Go, Siegfried, and, as you love me, never forget Brunhilde."

She stood at his side, and he drew her close into his arms.

"I shall wait for you always," she whispered. "The barrier of fire shall keep me from all harm until you return. Take with you my horse, Grani. No longer can he fly through the clouds, as he did when his mistress was immortal, but he will take you through fire and water, and serve you well."

She called to the beautiful horse, and he came, whinnying, and rubbed his soft nose against Siegfried's shoulder. The boy held his bride in a long embrace, and then, leaping to the saddle, rode swiftly down the mountain, and up from the forest came the song of his bugle.

For many days and nights he rode, through dark valleys, and across rugged hills. On and on and on, and not until he had come to the river Rhine, did Siegfried draw rein. There, before him, on the crest of a hill, stood a wonderful castle. Pennants flew from its corners and turrets, and a swift river swirled about. A small boat was moored to a tree at Siegfried's feet. He turned to Grani, and commanded him to swim at his side, and then, stepping into the boat, he released the ropes, and was swiftly headed for the castle.

Within the great stone walls dwelled Gunther, the king of an ancient warrior tribe. He was a kindly man, fair in his dealings, and beloved of his subjects. With him lived a lovely young sister, named Gudrun, and a wicked, mischievous half-brother, Hagen. Hagen traced his parentage to Mime and Alberich, the Niebelungs, and, like the Niebelungs, craved gold. He was clever at unearthing strange secrets. He knew the story of the Rhinegold, and had learned, probably from his relative, Alberich, of Siegfried's conquests, and of the winning of Brunhilde. His wicked mind had at once set to work to scheme to conquer the warrior hero, and gain his treasures. In fact, on the very day that Siegfried had come to the edge of the river, he had schemed and plotted. He told his brother Gunther that it was his duty as king to take a bride. He told him of the beautiful Brunhilde, who had slept on the rocks, surrounded by fire. He told that none but the bravest of men could rescue her, and that even now, Siegfried was on that mission.

"And," he added, "you, Princess Gudrun, have been awaiting a husband, handsome and brave, and who knows but that Siegfried may be the man you await?"

Gunther interrupted him to demand how he could persuade Siegfried to win Brunhilde for him, if he, Gunther, could not pierce the flames.

"Leave that to me," Hagen replied. "I have a plan."

They had no sooner spoken than the rich call of a huntsman's horn sounded upon the river. There, beyond the battlements of the castle, the three saw Siegfried alighting from his boat. At his side stood the horse, Grani, dripping with water. Drawing his sword, he saluted Gunther and Hagen.

"I am Siegfried," he announced, "and if anyone objects to my landing on this shore, I am prepared to meet him in combat."

"That is unnecessary," replied Gunther. "If you are the Siegfried of whom we have heard, you are welcome to our hospitality."

He held out his hand to the newcomer, and led him into the halls, while Hagen took Grani to the stables and then disappeared through a secret passage that brought him to Princess Gudrun. There he told her of his scheme to win Siegfried for her, and Brunhilde for Gunther the king. He prepared a strange potion, a drink which would make the hero forget everything that had gone before. Then Gudrun, pale and lovely, came to Siegfried and offered him the golden goblet. Starting at her beauty, he drank. Like a flash all memory of Brunhilde vanished, and in him was born a deep love for the sister of Gunther.

Long into the night the three men talked, and Siegfried told the others of his new love for Gudrun, and asked her hand in marriage.

"Your wish shall be granted," said Hagen, "if in return you will win for King Gunther a maiden named Brunhilde,

who lies sleeping protected by a barrier of fire. None but the hero who can pass through fire may win her. Will you go?"

"Gladly," replied Siegfried, "but how shall I win her for Gunther?"

"You carry," the crafty Hagen smiled, "a magic helmet. You can place it on your head and take on the appearance of Gunther. Then, with Siegfried's power to pass through the fire, and Gunther's appearance, the maiden will be won."

Siegfried held out his hands. "Done!" he cried. "Let us drink a bond of brotherhood." Wine was brought in a great jug. Siegfried pricked his arm with his sword, so that a few drops fell into the wine. Gunther did the same. Then they drank, swearing a "blood brotherhood," and vowing to serve one another always.

* * * * *

High on her mountain, Brunhilde awaited the return of her boy-lover. To her in her loneliness came one day the cry of the Valkyrie:

Hoyotoho! Heiah! Heiah!

Down from the clouds rode one of her war sisters.

"Brunhilde," she cried, "the gods are sad. Trouble is everywhere, and only you can bring peace and happiness again to Walhalla. On your finger you wear the ring of the Rhine maidens, and until of your own free will you give it up to its rightful owners, the gods cannot be happy, nor the curse of the gold removed."

Brunhilde shook her head.

"The gods no longer live for me," she cried. "The love of Siegfried is all that I have in the world, and the ring that he has given me I cannot give up."

Her sister pleaded with her, but to no avail. And, hopelessly, the Valkyrie rode away. No sooner had she gone than up from the deep forests came the joyous call of Siegfried's song. Brunhilde, trembling with happiness, sprang to the edge of the rocks, as through the fire strode her lover. But she did not recognize him, for on his head he wore the magic helmet, and his form was the form of Gunther. Brunhilde fell back in dismay, and in a trembling voice, cried, "Who dares come where only the fearless hero may find a way?"

"I am king Gunther," was the reply, "and knowing the promise of Wotan, I have come to claim you as bride."

"You are mad," wept Brunhilde. "I am the promised wife of Siegfried."

Gunther laughed, and told her that Siegfried was promised to another. Then seizing the terrified war-maiden by the hand, he led her from the rock and down the way he had come to the castle on the rock. As they went he removed from her finger the golden ring and, with it, stripped her of all power.

Meanwhile, in the castle, the real Gunther awaited his promised bride, and Gudrun her hero, the while Hagen craftily schemed to take Siegfried's life and win the gold for his own evil purposes. Across the river, on the golden boat, drifted Brunhilde and Siegfried. As they alighted, Siegfried quickly took on his own form, and Gunther stepped to Brunhilde's side, clasping her hand. And so quickly was the change made that the war-maiden did not realize what had happened. But she turned and saw Siegfried, and pleaded with him, trying to revive in him the memory of the love that the magic drink had banished. It did no good. Her face was strange to the hero.

Then great plans were made for the wedding of king Gunther and Brunhilde, and the betrothal of Siegfried and Gudrun. The vassals of the king were sent out to kill wild boars and pheasants and all manner of game for the great feast that would celebrate the occasion. The guests came from miles around, bearing wondrous gifts, and in the castle revelry and music and happy voices of singing hundreds rang out.

Then was planned a great hunt for the pleasure of the guests. The forest rang with the baying of dogs and the champing of bits and crashing and flashing of armor. Out into the wild forest rode the huntsmen, and, as they went, Siegfried, on his horse Grani, took a by-path and was separated from his comrades. Tired, he dismounted, and rested on the edge of the Rhine. Then as half awake he dreamed of Gudrun, the waters of the Rhine parted, and there appeared before him, playing and splashing, three Rhine maidens. They spied Siegfried, and swam about him, and finally one saw the golden ring upon his finger. They pleaded with him to return it to them, and they were so pretty and gay that he was about to consent. But he hesitated a moment, and then one of the maidens cried out, "Do not hesitate. The ring carries a curse to whoever owns it. Throw it quickly to us before it brings unhappiness to you." Siegfried laughed, and shook his head. "You are singing your song," he said, "to wrong ears. All my life I have sought fear, and never found it. The ring stays with me. Farewell."

Back to the castle of king Gunther he rode, enjoying the merrymakers at the banquet boards. Great platters of fruit were borne into the halls. Great flagons of wine were passed from hand to hand. Wild boars were roasted whole, and were carried on the shoulders of slaves, and birds of every color hung before the open fires. Music was everywhere, and rejoicing and revelry. Then, when all had eaten and drunk their fill, and new entertainments were sought, Hagen arose and demanded that Siegfried tell of his brave adventures.

Hagen passed goblets of wine to each one present, and, when no one watched, poured into Siegfried's cup a few drops of a potion that would bring back his memory.

So Siegfried told of his youth, in the forest with Mime. He told of the great sword he had welded, and of his fight with the dragon. All the guests shivered, and Gudrun kept close to him and rested her cheek on his arm as he spoke. He told of the slaying of Fafner, and of the death of Mime, then, rising to his feet, he pointed to the heights across the river.

"I rode," he said, "far into the fastness of the mountains. Night and day I rode, and came to a barrier of fire. Striding through the flames, I found upon the high rocks a maiden more beautiful than the sunlight, more fair than day; her name was ————." He hesitated, and pressed his hand to his forehead, and all the guests hung eagerly upon his words.

"Her name," he murmured, "her name . . . . it was Brunhilde."

Suddenly it all came back in a flash. "Brunhilde!" he cried. "My beloved! Why have you been parted from me?"

Then he staggered and fell. Hagen had struck him treacherously from the rear.

"What have you done?" shouted the king, and all the guests cried out, and Gudrun, swooning, sank to the floor.

"I have slain a traitor," announced Hagen. "Did you not hear him say that he had sought Brunhilde before wedding Princess Gudrun? Brunhilde herself had ordered his death. He had sworn a blood brotherhood with you, the king, and broken faith with you."

"No, no," cried Brunhilde, sinking to the side of the dying hero. "I see it all now. The curse of the ring was upon us, and you knew not what you did."

She lifted his head upon her lap, and tried to pour wine between his lips.

"Brunhilde," he whispered. "I—have—sought—you. Brunhilde—mother—we—will—not—part—."

And so, the hero who had never known fear, died.

* * * * *

Long Brunhilde grieved, and wept. Then her pride returned and she commanded that a great funeral pyre be builded for the fallen hero. At sunset, the task was completed, and the body was placed on a mass of logs. A torch was lighted and applied. As the heap burst into flames, Brunhilde called her steed Grani and mounted it.

Hoyotoho! Heiah! Heiah!

She sang, for the last time, the song of the Valkyrie.

"Siegfried, beloved, I come to thee." Straightway into the fire she rode, and the flames leaped high, and hid Grani from view. But out of the midst of the funeral pyre Brunhilde's voice called to the maidens of the Rhine:

"Behold the ring! The ring of the Curse! Come, take it, and let gods and men be relieved of its wickedness."

Then a wondrous thing happened. A great wave rose out of the bed of the river. On its crest rode the Rhine maidens. On rushed the waves, and swept higher and higher, quenching the fire. There was a gleam of gold, and the ring flashed and fell into the hands of a maiden. Into the waves dashed Hagen, trying to seize the treasure, but he was swept away. And when peace and quiet was restored, and the waves had receded, no sign was left of the funeral pyre, nor Grani the steed, nor Brunhilde, maiden of the Valkyrie, nor Siegfried, son of the gods. The curse of the ring was ended.

Slowly a red glow kindled the sky. Swiftly it spread, like the light of a blazing sun. The multitudes gathered around and gazed in wonder. For there, in the great distance, Walhalla was fading in flames. With the recovery of the gold had come the doom of the gods. The reign of Wotan was at an end. The era of mortals had begun. And from thence onward, the way of man was to lead to newer and better life. Yesterday was dead, and tomorrow lay before them.

[THE END]

PUMPKINS

By Audrey May Wurdemann

Pumpkin jack o' lanterns
Are fun, 'tis plainly seen,
When sheet-clad ghosts and witches
Come forth on Hallowe'en.

Pumpkins are quite useful,
Nobody can deny.
But the best thing about pumpkins
Is pun'
Kin
Pie!

Pumpkin jack o' lanterns
Would scare most anyone,
So, if you see one coming,
The best thing is to run.
Oh, pumpkins are so useful
For jack o' lanterns scary,
But Hallowe'en will pass quite soon
With ghost and goblin fairy.

And then, what of the pumpkins?
Nobody can deny,
The thing to do with pumpkins is
Eat pun'
Kin
Pie!

THE TREASURE

By John Wooster

We organized a treasure hunt
  Like buccaneers of old.
To find some treasure buried deep
By hands long since reposed in sleep;
And so, our new-found wealth we'd keep
  And revel in its gold.

We traveled foreign lands afar;
  We braved the stormy Main.
And like adventurers of old,
We added to our stores of gold
Until our wealth was all untold.
  Then we came home again.

You know our trip was all suppose,
  And our world, a nearby fen,
And our treasures great were flowers fair,
White irises and maiden hair;
But no earth-bound wealth is one-half as fair
  As the flowers out of our glen.

LITTLE SUN-BROWNED BABIES

Little sun-browned babies
  Playing in the sand,
Build up mighty castles
  On the wave-washed strand.

Little sun-browned babies
  Shape the sand in ridges,
Into seaside ramparts,
  Ever-growing ridges.

Little sun-browned babies
  Fill their pails with sand,
Building architecture
  In this No Man's Land.

—Audrey May Wurdemann.

A SESSION WITH THE RHYMING DICTIONARY

The clock is striking on the stair,
And, wakened by the sun's bright glare,
I must not let my temper flare
Because in bed I can't stay, where
I linger, spite intentions fair.
I must not to warm bed compare
The chill invigorating air
For fear that seized by despair
To get right up I will forbear.
This sentiment I am aware
A few there are who with me share.
And tho beneath my breath I swear
(Of swearing, children, oh beware!)
And wish myself a millionaire
So that I would not have to care
If lazy habits did ensnare,
From this snug nest myself I tear
And dash up to the big arm-chair,
Where hang the clothes that I must wear.
Next, to the closet I must fare
To find of shoes a polished pair.
I cannot find them—I declare
I really thought I put them there!
O dear! It gives me such a scare—
I have so little time to spare!
O, there they are—beneath a chair.
To give the mirror one last stare,
To put in place that wisp of hair,
And miss the street-car I don't dare.
So, looking far from debonair,
With haste I off to school repair.

Helen Winslow Stanford.
KKG, Stanford University.

IF I COULD BE A FAIRY

If I could be a fairy,
  I'd wear a flower gown.
I'd never choose a dull hue,
  Like tan, or grey, or brown.

But I would wear a bluet
  For a bonnet, upside down.
A fluted hollyhock of rose
  Would serve me for a gown.

I'd choose a cloak of maple,
  And shoes of silver down,
That grows on pussy willows,
  A star-flower for my crown.

If I could be a fairy,
  I'd wear a flower gown.
I'd never choose a dull hue,
  Like tan, or grey, or brown.

Audrey May Wurdemann

KING BANTAM

A Liliputian king,
  With a red crown on his head,
And golden feathered wing,
  With breast of brownish red,

He struts upon the green,
  With haughtily held head.
His back, a satin sheen,
  Has glints of purple red.

He rouses all the world
  With head tip-tilted high,
With red crown slightly curled
  He flings a clarion cry.

Audrey May Wurdemann

The Fairy Who Left Home

A Story in Which Some May Learn How Music Came Into the World

Related by GEORGE A. OPPEN

ALL OF Fairyland was in a great bustle; at least as great a bustle as ever there can be in Fairyland. It was not like the bustle of men and women . . . (I'm too polite to say: and children). The Fairies did not interfere with one another. They did not get in one another's way. They did not rush around, turning up their hands, saying, "Goodness, I'm so excited!" The fairies, unlike men and women . . . (I promised not to say: and children) . . . think of the thing which first attracts their attention, and not of themselves and of what will happen to them.

On the contrary, the fairies were quite still. But they were very thoughtful and very thankful, and the bustle was made by their thoughts and by their thanks which floated into the air and glided slowly —very slowly—down to earth. It is because fairies are made by people that their thoughts must float down to earth.

Now, it was only natural that the fairies should be excited. A new fairy baby had been born. Of him the King said he would one day make a greater magic than the fairies had ever lived of. If he had been a man-king he would have said, "a greater magic than the fairies have ever dreamed of." But the fairies always said "lived of." You see, when a fairy-baby is wished for, the artists of Fairyland gather together all the loveliest dreams of man-children and mold them into a lovely white form. And they color it with the flush that lies on sleeping children's cheeks. They put the half-born fairy before the lips of a child that smiles in his sleep, and life enters into the child-fairy. And so, of course, the lives of the fairies are dreams; children's dreams. That is why it is so important that your dreams should be beautiful. Otherwise there would be no more fairies.

As the boy grew he became more beautiful every night. And his hair became the silver-gold that lies so softly on a lake. And his face became sadder and kinder. His eyes became more gentle and deep, so that anyone who looked into them thought how pleasant it would be to lose one's self, wandering in their long, strange vistas.

Most of the time the boy spent with his two friends, Loveliness and Romance; Loveliness who named him "Melody," and Romance, who called him "Joy." The fairies called him sometimes the one and sometimes the other, just as they pleased. Personally, I shall call him "Melody."

The people of Fairyland taught Melody the magic that they knew. Then, it all depended upon the eyes of men; some people could never be made to see him, and still others thought he was only the sound of a horse-hair scraped across a string to make people laugh and dance.

Melody was very happy until a lame-footed, sharp-eyed old witch named Logic heard of the fairy-boy. She heard it rumored that one day he would make such mighty magic that he would drive all the witches from the world. Logic decided to capture him while he was still young and weak. So, when he was walking with his two friends one day, she suddenly appeared and cast a spell to drive the boy away. But Loveliness cast a spell in return, and the two magics met in a flash of vivid light. Down on earth men trembled and thought strange thoughts which puzzled them afterwards. And no one could understand what was happening except one baby, who said: "The fairies are fighting." But his mother thought he said "Da-da," and told her friends how clever he was; "so old for his age," she explained.

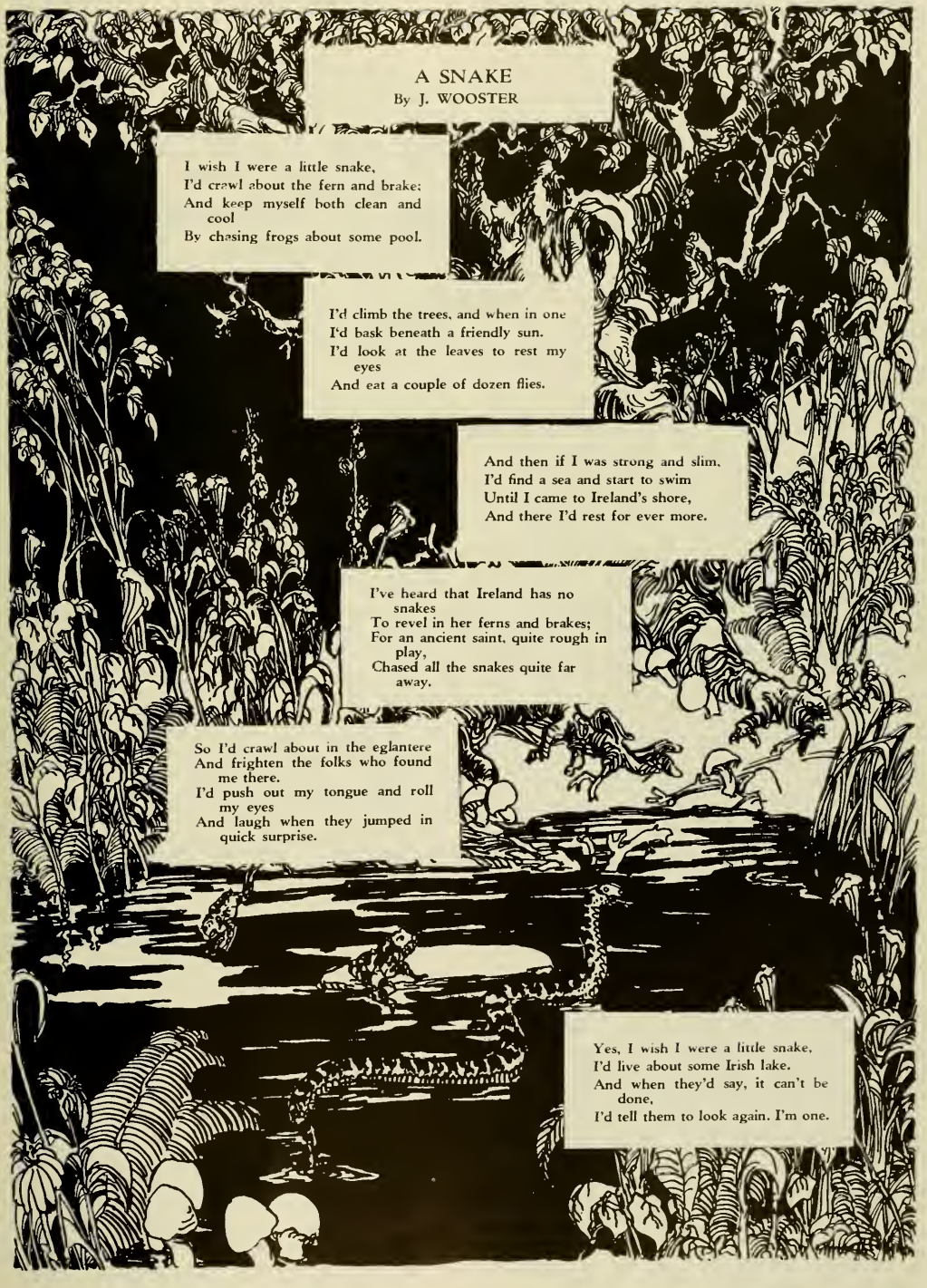
And then . . and then the witch cast a greater spell which she called the Wish-For-Respect. And the boy was almost forced to go with her. But Loveliness and Romance held him back. Then the witch cast a still greater and more terrible spell which was called Fear. It was like a comet—a flash of light with a long tail. Then the boy could no longer see Loveliness nor Romance, and could not hear them call. He flew away with Logic, not knowing where he was going, but often looking back for his two friends.

Soon they reached a thick wood. It was so dark that Melody could see almost nothing except that which was right in front of him. The witch insisted that it was light enough to see everything clearly —everything that one needed to see, at least. Of course she did not know of the things that could be seen by the light of Fairyland, for when she went there, accidentally or on business, she kept her eyes resolutely shut.

Right in the center of the thick wood was the witch's house. It had been built so as to be very strong and solid, and had but one window—and that of the smallest—so that she might not hear the thunder nor see the lightning. But in building her house the witch had forgotten one thing. In shutting out the thunder and the lightning, she had shut out the sunlight and the moonlight and the sight of growing flowers. Of course it's nice to watch the lightning and to hear the thunder, too, but it would be no use to tell her that.

Melody, still under her spell, followed the witch into her house. In it he found that all but one chair were so covered with spikes that he could not possibly sit down in them. The witch was very much ashamed of the one chair that he could use, and so she had put many screens around it. This was because it was very old, having come down from her great-great-great-grandmother, who had been given it by the fairies. So, as soon as Logic saw the boy sitting in the chair, she pulled him from it, and carefully rearranged the screens. Then she led him down a dark passage and into the strongest of the dungeons. Melody could see that the cell had once been very beautiful, but the flowers had been neither changed nor watered, and were dead and dry. In the windows were bars that cast their shadows within the room. The witch went back along the passage, and Commonsense, who the witch thought was her servant, but who was really her stingy mistress, locked the door behind her.

(Continued on Page 208)



A SNAKE

By J. WOOSTER

I wish I were a little snake,
I'd crawl about the fern and brake;
And keep myself both clean and cool
By chasing frogs about some pool.

I'd climb the trees, and when in one
I'd bask beneath a friendly sun.
I'd look at the leaves to rest my eyes
And eat a couple of dozen flies.

And then if I was strong and slim,
I'd find a sea and start to swim
Until I came to Ireland's shore,
And there I'd rest for ever more.

I've heard that Ireland has no snakes
To revel in her ferns and brakes;
For an ancient saint, quite rough in play,
Chased all the snakes quite far away.

So I'd crawl about in the eglantere
And frighten the folks who found me there.
I'd push out my tongue and roll my eyes
And laugh when they jumped in quick surprise.

Yes, I wish I were a little snake,
I'd live about some Irish lake.
And when they'd say, it can't be done,
I'd tell them to look again. I'm one.

STOWAWAY

By JOHN B. WOOSTER

Illustrated by Cecilia Nelson

THE quay at New Bedford was a thing of life. A full moon lighted the water. Shadows darted in and out, busily. In the morning the sword-fishing fleet would up anchor and sail out into the deep blue. Tackle groaned, and ships rubbed protestingly against the piles that supported the pier. Ship after ship floated away to rest in the further waters of the bay. Soon only the "Mary" was left, tied to the dock.

The "Mary" was not beautiful, even by moonlight. Most of the paint had fallen from her sides, her deck was not "Hollied" and her rigging was poor and insecure. But then the "Mary" did not have as large a crew as the other ships. She had been "low-notcher" for the past three years; her catch small, and a small catch means small pay. Sailor men do not like a poor ship.

Captain Laid, skipper of the "Mary," paced his deck impatiently. He often bent his back to help the crew lift heavy loads of gear. He was worried. If he did not make a good catch this year, he was in danger of losing his ship.

Out of the shadows at the far end of the quay, a form appeared. It came nearer to the "Mary," but everyone was so busy that no attention was paid. It looked about, and seeing no one watching, leaped on board and secreted itself under a mass of tackle. A short time later the work was completed and the ship drew away from the pier.

From under a mass of gear in the bow of the boat a head popped out and looked about. It was a very pleasing head; a mass of sandy hair, a freckled face, and eyes that seemed to laugh with the sheer love of life. Seeing no one on the decks, the boy stood up. He was, perhaps, seventeen or eighteen years of age. He wore black jeans and a flannel shirt of deep blue. He leaned against the rail and looked longingly ashore. A cloud passed over his eyes, and he recalled the circumstances that had led to his stowing away.

He had been drifting about the town, without funds and without occupation. An officer had arrested him. He had been charged with vagrancy. Brought before the burly desk-sergeant at the city jail, he pleaded that he had been unable to find steady work.

"What's your name, boy?" he had been asked.

"Ben Grimes, sir."

"Where you from?"

"I was born in Boston."

"Where're your folks?"

"Oh, somewheres about."

"Don't you know?"

"I'm not just certain."

"Well, Ben Grimes from Boston, either get out of town in twenty-four hours, or get a steady occupation, or go to jail."

"I'll get out, sir."

Ben had turned to go, when he was called back. The desk-sergeant was no longer glowering.

"Boy, when did you eat last?" he had demanded.

"Yesterday."

"Take this and get something to eat." The man handed Ben a coin, and, with a wave of his hand, silenced the boy's thanks.

Ben had put away a good meal with the dollar that the kindly officer had given him. Then he had gone to the quay and hidden on board the "Mary." Hearing a footstep coming up the stairs from the cabin, he had hidden motionless in a mass of gear. He was not so badly cramped that he could not sleep, and a little later he was snoring away in perfect contentment.

He was awakened by the rolling motion of the boat; he yawned and sat upright. A sailor saw him, and, catching him by the arm, took him "before the mast."

Captain Laid grinned at the newcomer.

"What are you doing on my ship, swab?" he demanded.

"Leaving New Bedford."

"Don't get funny. And say 'sir' when you speak to me."

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you stow away?"

"The police gave me twenty-four hours to get out of town, sir."

"What did the police want you for?"

"Vagging."

"Well, the police won't call you a vag, and we'll see how much work you're going to do on this ship."

"I wanted to work, sir."

"You'll get plenty of it. Know anything about fishing?"

"A little, sir."

"I guess precious little. Well, I'll start you in as a cabin boy, and let you show what you've got."

"Ay ay, sir."

Ben was put to work. He liked it. He liked the sea and the roving life. They sailed out into the North, and a couple of days later were over the sword-fish grounds. All hands got busy rigging tackle. The irons were sharpened, and the shafts were sanded until they offered no resistance to the hand. Then Captain Laid put the ship around, in ever increasing circles. Soon from aloft came the familiar cry, "Fin back." A sleeping fish lay on the surface of the sea, his great fin above the water.

Captain Laid climbed out on the peak, and stood with the iron in his hand. Nearer and nearer crept the boat, and soon the bowsprit was directly over the sleeping sword-fish. With a quick jerk the Captain hurled the iron-shod harpoon. It penetrated the fish's back, the shaft jerked loose and came back, but the iron, with its yards of line, running to a great keg of line, remained in the back of the fish. So well had the skipper's arm delivered the stroke that the fish died without a struggle. It was brought on board, and then Ben found the joker. It was his duty to break the fish's long snout, or sword. He had to clean and ice the carcass, and dirty work he found it. Then came a period of aching back and tired arms, of unpleasant work, and lots of it. Ben noticed one thing: they got a good catch of fish only because there were so many fish about them. Captain Laid missed more often than he hit, and, while he had been lucky the first time, there were few iron kills. Ben watched each shot, and saw the captain generally overshoot, the iron passing through the water above the fish.

Soon the luck passed, and for two days there was no sight of a fish, Ben's work became easier, and he loafed about on deck. The third afternoon after the fall-off, he wondered how it felt to be in the peak of a ship, so, when no one was watching, he climbed out.

He picked up one of the harpoons, that were always carried in the peak, and idly moved it back and forth, to get the feel of it. Suddenly he saw a great fish rising in the water below. Without conscious thought, he drove the harpoon down. It was a clean strike.

"Stand by!" he bawled.

The men at first thought it was a jest, but when they saw the boy tugging at the line, they dropped the mains'l and headway fell off. Ben prepared himself for a struggle . . . and then he saw that the fish was dead. He was about to drop the gaff and pull the fish on board, when he saw another, far larger than the first, also rising.

At this moment Captain Laid came forward to see who had dared to order sail dropped. He saw the cabin boy standing at the peak, he saw the lad's arm raised and plunged downward with a great sweep. Then he heard the familiar "zzzzzzzzzzzsssssssssshhhhhhhh" of the line as it left the barrel. Soon it was all out, and the keg tore overboard and whirled about in the water in frantic circles. The Captain ordered the boat over the side to regain the keg, and then turned to the boy.

"Why didn't you call me to drive that iron?"

"I thought that I could do it, sir, besides, the fish was coming up and there would not have been time."

"Where did you get him?"

"In the middle of the back, sir."

"Who taught you to use an iron?"

Ben laughed and shrugged. The Captain looked at the peak a moment and demanded:

"Where is the other iron?"

"In the dead fish, sir."

"What, you ironed a dead fish?"

"No, sir, he wasn't dead when I hit him."

Unable to believe his ears, the Captain looked below, and, sure enough, there was a beautiful specimen floating stomach up.

The Captain laughed.

"Well done, lad. Perhaps I'll let you try again some time."

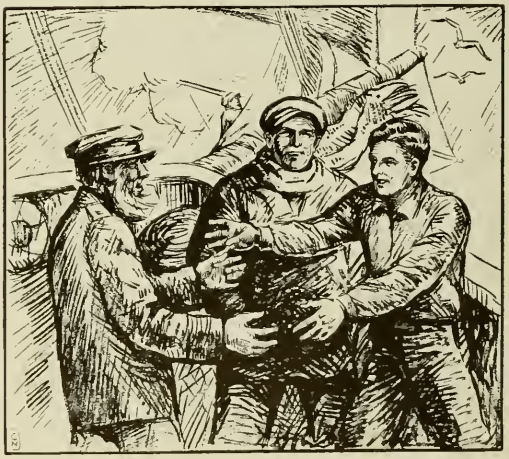
He was well pleased. Here was a lucky pick-up that would go a long way toward paying off his debt. The crew returned with the second fish, and it was cleaned and iced away in the hold. Then a great school of fish broke water. Captain Laid climbed to the peak, and, turning, called, "Ben!"

"Ay ay, sir."

"Want to come up here?"

"I'll say I do."

"Come on, then, and don't stand there mooning about it."



Ben needed no second invitation. He quickly gained the peak, and the two stood like two pieces of stone, staring at the water. A fish broke the surface. The Captain's arm shot downward, the iron missed the fish, fell into the water, and was reclaimed. Then Ben drove, and thrilled to see his iron bite. From then on there was a swirl of tortured water, the breaking of great fish, the swishing of lines. The men worked as they had never worked before. As fast as Ben would drive an iron, another would be thrust into his hand. The game was on. Finally, when the last iron had been driven, the boy relaxed. Six kegs were hopping about the water in circles and all of the dories had from three to six fish in them. In addition, about ten were already gaffed and lying on the deck. All in all, the pocket had netted them thirty fish, and this, added to the twenty-five fish in the hold, represented a wonderful catch.

From then on Ben was given the position of harpooner, and luck continued to follow the "Mary" about the blue waters of the Atlantic. Hardly a day went by but that three or four fish were killed, cleaned, and iced away. At the end of the season the ship carried over a hundred and fifty fish. Then Captain Laid called Ben to his cabin.

"Ben, my lad, who are you?"

"Ben Grimes, sir."

"Lay off the duff. No lubber ever handled an iron like that."

Ben just grinned. "I don't know much about it, sir," he said.

Captain Laid cocked his head. His mild blue eyes sparkled a little. Then he slapped the boy heartily upon the back.

"Ben, you're either a wonder or a whopping liar."

"I don't think I'm a wonder, sir."

"Neither do I," laughed the Captain. "Ben, we've got a big full hold, and now we're going home. If I get there in time to be the second or third in, all of my worries will be over. We've got almost forty-five thousand pounds of fish stowed away." The Captain smiled, and then, turning, left the cabin and ordered all sail.

The "Mary," with a good bit in her teeth, her canvas bellying, and laying almost on her taffrail in the sea, charged over the water like a race horse. The second day in, they passed another of the fleet, but she had her boats out, and the men on the "Mary" knew that she was beaten in the race.

Ben leaned over the rail and gazed long and soberly at that ship. A little frown passed over his brow; a hurt look loomed in his eyes. Captain Laid, passing, clapped him on the shoulder and asked him of what he was dreaming, but Ben only shook his head and gave no sign of the memories that the passing ship had awakened in his mind.

Two days later the "Mary" was tied to the quay, and eager viers lined the pier. The "Mary," the joke of every fisherman, was high-notcher. Also she carried the record weight of all high-notchers. Captain Laid had no trouble in disposing of his catch, at fancy prices. The crew were paid off, and left the ship in good humor. Ben started to follow them, but was stopped at the rail by the Captain.

"Ben, how much do you think you have coming to you?"

"Nothin', sir. I was a stowaway."

"That's how I made my first trip, son. But you get a share, and, moreover, next year you're going with me again."

"Thank you, sir."

"And, Ben—"

"Yes, sir."

"I want you to stay on board a day or two. You can be of some help to me."

The boy gladly agreed, and the two busied themselves dressing the ship for a period of inactivity. Two days passed. Then another boat came into New Bedford harbor. Her captain could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the "Mary," nor trust his ears when he heard of her great catch.

"I'm going over and see how the old fossil did it."

In a few moments the dory had carried him to the foot of the "Mary's" ladder, and the newcomer clambered on deck.

"Avast, there, you lucky swab. How did you do it?" he roared.

"Do what, Jamie?" calmly demanded Captain Laid.

"Come in high, you sea lawyer."

Captain Laid laughed and waved a hand towards Ben. The newcomer's jaw dropped. He struggled for words. He shook his head as if dazed. Ben came up to him, hands outstretched.

The stranger held out his arms. His jaws trembled until his white fringe of whiskers appeared to be shivering with cold. He gulped. The Captain looked from one to the other in amazement.

"What's it all about?" he demanded.

The stranger shook his head, as if he did not hear him.

"I was wrong, laddie," he grumbled. "Come home with me. I didna want you to follow the sea, but it's in your blood."

And Ben turned to Captain Laid.

"It's my dad, sir!" he exclaimed, and blushed. Captain Laid leaned against the rail of the ship, a light of understanding dawned in his eyes.

"Now I know why the kid brought me in high-notcher," he roared. "I should have guessed when I saw him hurl the iron. He's the son of his father, and that's that."

Captain Jamie Grimes grinned proudly.

"How many pounds did you bring in, Laid?" he asked.

"Forty-five thousand," said Captain Laid.

"And you, Jamie?"

"Forty-five thousand," responded Captain Jamie Grimes.

LIMERICK NUMBER ONE

A tutor who taught on the flute,
Tried to teach two young tooters to toot.
Said the two to the tutor,
"Is it harder to toot, or
To tutor two tooters to toot?"

The Browns' Thanksgiving Troubles

By ANN BRESLAUER

Illustrated by Della Taylor

EVERYTHING was disorder and tumult in the Brown house. For, no wonder! it was one o'clock Thanksgiving Day and the turkey had not yet arrived. The worst part of it was that the Browns were expecting company for dinner, which was to be served at five.

Dinah, the negress cook, was pacing impatiently up and down the kitchen floor softly muttering, "Oh, lawsy, lawsy, if that there toikey don't come, I'se just gonna swear, I is."

Dinah was not the only one waiting for either the guests or the turkey, preferably the latter, for behind each window in the living room a tiny face was stationed. These little sentinels were the three Brown children, Tommie, aged three; Jimmie, six; and Sally, eight. The first one to spy the expressman was to get three cents.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown were upstairs nervously dressing. What would the company think? Had there been any accident in the ordering of the bird, or had the truck collided with something on the way to the Brown residence?

Mrs. Brown was having more trouble than the rest of the family, even the clumsy Dinah (whose potatoes were getting cold) for she was having a terrible time making Mr. Brown swallow his cough medicine.

After several unsuccessful attempts, however, Mrs. Brown threw the now almost empty bottle out of the window, frightening both chickens below and puny Mr. Brown, who never could tell when his wife was going to throw something. (Being so small, Mr. Brown wasn't much of a target.)

Downstairs the three bosses of the Brown household were getting tired of standing in one spot, for goodness knows how long, so into the kitchen they stalked.

There was Dinah, kneeling over the huge pan that the turkey should have been in, but wasn't. Slowly she said, "Lawsy, Lawsy, make that there toikey come. Here is my vittles all gettin' cold. I'se never done seen the Lawd disappoint me."

"Dinah," broke in a soft, babyish voice, of course no other than one of the Brown Juniors, "Dinah, what you prayin' for?"

"Lawsy, Lawsy, chillans, you be a prayin', too, if your toikey never camed and your maw a throwin' bottles out of the winder. Some day you'll come in an' see you'h good ole Dinah jest naturally petrified from fright. Now up to the nursery with yous."

So up to the nursery the Juniors trotted, one behind the other, like Chinamen.

At two o'clock the doorbell rang. What commotion! The turkey, the turkey! ! !

Down the stairs slid Mr. Brown, with Mrs. Brown following with a tablespoon and a bottle of cough medicine in one hand, (Mrs. Brown was always so handy at having extras in the house), and in the other a Bible, evidently for Mr. Brown if he took the medicine. (If he didn't, he would need more than a Bible.) As husband and loving wife came to the landing, Dinah suddenly emerged from nowhere and, with a frightful crash, all of her 190 pounds were on top of Mr. Brown's 90 pounds. Then Mrs. Brown on top of that! Of course, nothing could be more pleasant than to have at that moment the Brown Juniors on top of the Brown Seniors. As they

slid down the bannister, however, the children suddenly missed their aim and did not go on top of the dazed heap below them, but to the side, tearing a large rent in Sally's dress, giving Tommie a black eye, as he hit against his father's foot, while Jimmie fell against a statue, breaking it into a thousand pieces.

Again the doorbell rang. Up jumped Dinah, wiping the spilled cough medicine out of her eyes. As she opened the door, who should enter—but the guests. Of all the things that should happen. "Why were people so punctual?" Mr. Brown would have asked if he had been conscious, but after having been used as a chaise-longue by someone twice his weight, no wonder he had swooned.

Everything was confusion—the children crying, Mr. Brown's coughing, even while he was seeing stars and hearing thunder, and Dinah's, "Oh, Lawsy, Lawsy."

"Why, how do you do, dear?" asked Mrs. Brown, embracing her friend, Mrs. Casey. "Really it seems so good to see you again. We have just had an accident. Why, I do believe my dear husband is awakening. Really, dear, you have gotten fat! That's right, Dinah, you may leave now," as Dinah removed her sylph-like form gracefully (?) from the room.

"And really, dear," turning to Mrs. Casey again, "really I'm so glad you came."

In the meantime, Mr. Casey had attended to Mr. Brown, who had come to. He was, in fact, his usual meek little self again.

Into the living room Mrs. Brown took their guests, talking constantly.

"Mrs. Casey, don't you think it is lovely for the children to have Thanksgiving. My great uncle's second cousin always said that turkey was good for children, and I always feed my darling husband with the drumstick to make him strong. You should see how Mrs. Warren looks, and, as I have said before, you really don't know

how fat you've gotten. Oh, yes, I've lost three pounds. You know, the turkey smells so good in the pan out in the kitchen. What is the matter, dearie, you haven't spoken at all since you came? Did you hear about Edna? I must tell you about her after dinner."

On and on, Mrs. Brown talked, of a hundred things. Mrs. Casey should have a medal if she could have gotten a word in edgewise, and the two henpecked hubbies should have gotten five medals each. Plainly could be seen who were the bosses of both families.

There was a loud ring at the doorbell. Mrs. Brown answered it, while Dinah slowly came forward to assist in anything that she may be needed for.

An expressman entered as the door was opened.

"Mrs. Brown, mam," he began, "I had a————" Here he was interrupted by wild yells from the stairs. This was followed by three children, one with a black eye.

"Well, as I was goin' to say," the man began again, "I had a turkey for you, but it dropped out and I couldn't find it nowheres."

"Hackwelder, Hackwelder, see what you have done," screamed his loving wife.

"Mama, I wanta turkey," from Jimmie.

"Bah hoo hoo," Tommie's contribution to the noise.

"If you don't give us turkey, mama, I'm going to buy an all-day sucker," the outburst from Sally.

At last things were quiet, with the exception of Mrs. Brown's melodious voice, Mr. Brown's coughing, and Tommie bawling.

"See what you have done, Hackwelder? Oh, where is that turkey."

At this point, Mrs. Casey marched in.

"The turkey?" she asked. "Why, Lizzie Brown, you told me a white lie as sure as I stand here. You said that

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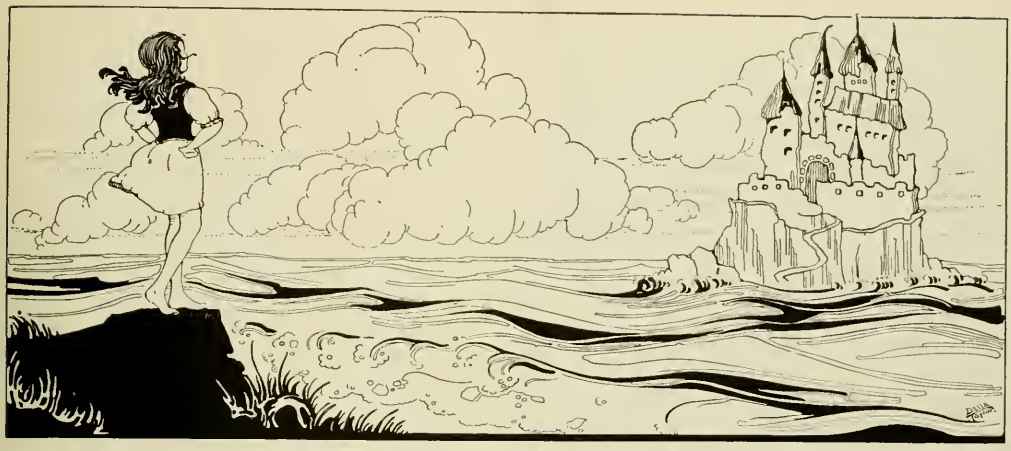


THE CASTLE ON THE ISLAND

By FRIEDA KUHL

Illustrated by Della Taylor

THE sea-wind blew through the haunted, deserted ruins of the castle on the island, and over the water to the shores of Italy. Sandra stood on a high rock, dusky hair blowing gently in the wind, dark, eager face alight with the wonder of the new day. She stood poised gently, dangling one little bare foot in the air, her short red skirt swaying with the wind, her hands at her waist, just below the tight black velvet bodice that she wore. Her eyes, with the happiness and sunshine of twelve Italian summers shining in them, looked away out to the dark form of the castle rising high above the water, on a small, bare island. There was something tragic about that ruined castle as it stood out dark against the blue of the water, the blueness of the sky beyond showing through the small, irregular holes that appeared here and there. Once, long ago, they had been windows; and the small pile of rocks at the top had been a strong, proud turret, waving the pennant of her who dwelt within it.

Sandra had gazed at the castle, many, many times, and dreamed; dreamed that she herself had been the beautiful lady who was once said to have lived there. And then Sandra's hair would be gold, spun gold, and her eyes would be blue: the blue of the North; and her feet would be clad in tiny golden slippers, and her gown would be of soft, fairy-like weave.

Sandra turned her eyes away to look at the small figure that was running towards her. She smiled. How like little Gianni to be up early and down to the shore in no time, when she was there, perched high on her rock! She stepped down, her feet sinking into the soft sand, and caught the small boy as he stopped, breathless, dark curls moist on his forehead.

"Why did you run so, Gianni?" asked Sandra, as she pushed back the damp curls with her brown hand.

"I—" started the child, then, taking a long breath, he continued, "I—was afraid you might go by the other path."

Sandra sank on the sand, and, tucking her feet under her scarlet skirt, just gazed out to the sea again and to the castle on the island. She said nothing.

"Sandra," whispered Gianni, "Sandra, tell me—the story."

The girl looked at him, then away. The boy waited breathlessly. For many, many days she had promised to tell him the story of the castle. A smile came into Sandra's face, and a raptured look shone in her dark eyes.

"Many, many years ago," she began, "there lived a mighty king, who had a young, beautiful sister. Her hair was golden, and her eyes were blue; she wore a dress of soft, fairy-like weave, and on her feet she wore tiny shoes of gold . . . " There was silence for a minute, then:

"She loved the sea; loved it dearly. So her brother, the king, built her a beautiful castle on a small island not far from the shore. The princess never left her castle, she loved it so. She just sat by her window and looked out at the sea. She was very happy. But one day a great storm came up, and, as she sat, she noticed that the water was rising higher, higher, ever higher. A great fear came to her. With her servants she ran up the stairs to the turret and looked down. The water was still rising. It seemed, almost, as if it was the island that was sinking. After many, many hours, the water slowly went down again, and they were safe. But the king, when he heard of this, commanded the princess to come and live with him. She

refused to leave her castle. So the king, torn by a great fear for her if she lived there, ordered his slaves to build a great tunnel under the water. The water, at regular times, was shallow, so it was possible for the tunnel to be built. The task took a year. One end of it opened into a dark cellar in the castle, and the other end came out on the shore on the other side. The king, reassured, went back to his kingdom and the princess lived there and looked out at sea, and dreamed, and dreamed . . . "

Little Gianni heaved a deep sigh.

"Sandra—not—not—really?"

The girl didn't answer. In her eyes was still the raptured, far-away look.

"Sandra—let's—let's go over—over there," he whispered.

The girl looked at him quickly.

"How?" Then she followed Gianni's gaze as it rested on the little row boat that was heaving gently up and down with the lapping of the waves against the shore.

She sprang up.

"Gianni!"

"Sandra!" The boy rose quickly, and stood proudly, with all the height of his ten years.

"You—you needn't be afraid, Sandra," he said breathlessly. "I—I'll take care of you." He took her hand, and, together, they ran down to the boat. Their hearts were thumping madly. It was a forbidden thing, this that they were doing. No one ever dared venture to the deserted castle on the island. With trembling hands, Sandra untied the boat while Gianni held it, then they clambered in. The girl took one oar, the boy the other. They were strong, these children of Italy, and their small brown arms were round and firm. The little boat glided straight through the water, swaying gently with the waves. The sun was bright; everything was still; it was early morning. Sandra and Gianni rowed, and rowed, their faces eager, excited. It was wonderful. Everything was wonderful! The island was nearer, and the ruined castle looked still more stark and tragic as they drew nearer to it. Sandra kept her eyes steadily on it. There was something—almost awful about it. Some water splashed on her arm, and she shivered. The sun, somehow, had disappeared behind a cloud. But still they kept on rowing, and the happiness was still on their faces.

"Sandra," said the boy, "look, we're—almost there!"

"Yes. Almost to—the island." She said it softly. It was the realization of a wonderful dream. And yet there was something in her that she feared. She didn't know what.

There was silence again. After a few more minutes their boat touched a rock. There was no sand. All was rocky and grim. There were no trees nor shrubs. The children sprang out. They were trembling with the excitement.

"My castle—my castle—" Sandra murmured incoherently.

They were standing at the entrance. The stone was almost black, and crumbling. Stones were everywhere. The entrance was small and dark. Fearlessly, but with fiercely racing heart, Sandra stepped in. The boy followed. They were confronted by a narrow, winding stairway, all made of stone. There were no windows there. All the light came from the door. Carefully, step by step, they went up, climbing over the rocks that were in the way, feeling their way mostly with their hands to escape falling in the holes. Up and up they went. Then, suddenly, they found themselves in a huge room. It was bare, and immense. The floor was made of stone, and it was smooth, polished as though water had passed over it time and time again. Everything was gloomy, but a little light came in from holes here and there. There was one window. Gianni's hand clutched Sandra's tightly. Their breath came in short gasps.

"She — she — that's where — she — sat—" murmured Sandra, pointing to the window that looked out into the sea. The boy said nothing. He was looking towards an opening in one corner, then went slowly towards it.

"Sandra," he whispered, almost afraid to speak loudly in this place, "Sandra, it's—another stairway. Maybe—maybe it goes up to the top—"

They felt their way cautiously through it, and found indeed, another stairway. It was narrower than the first, and there were more obstacles in the way.

"Sandra—Sandra—are you afraid?"

"Gianni—are you?"

"No—oh, no, no."

They went up slowly.

"Gianni—where are you? I can't see you—" Sandra whispered.

"Here I am—Sandra—are you coming?"

"Yes—"

Up and up they went. The narrow, crumbling stairs wound round and round. Now and then a stone slipped from under their feet.

There was silence for a while. Then:

"Sandra—I see a light. I think we're almost up."

"I see it—"

Suddenly they were out in the open by the pile of rocks that had once been the turret of the castle.

"Oh—look, look!" they both said in one breath. The sky had become dark, almost black. Drops of rain were beginning to fall. The sea, that an hour before had been a deep blue, was now grayish; the waves were high and menacing.

"Gianni," said Sandra, horror coming into her eyes, "the boat—the boat—look!" They both stared at a little brown speck that was moving farther and farther away with the waves.

It began to rain harder. Large, cold drops fell on them. A tremendous roar of thunder filled the sky. Sandra put her hands over her face.

"Let's go down," she pleaded, "down into the room below."

"Don't—don't be afraid, Sandra," said the boy, his teeth chattering. "I'll—I'll take care of you—"

"Come—"

They went down, step by step, two small hands holding tightly one to the other.

They came out into the large room. Above them, and around them, they could hear the noise of the rain, and,

now and then, the thunder. Through the window there was a flash of lightning.

They sat down, huddled one close to the other, in the middle of the room. The stone floor was icy cold. They talked, of unimportant things, to keep themselves from shivering with the fear and horror of it all.

"I wonder—how she—"

"Sandra," said Gianni, "there must be other rooms in the castle—beside this."

"Yes. On the other side, I think—" Then she murmured again:

"Gianni, she—she—was not—afraid—"

"No, Sandra, and we—we are not—afraid—either—"

"No."

"Somebody—somebody will miss us, and know that we came here."

"Gianni!" Sandra stood up. The thought of the lovely lady who once had sat by the window in this room gave her courage. "After—after a while, we'll try and wave our hands, then someone will surely see us——and then, who knows? The boat—may—come back—" She went to the window and looked out.

"Gianni," she cried, a wild alarm in her voice, "come—come here, look!"

He came to her side, and together they looked out of the window, down to the water. It was still raining, and the sky was dark; the wild, high waves seemed to rise higher, higher . . .

Sandra cried again: "Let's go up, Gianni! Let's go up!"

"No, no, Sandra. Sandra! Come, come, come!" And with all the strength of his young body he dragged the girl with him, down, down the crumbling stairs. At the entrance, they looked out. The water was almost at their feet. With the horror of it, they started to go up again, but, instead, went into another opening just inside the door, and they found themselves descending more crumbling stairs, into darkness.

They heard the drip, drip of the water coming down the stairs, after them. Suddenly they bumped against a door; an iron door, rusted fast, but open just enough for them to squeeze through. They went in, and closed it after them. All was dark. They could not see where they were going. Faintly they could hear the rushing of water above them. They came to another door in the darkness. They went through it, and on, and on, in the darkness, stumbling, feeling their way with their hands. All was silent now, still and dark.

"Sandra—" whispered the boy, "I think we're safe. The water can't come down here. Shall we stop?"

"No, no," answered the girl, "we must not stop."

They went on. They didn't find any more doors; they seemed to be going along a passage, because they could only find two walls.

"I think," said Sandra, her voice more firm and courageous, "I think that we're in a corridor, leading somewhere."

"Yes, it must be."

They went on in silence for a while. Then Sandra spoke again.

"Let's sit down, Gianni. I'm tired."

"So am I."

They sat on a large rock, after going over it carefully with their hands.

They sat close to each other, their arms around one another.

"I wonder—I wonder where we are going?" whispered Gianni.

"I know we're safe. She—she—wasn't afraid—"

After a while they went on again. But they were tired. The brief rest made them realize how worn out they really were.

After a while the girl spoke again.

"I can't see where this is leading—we've been going on for almost an hour, I think."

"Sandra—I think—maybe—we're just going around—"

"Maybe. I'm so tired—"

"Sandra—you're—not—crying?"

"No."

For another fifteen minutes they went on in silence. Then:

"I—I hear some noises, Sandra—"

"Yes." Then, suddenly, she cried "Look!" But Gianni had already seen. There was a light—a faint, faint light, at the far end, somewhere. They could see where they were going. Half running, half stumbling, they approached the light. It was an opening. They saw the blue of the sky shining through it. They came close to it. It was a very small hole; on the outside small trees and shrubs were grown around it. And there was land there, green.

"Gianni," whispered Sandra, tears streaming down her face, "it was—it was—the tunnel—"

"The tunnel—" murmured the boy.

They made the opening larger, with their hands, and then squeezed themselves through it. They were out, near the shore. The sky had cleared; the rain had stopped; the drops of water still dripping from the trees were the only signs of the storm of a few hours before. Behind a cloud that still hovered in the sky, the sun was trying to shine. They had found the tunnel of the Princess of the Castle.

* * * * *

Morning, and the sun shining brightly in the blueness of the Italian sky.

On a high rock on the shore stood a small figure, poised gently, one little bare foot dangling in the air, short red skirt swaying with the wind. Her eyes, with the happiness and sunshine of twelve Italian summers shining in them, looked away out to the dark form of the castle rising high above the water on the small, bare island. Sandra sighed, and smiled.

"My castle!" she whispered.

LIMERICK NUMBER TWO

A queer little maiden was Nell
Who in her pa's market did sell
Fromage de Bries
And Limburger cheese,
And charged extra weight for the smell.

HALLOWE'EN

By BETH WENDEL

Johnny dove for apples, but he fell, and fell and fell, for the apple ducking bucket was a very deep, deep well. As he slipped into the water with his teeth for apples set, he plunged down toward the bottom and he might be going yet . . . . But . . . . two arms shot forth and grasped him, and a voice said, "Johnny Toole! Now I have you where you'll mind me, when I say 'stay after school!' "

Johnny looked through blue-green water, where the fish and snakes filled space, and he saw between the seaweed, his teacher's angry face.

With a twisting, turning movement, Johnny wiggled from the clutch, and continued toward the bottom, 'til he felt another touch.

"So it's you!" a cross voice thundered. "So you'll steal my apple pie!"

"It's the cook!" poor Johnny trembled, and with rapid strokes swam by.

He approached a rock of coral and attempted to swim past, when a swarm of angry youngsters cried, "We've got him, boys—at last!"

Johnny waved his arms in horror and he shook his legs in fright, but before they caught their victim he had wiggled out of sight.

Down the well, through icy water. Would the bottom never come? Then amid the wavy swishing, Johnny

heard a distant hum. It sounded quite familiar, as he floundered toward the noise, then he saw the church and Sunday school and all the girls and boys.

The preacher saw him coming, and he waited, looking stern—but Johnny treaded water, then he made a sudden turn.

"Come back here, Master Johnny," the preacher called in wrath, but Johnny scorned his prayer books and swam the watery path.

A rumbling grinding echoed. Johnny shivered at the sound, then approached a shining dentist's chair that rose from out the ground. The dentist stood a-waiting, with a hammer and a pick, so Johnny turned the other way and made his exit quick.

"Come back, come back here, Johnny!" The dentist's voice was curt.

"You won't get me!" cried Johnny. "You know you always hurt!"

"Oh, goodness, what will happen next?" distracted Johnny thought, then piled up high, he next beheld a thousand things he'd bought. A dozen rusty pen knives, with blades that pointed up; a pile of crumpled watch springs; a broken drinking cup. The things he'd bought with money meant to save and not to spend. The things that he had broken and never tried to mend.

"I guess I've been a naughty boy," he said in deep remorse, then he swam on deeper, deeper, in his wet and clammy course.

He was suddenly confronted by a mound of broken glass—all the windows he had shattered piled up high into a mass.

"It will cut me if I touch it," Johnny murmured in despair, and he felt hot tears come rushing as he floated helpless there.

Then a big hand shook his shoulder and a voice said, "Here, you fake! Don't pretend that you are sleeping when I know you are awake."

"Was I dreaming?" Johnny queried.

"I don't know," the voice returned, "but last night was Hallowe'en—and 'til twelve the hall light burned! Your clothes are simply sopping. Ducked for apples, I surmise!"

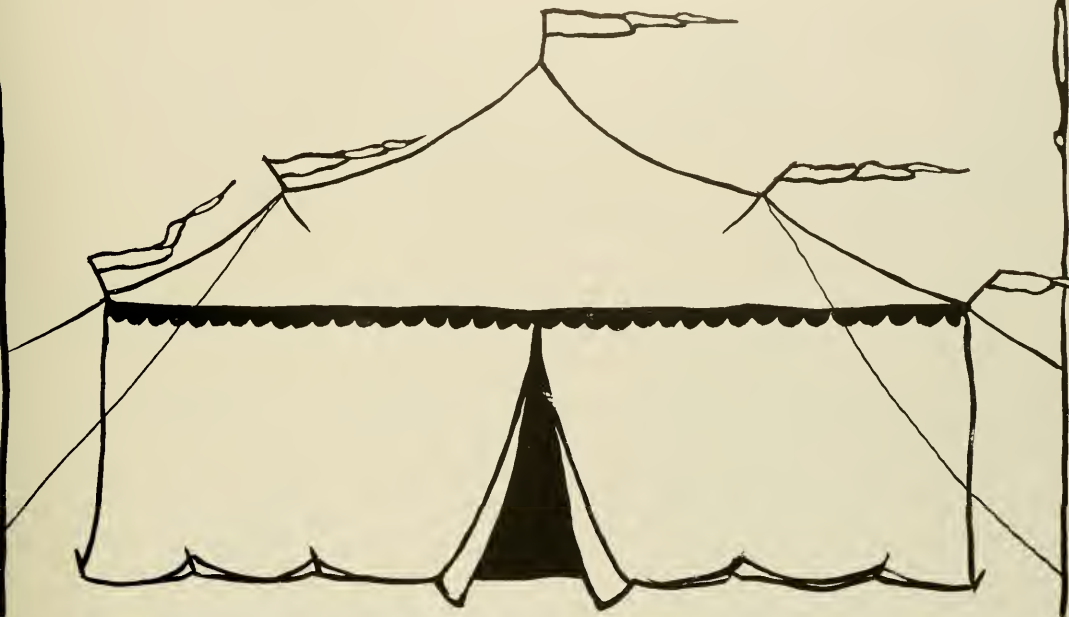
"Yes," said Johnny, "ducked for apples, and you bet I won the prize!"

THE LIMERICK MAN

Everybody likes limericks. Of course you know what a limerick is. It's one of those silly jingles of five lines, with the first and fourth and fifth lines rhyming, and the second and third lines rhyming. It doesn't matter very much what it's all about, as long as it rhymes. For instance, here is a typical bad limerick, written by THE LIMERICK MAN:

You've heard of sweet Miss Ella Cinder.
She leaned too far out of the window,
And fell with a flop
On the head of a cop
Who thus her swift journey did hinder.

Now, that's very bad, isn't it? And we can write many more just as bad. If you would like the limerick man to write one about you, drop in a line, care of the TREASURE CHEST, giving your full name, and most likely you'll find a limerick about yourself in the next issue.



THE CIRCUS CUT-OUT

For Small Girls and Smaller Boys

Oo, look at the knife-thrower! Ouch! He almost hit her right in the nose with that one. Isn't he a wonderful fellow! The knives go whizzing through the air, and it looks as though every minute is going to be the poor little lady's last. But she doesn't seem to mind. Maybe the knives are all made of rubber. But if they were made of rubber they couldn't stick in the wood, could they?

Let's visit the Bengal tiger, now. Isn't he a beautiful beast! His eyes are so soft, and he looks so kind and gentle. But we'd rather not meet him on a dark night.

And here is the trained seal! Did you ever know a girl or boy as clever as this seal? He can play twenty instruments, and balance himself on his moustache, and swim under water, and eat whole fishes, and sing like an opera singer with a cold, and, in fact, do almost everything but fly. Don't you wish you were as smart as this seal?

THE KNIFE THROWER

The knives the actor hurls about
Are very strong and sharp.
And if his target ducks, she will
Be playing on a harp.

I know I'd never want her job;
I would not take her place.
And stand against a board and have
Big knives thrown at my face.

The thrower is so very sure,
His aim so straight and true;
He hits the board beside the girl
And almost drives straight through.

They chain his target to the wall,
She cannot move a bit.
But has to stand and listen to
The knives thud as they hit.

But if they chained me to that wall
And made me take her place,
I'm sure that I could break those chains
To keep knives from my face.

Or, if I could not break the chain,
I still would be quite fleet,
Because I'd lift the whole board up
And simply use my feet.

I'd start to run so very fast
The wind would whistle by,
The board would catch a puff of wind
And then I'd kick and fly.

The thrower could not hit me then;
He could not throw that far.
For, by the time he raised a knife,
I'd be a shooting star.

But I will never have that job,
So never will be fired.
All circus men will please read this:
I quit before I'm hired.

THE TRAINED SEAL

The seal comes flopping in the ring,
A ball upon his nose.
He climbs upon a barrel, there,
And strikes a funny pose.

He seems so very friendly, and
He likes so much to play.
I'd like to have a little seal
To pal with for a day.

I've seen him catch a flaming torch
And hold it with his teeth.
I've seen him dive from off a board
Into a tank beneath.

Of all the funny circus beasts,
The one that seems most real
Is the wise old flopping thing:
The educated seal.

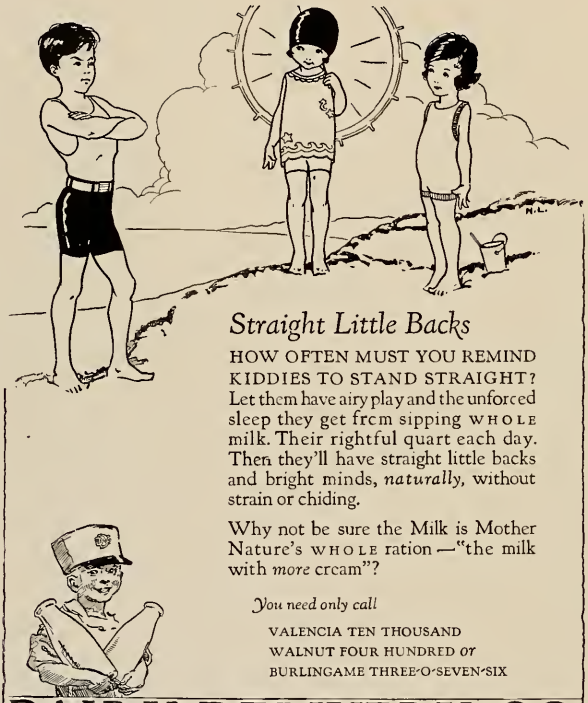
THE TIGER

The Bengal tiger roams around
His heavy iron cage.
He whangs his tail upon the ground
And fiercely roars his rage.

He looks so like a pussy cat,
I'd like to rub his back.
But well I know, his heavy paws
A wicked wallop pack.

His trainer stands within the cage
And snaps his ugly whip.
And tiger races 'round the cage
At a most furious clip.

The tiger is a kingly beast,
As we all plainly see.
I wish at feasting time, at least,
He'd keep his eyes from me.



Straight Little Backs

HOW OFTEN MUST YOU REMIND KIDDIES TO STAND STRAIGHT? Let them have airy play and the unforced sleep they get from sipping WHOLE milk. Their rightful quart each day. Then they'll have straight little backs and bright minds, *naturally*, without strain or chiding.

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BURLINGAME THREE-O-SEVEN-SIX

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MILLBRAE DAIRY

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The Frump

By JEFFREYS McEWEN

IT DIDN'T look like a school. Indeed, the back veranda, filled with prettily dressed girls, took on the aspect of a house party. The outside sitting room was gay with painted wicker furniture and bright cushions, and, at recreation period, the entire school gathered there.

There was one girl who lazily reclined on the great wicker couch, making a most attractive picture. Bobbed hair, worn straight, and fitting her head like a golden cap; eyes, dark-lashed and blue, looking in amusement and lazy indifference on the girls gathered about her; well satisfied and secure in her own little world, Nina Forrest held court.

"Frump hasn't appeared," said merry-eyed, dark-haired Roberta Lee, "and my day is ruined."

Nina shrugged. "We're all pining for her. She is so full of pep that she makes recreation hour seem like watching at a wake."

"Did you see how solemn she looked when we were talking about the dance? Maybe she thinks it sinful. If she does honor the school with her presence, they'll be sending fashion editors up here to interview us." Beatrice Rose grimaced.

"I think you girls are rather horrid," drawled Laura Pike. She had come in slowly, and her usually placid expression was ruffled. She was a tall, handsome, straight-featured girl—the school athlete—and "fair play" was her slogan.

"You've run her right out of here! What's the poor kid done? You'd think 'Frump' was the worst label in the whole world. Her only crime, that I can see, is that she's very quiet, and dresses dowdily."

"You weren't on the scene the day she arrived. The woman who brought her bustled in first, her arms full of queer looking packages. Her skirts billowed about her, and I thought she'd fall up the steps; then Frump followed in a great heavy plaid coat, and a straw sailor perched on the top of her head as if it was about to take wings and fly. They were a pretty looking pair. I distinctly heard that creature tell Frump to 'be keerful.' And her name—Jane Smith—so ordinary. I, for one, think Miss Clark is making a big mistake in opening our school to that element."

Nina's eyes flashed. She could not bear criticism, and Laura was one who did not fall down and worship at her shrine.

"Her name—what's wrong with that? Smith is a good, plain, sturdy, respectable name. Haven't I heard you girls mention that very name repeatedly? All I've heard is Van Rensalar Smith. Is or is he not coming to the dance? Isn't he romantic? Isn't he handsome? You never seemed to mind the Smith part of him at all."

"All we've minded," laughed Roberta, "is that he has not answered our loving invitation. But wait till you meet him, Laura. He's all that we said, and the Van Rensalar *does* add to the Smith, you know."

"I think it's perfectly silly of girls our age to go dotty over boys. Besides, he's in college, now, and won't be able to come to the dance, in all probability." Laura turned to find Jane Smith standing in the doorway. Pale and small and timid, in a dress too long, too old, and too dark, she seemed to express the word "Frump" to its fullest degree.

She was going indoors again when Laura caught her hand and drew her to a comfortable seat at the farthest end from the circle of girls. Her face lit up gratefully, and in a few moments she was talking to Laura as if she enjoyed it.

Nina gave an amused shrug. "Laura does love to be different," she said.

"That stupid remark about Van. Can you contemplate anyone as ducky as he, and that Smith girl, in the same breath?" Roberta's eyes were wide.

"Well, she never met him. We three represented the school at the Prom. So that explains a little," said Beatrice. "Oh, I do hope he'll accept, just to tease Laura. She's getting so high-handed!"

Nina was quiet. She had met Van Rensalar Smith at the big dance at Pelham Manor school the night he was graduated, and he had danced with her several times. In the course of the evening she had mentioned the next dance, inviting him verbally before mailing the written invitation. He had also accepted verbally, and that was the last she had seen of him.

The Van Rensalar Smiths had been one of the most aristocratic and affluent families of the State, and young Van, an orphan, was all that a scion of that well-known house should be. Handsome, polished, clean-minded, he was a truly Prince Charming.

Miss Clark, carrying the mail, caused a diversion. Before Nina opened her letter she knew who had sent it. Walking over to Laura, quite ignoring the little Smith girl, she said: "For once you were mistaken. My invita-

tion, silly enough as it may be, has been thankfully accepted." Then, insolently turning on her heel, she left them.

"Don't mind her," said Laura, flushing a little, and laughing, "she's the school's spoiled darling."

"You've been so awfully kind to me, and I do thank you. I don't understand girls very well, because, though I'm almost fifteen, I've never been to school." Jane went on hurriedly, trying to explain herself to this wonderful, strong, alive person who had been so good to her. "I've been taught at home. I lived with my aunt at Thornton, and until this last year I had never walked. But about two years ago, when all hope seemed over, we heard of the famous doctors in Boston. There were two operations—and you see the result. Then they thought it would be better for me to learn to mingle with other girls—and that's why I'm here."

Laura's eyes were full of tears. "It must be terribly hard to get used to us," she said, "and I'll do my best to steer you straight. That's why you don't dance, I suppose." Laura stretched out her hand, and held the frail little paw tightly.

"Why, you poor kid! We'll have dancing school every afternoon, for twenty minutes, in my room, and by the time the dance arrives you'll be an expert."

"I'm afraid I'm rather like Cinderella. I don't know about clothes. My aunt is sixty-four years old and doesn't know what young girls wear. My brother says that I'm all wrong, but he doesn't know just what *is* the matter, and my nurse, Bridie, who brought me here, thinks I am outfitted royally. But I know that I'm all wrong."

"I think Miss Simpson could remodel your dresses. We might take her some and see what she can do," said Laura, thoughtfully, seeing visions of heavy, uninspiring, practical materials.

Jane clapped her hands and laughed. "I believe I've solved it. Couldn't we pick out pictures in a fashion magazine and send those, with my measurements, to some good New York shop? Then I'd begin to look more like other girls."

"We could," said Laura, "but it would be awfully expensive."

"Expensive," repeated Jane, blankly; then, brightening up, "but that doesn't matter. You see, I've never spent very much before."

Laura thought a moment and then laughed, saying enigmatically, "We shall see what we shall see." Her eyes were dancing.

The night of the dance found Jane and Laura in great excitement, for Laura, with deliberate cunning, would not permit Jane to wear one of her new dresses until that night, nor would she allow her to alter her hair to a more becoming fashion.

Jane, in shell pink satin, with a large silver rose at her waist, and a band of silver in her fluffed-up hair, silver shoes and stockings, stood before a mirror frankly admiring herself.

"This can't be me," she kept repeating to herself. Then, turning to Laura, she gave her a hug. "Oh, Laura, you're responsible. You're my good angel."

"Pretty hefty angel," answered Laura briefly, grinning, "but what a peach of a joke we have. Now, remember, Jane, to wait for my signal. Keep this door open and look sharp."

"I know he'll do it if he understood my letter," murmured Jane, as if to reassure herself. "Laura, you don't think I'm revengeful or mean."

"I think it will do a world of good and save a certain somebody from a much more severe lesson some day. Really, Jane, if it wasn't for me, you'd call it off now. Good bye, darling. Be patient." And Laura dashed off.

Jane, alone in the room, listening to the strains of music wafted up from below, felt like an actress waiting for her cue. Through the open doorway she could see Nina Forrest, looking like a beautiful dryad, surrounded by a crowd of black-coated youths. Then, she saw the most distinguished of them all talk to her. If she could have heard, she would know that Nina's "Oh, yes, indeed, Mr. Smith," had a different quality to it than her other replies.

"You dance so beautifully, Miss Forrest. I am glad to have this opportunity. I always remembered our last waltz. That was a great party, wasn't it?" And Van Rensalar Smith looked homage.

"It was the best party ever," said Nina. "And you're a very good dancer yourself." But Van Rensalar Smith was looking up the stairway and saying, "Oh, there she is," about a lovely vision in pink—and Nina saw—did she—was she—it couldn't be—but, yes, it was that little Smith girl.

And Nina Forrest, forgetting her poise, her worldliness, could only stammer—"Who—what—"

"Surely you know my sister," he said slowly, and, a little flicker of contempt swept across his face. "I thought everyone knew Jane. They even have a pet name for her here. They call her 'The Frump.'" And Van Rensalar Smith bowed low over her hand, as an eager youth came up to claim the next dance.

Dots and Dashes

By S. B. DICKSON

Illustrated by Cecilia Nelson

CHAPTER VI

WHAT WENT BEFORE

Strange secret codes received at Midway college tell of a plot to prevent Midway from winning the football championship. At the same time, Freddie O'Neil, the quarterback, of Midway, threatens to go "professional." Freddie is kidnapped by the professionals, and then a message is received stating that the plotters were taking a purse to the quad at midnight, where it would be delivered to a man wearing a white carnation.

The Midway boys, a dozen of them, all go to the quad wearing carnations, and they capture the messenger, who says that a stranger has given him the money. Meanwhile, another radio message comes in. This one comes from Freddie O'Neil himself.

Hoxie Hodgkins awoke late on Sunday morning. He stretched his arms, and scratched the top of his head, then looked around the room. Frenchy Lafitte sat in the Morris chair reading. He had been reading since five o'clock; the boys had divided the night into four-hour shifts so that one of them would be on the watch all the time for further messages from the radio. But the message that Frenchy had caught during the Quad's Ghost Parade was the last.

Hoxie yawned, and dragged himself out of bed.

"Hullo, Frog," he sighed. "You're up early."

"Go to blazes," said Lafitte. "How's your head?"

"Not bad. Forgot I had one."

"Lucky it's glued on."

"Thanks. Any messages?"

"Nope."

"Hope you had a nice night."

Lafitte threw a book at him, and he shuffled from the room dragging a bath mat after him. He soon reappeared, red and dripping.

"Gosh all hemlock! That water's cold," he shivered. "You'd better take a bath, Frenchy; it'll wake you up."

Feets shook his head.

"Nothing doing. This isn't Saturday. I'm going to bed. See to it that someone is at the loud speaker all day, Hox. If I don't miss my bet, we'll be hearing from Freddie before long."

"No doubt. Let's see last night's message again, Foots."

Lafitte tossed it across the room, and Hoxie re-read it.

"Hoxie—I am all right but don't let on to any one but Lafitte. Spread the word that I have gone professional, and don't worry. Will let you know where I am soon.—O'Neil."

"I don't get it," said Hodgkins. "Why does he want the bunch to think he's gone professional? Why doesn't he tell us where he is? Why—say, Foots, you crazy idiot, this is a hoax. How does Freddie O'Neil know that we are picking up these messages? How could he address me and know that I would get this stuff?"

Lafitte swung around and pointed his finger at Hodgkins.

"I don't know," he said, "and I don't care. I'm so blamed tired that I could go to sleep standing up. Take it from me, Freddie's all right. I'm going to bed. It's up

to you to camp at the radio or have some one else there. The bunch will be stringing in before long. You'd better not try to translate any messages that come in. We've got to be careful that no beans get spilled. Hullo! Here's some one now . . . Come in!"

Sammy Murk entered. He looked around him, then grinned at Lafitte.

"Hullo, Foots," he said, "I didn't know you were here. Just came up to have a talk with Hoxie. I'll beat it, if you fellows are busy."

Foots winked at Hodgkins, and clapped Murk on the shoulders.

"Stay where you are, young fellow. I'm going to bed. S'long."

Without further ado he picked up his book and left the room. Hodgkins walked about, finishing his dressing, straightening a chair here and a trophy there. Murk eyed him furtively, nervously.

"Hoxie," he said, "I've got to talk to you."

"Important?" asked Hoxie.

"Yes."

Hodgkins shook his head.

"Sammy, do something for me?"

"Sure."

"Go down to the kitchen and swipe me about three cups of coffee, and a half dozen eggs, and a banana, and some thick, white toast. Can't talk business while I'm hungry. Do you mind?"

Murk hesitated, and then, nodding, left the room. Hoxie did some quick thinking while he was gone. Sammy Murk had something on his mind. Last night's message had said: "Keep your eye on Sammy Murk." Sammy had hovered around the room like a moth at a flame. Could mild, winning Murk be mixed up in the plot, whatever it was? Hoxie's meditations were interrupted by Murk's return with a well-heaped tray.

"Atta boy!" shouted Hoxie. "Put it here. That's wonderful, Samuel. Where did you get the marmalade? Go sing yourself a song while I pitch into this. Say, you forgot the cream for the coffee. Oh, here it is . . . . . Apologies. There. I'll be with you in two minutes, Sammy. Make yourself comfortable. Sit down."

Murk shook his head.

"All right. Go take a walk around the room."

Hoxie dug into the food, and Murk glanced at him from time to time out of the corner of his eyes. Finally Hoxie threw a napkin on the tray and, turning to Murk, said:

"All right, Sammy. Go to it."

Murk paced from the door to the window and back again, then slowly turned. His face was pale, his eyes sunken.

"Hoxie," he said, "I'm quitting school."

"Yes? Going into business?"

"I don't know."

"Oh. Just quitting because you want to."

"No."

"What are you quitting for, then? You were so strong for a college education. Find you can't be educated?"

Murk swung around, and pounded his fist on the desk.

"Stop that!" he screamed. "Don't be funny. I can't stand it. If I have to stand any more, I'll go crazy. I'm almost crazy now. Can't you see?" His voice rose to a wail, and then he stopped, shivered, and flopping into a chair, buried his face in his arms on the desk.

Hoxie stood and eyed him, embarrassed, not knowing what to say. He was afraid Sammy was going to cry. That would be the last straw. But Murk pulled himself together.

"I'm ashamed, Hox," he said, "but it's hit me so hard."

"What's hit you?"

Murk stood up.

"Hodgkins," he said, "I think if you will listen to the whole thing, it'll help, if it's only to get it off my chest. Do you mind?"

"Shoot!"

"You know, my father was an author."

"No, I didn't know it."

"He was. He wrote under the name of Charles Edward Evans."

"Phew!"

"Why do you say that?"

"Why, Evans was a knockout twenty years ago. Must have coined money."

"Sure. That's what they all say. But dad never had a dollar. In the first place, he didn't know how to make a contract. In the second place, he'd have given away his

right hand if someone had asked him for it. In the third place, he spent all he had for doctor's bills before mother died. . . . "

"Ought you to tell me all your family troubles, Sammy?"

"Yes. I want to."

"All right. Shoot ahead."

"Dad just loved life. He lived every minute. And he dragged me along with him. By the time I was ten years old I'd been every place from Benares to Nova Scotia. He'd hammer at me, and hammer at me: 'Son, get an education. Get to know people. Get to understand them. But don't let them commercialize you. Be one of the thinkers. They won't pay you for it, but you'll get your pay other ways.' "

"Fine advice to give a kid in these strenuous times," Hox broke in.

"That's all right. He was right. He planted the seed deep in me; then he died. Slid off the Alps."

"How old were you, Sam?"

"Thirteen."

"Who took care of you?"

"Me. Been taking care of myself ever since."

"Gosh, it's queer," meditated Hoxie, "how little we know about the other fellow."

"Isn't it."

"Sure is. Did he leave you much, Sammy?"

"Nothing."

"No? How're you getting through college?"

"Doing washing."

"Doing which?"

"Washing clothes and ironing them in my room for some of the fellows for half regular laundry rates."

"Good gosh! How's it happen I never heard about it?"

"I only did work for fellows who couldn't afford to send their stuff to laundries. They were sort of ashamed to talk about it, and, well, I wasn't inclined to talk much about it myself."

Hoxie shook his head. It was sure some queer world.

"Well," he finally said, "if you fought so hard for an education, why are you quitting?"

"I've made a mess of it."

"How? If it's money, maybe some of us can help a little, Sam."

Murk sprang up, his eyes flashing.

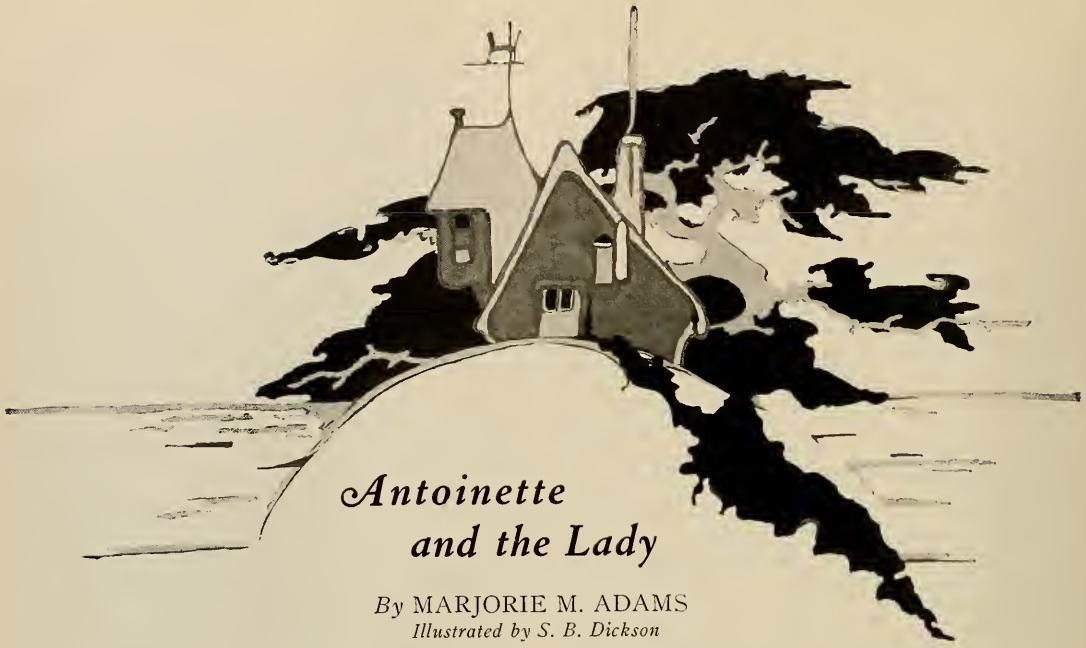
"Didn't I just say I've been fighting the money game? It isn't that, Hoxie. I just have no guts."

"Seems to me you have a blame sight more than you're given credit for."

"I haven't. Listen, Hox. Two months ago I went into Goodfellow's Grotto, late one night, for a hamburger and a cup of coffee. I was sitting in a booth, eating, and going over my trig. You know the bunch at the Grotto never bother you when there's not a rush there. Well, I must have been in there an hour, when I heard two men in the next booth. At first I didn't pay any attention to them. Finally, I heard one of them say: 'We've got to put this bird Hoxie Hodgkins out of business.' "

Hoxie sprang up.

(Continued on Page 210)



Antoinette and the Lady

By MARJORIE M. ADAMS
Illustrated by S. B. Dickson

ANTOINETTE sat up among the long grasses and saw the Lady.

The Lady was crying—soft, deep sobs that came in spite of the vain stifling of a handkerchief. And since she was such a pretty lady, Antoinette conceded her the right to cry. Tears in an unpretty person—herself, for instance, (Antoinette thought herself very ugly) —always hurt her to distraction. For this reason she never cried.

But now she rose and went toward the Lady with a vague desire to comfort.

A light summer breeze rustled the grass, and hid the sound of the small approaching footsteps. Antoinette came quite close, and looked down upon soft tendrils of fair hair escaping from under a black hat, and upon two brilliant tear-drops that lay like diamonds in the Lady's lap. She was all in black.

The tear drops fascinated Antoinette. In her interest she quite forgot to be sorry for the pretty lady.

"You—you dropped some," she observed.

The Lady looked up. She was less startled to hear a voice than to see the child standing before her. Antoinette was ten. Her own little girl, her dear, lost little girl, would have been ten, now. . . . .

"Are you lost, dear?" she asked.

The child shook her head, and waved a careless hand toward the expanse of hills.

"I play here," she said. "Are YOU lost? Is that why you are crying?"

The lady did not answer at once. She had no wish to speak of her tears to all who inquired. But something in the wide blue eyes of Antoinette caught at her heart, and she confessed that she had lost her little girl.

Antoinette looked around, as though the lost child might be hiding behind a hillock or a blade of grass.

"Just—lately?"

"No, dear. A long, long time ago, when she was a wee little girl." There was almost a reproach in the Lady's voice as she added, "She would have been about your age, today."

Antoinette sensed the vague reproach, and felt a need to defend herself against it. One must have one's own tragedy, to talk with those who weep. She sighed, and said,

"I, too, have lost—"

The pretty Lady began to smile.

"What, a child! So soon?"

"No!" Antoinette was indignant. "My mother and father!"

"Ah, forgive me!" The Lady was no longer smiling. She pulled Antoinette down beside her and kissed her on the forehead. "You poor baby!"

The child felt with a thrill that she had succeeded in gaining attention. Her idol now treated her as a partner in sorrow. How to keep up this partnership? It was quite true that she had lost her father and mother, but at the orphanage nothing had been told her about them, or the manner of their death.

So, there was no restraint on her imagination. A hundred times a day she invented new parents, and a new romantic tragedy in which they died. One detail never varied. They were both very beautiful—as beautiful as the pretty Lady. And after all, was it not far better than knowing the truth? For then—oh, horrors!—then she might have found out that they had not been beautiful.

"Tell me about it, dear," whispered the pretty Lady, holding Antoinette close. Her interest in the child was no less sincere because it afforded her an opportunity to forget her own grief.

Antoinette thought swiftly. There was the story of the Prince-daddy and the Princess-mother. But that, she felt instinctively, would not do. There was also the story—but at this moment she remembered a tale she had heard that very day. One of the Sisters had told it to another, about some little girl in the orphanage.

"I don't remember very much," she began reflectively, "but they told me, down there at the orphanage, that my father was killed in an accident. After that my mother was very sick, and one night she ran away from the hospital and forgot to take the little—forgot to take me with her."

She sighed. By this time she almost believed the tale herself, and she looked out of the corner of her eye at the pretty Lady to see if she had been impressed.

The Lady was staring out across the hills with a very queer look on her face.

"And—she never came back to get her little girl?"

"No—I guess not, because the nurse took the—took me to live with her, and when she died I came to the orphanage."

The Lady turned swiftly and took Antoinette into her arms.

"How would you like to be my little girl?" she murmured softly, pressing the small fair head against her breast.

The child's eyes opened very wide. She looked up into the face of the beautiful Lady.

"Do—do you mean really, truly?"

"Really and truly, dear."

Antoinette turned her face into the Lady's shoulder and held very tight with both hands. She was afraid she was going to cry. And she must not, because if she did the pretty Lady wouldn't love her any more.

"Please," she said at last, "if you don't mean it, tell me—now."

"But I do, child. Can't you understand? I want you for my little girl."

Antoinette flung both arms around the Lady's neck and kissed her.

"You are sure?" she said anxiously. "I'm often very bad!"

"Children are only bad when they are unhappy," answered the Lady with a tender smile.

"I tell fibs!"

"You wouldn't—to me."

Antoinette was seized with remorse. Why had she told that story about her mother and father? But suppose she had not? The story had made the pretty Lady sorry for her, and that was why she wanted her for her little girl. How could she tell the truth? There was a brief struggle with temptation, and it won. She would not tell.

The breeze now turned to a lusty wind, that blew the sunset straight into their eyes.

Antoinette scrambled to her feet.

"I must go back," she said. "You will come for me, soon—soon?"

"Yes," said the Lady. Standing, she was so tall and beautiful that the child's heart almost stopped beating. "I will come. Tell me where."

When she had given the name of the orphanage, and described how best to reach it from the road, Antoinette flung herself once more into the Lady's arms and laughed for joy.

"Good night, little madcap!" The Lady bent and kissed the glowing face. "Will they not punish you for running away?"

"No!" she shook her head with a mischievous smile, "I caught Sister Helene smoking yesterday, so she will say nothing!"

They kissed again, and parted.

* * * * *

Two figures, making their separate ways across the hills. Two silhouettes against the sunset. And the shouting wind swept a little damp handkerchief from the grass and sported it away. . . . .

* * * * *

Antoinette was leaving the orphanage. Antoinette was going away! The children stood about round-eyed and envious, and a few came forward shyly to kiss her farewell.

"Goodbye! Goodbye!" the radiant child had little thought for her playmates today. She kissed them hurriedly—all but tiny Marie, whom she swept into her arms and covered with caresses. To leave baby Marie! But the pretty Lady was waiting—her new mother. . . .

One of the Sisters came to her and pressed a packet of letters into her hand.

"Antoinette," she said, "here are some things that have been kept for you. I give them to you because it was my promise."

The child kissed her uncomprehendingly and put the letters into her bag. Then she ran to the Lady.

"I am ready!"

Down the steps, hand in hand, and into the waiting cab. The old vehicle rocked and lumbered along the road, and Antoinette, close pressed in the Lady's arms, fell asleep in her happiness.

She awoke in a softly-lighted room. Someone was moving about. Turning her head upon the pillow, she saw the beautiful Lady seated at a mirror, with her gleaming hair all down about her shoulders, humming a tender little tune and moving softly not to disturb the child. Antoinette held her breath. How beautiful she was! Could it be a dream? But no—the soft bedclothes about her were very real, and so was the dainty gown, tied with a little pink bow under the chin. Poor Antoinette! Could she but have seen herself, have known how pretty she really was, lying there!

"My—new—mother." Antoinette said the words to herself in a rush of wonder. How suddenly the world had changed! So short a time ago, it was, that she had slipped out of the orphanage gate and found the pretty Lady. Ah, she was so happy. . . . .

But now a little pain began to hurt Antoinette. It was somewhere inside, very hard to find, but growing bigger

(Continued on Page 211)

THE FAIRY WHO LEFT HOME

(Continued from Page 186)

Melody could find no way to escape. He sat down on the dusty floor, his wings resting on the ground behind him. Being very tired he soon fell into a sleep from which he was awakened by a sound which he knew could not come from the dark woods. Listening, he distinguished the voices of Loveliness and Romance, calling to him. Their voices were faint, having come through the thick walls of the house, and found their way among the trees of the forest. So Logic, the witch, did not hear, though the sound was echoed back to her from Melody's cell.

Their voices broke a part of the enchantment. The boy began to sing a longing, sad song, with here and there a note of triumph. All the loveliness of Fairyland which had been pent up in his heart found its way into Melody's voice as he sang. And from his voice the wind learned to woo the moon with the serenade that it plays in the tall trees. From his song the sea learned its mellow thunder. In his singing was the song that the sun has learned to sing to the growing flowers that lift their heads to be kissed by his warm lips. And the music that the moonbeams dance to is an echo of his song.

The witch heard, then, and grew afraid. The walls of the house trembled, and the locked doors opened of their own accord. Commonsense, being a coward, vanished, and the witch ran down the passage to see what could be the matter. She looked into the dungeon, saw Melody with his shining wings half spread, saw the dead flowers coming back to life. Being almost as cowardly as Commonsense, she fled from her almost unrecognizable house. Then all Nature took up the song of Melody, singing it louder and louder till it reached the ears of the Fairies, who knew that Melody had made his great magic.

Melody walked back along the now unguarded passage and out of the door. He still had to pass through the woods. This was very difficult, for he could no longer fly; his wings had become so stiff and cramped in his little cell. However, he started bravely through the woods, often straying from the path, for he had forgotten the way to Fairyland. But whenever he strayed too far the voices of Loveliness and Romance called him back. He bumped into many of the trees, stumbled on their roots, and scratched his face on the lowest branches. But he kept steadily on till he came to the edge of the forest. There he found a giant blocking the path. His thumbs were stuck in the arm-holes of his vest; a huge purse hung at his belt. He asked Melody where he was going, and the fairy-boy answered:

"Giant, I am traveling to Fairyland, whither the sweet voices of Loveliness and Romance are calling me."

And the Giant said:

"Alas, turn back! Turn before it is too late! You do not know what awaits you in that place of Honor and Stupidity. Unrestrained and wild grow the flowers. They claim to love the flowers. But how can they? No one ever buys them. In fact there is not even any one to sell them.

"The King keeps no order. The people are wicked and idle and Loveliness and Romance are the wickedest and silliest of them all. As you hope for my favor and good-will, do not suffer their companionship."

But Melody had seen Fairyland. He knew that the giant had somehow or other been deceived. And so he thanked him for his advice, but declined to accept it. Then the giant became terribly angry. He was about to take hold of Melody when the trees nearest them took up the song which they had been passing from one to another.

The giant had never heard anything like it before. In his surprise he stopped and looked to find the source of the music. Melody seized his opportunity, and darting swiftly forward, rose high above the giant's head; so high that the huge monster never knew that he had passed.

And now . . . Fairyland was in clear sight, and the voices were growing clearer and clearer. Melody came to the borders and alighted beside Loveliness and Romance, who were waiting there for him.

"Melody," said Loveliness, "you have made a great magic to change the eyes of men. From the song that you sang in the cell of Logic, the trees, the sea, the sun—all the lovely children of Nature have learned the music which hereafter they will sing to the sorrowful hearts of men. And from them, the jewels in the costume of Life, the minstrels of Man-kind will learn their music, the music that will make them worthy of our love."

Bows and Arrows

By VICTOR E. BULE
Manager California Sport Shop

We are all interested in bows and arrows. We rarely stop to consider why we pause to listen when archery is spoken of. And yet, thousands and thousands of years ago, probably twenty or thirty thousand years ago, boys and men were making and shooting bows and arrows. These weapons were probably the friends of man before the art of making fire was discovered. We all love the open fire. We like to be close to it, to look into the flames and dream. Fire was both protection and warmth in the primitive days. The bow has the same relationship; it meant protection to our ancestors from enemies, as well as food and sport, and that is the reason we love to read and hear of the bow. It was our friend as our dog is our friend, and as the fire is our friend. The heart of man and boy is not changed; we love the things our forefathers loved, thousands and thousands of years ago. We read, and thrill when we picture primitive man killing the beasts of the jungle larger than our present-day elephants. Of course, hunting was not entirely bow-and-arrow, but the bow was the mainstay of their artillery. Then came the days of the Egyptians, and the Greeks and Romans; the wars of the Crusaders who fought bitter battles with the Turks, for a great cause; the days of Robin Hood, and Little John of Sherwood Forest, the killers of the king's deer. Then the days of the Norsemen, and the Huns, all using the bow as their main offensive and defensive weapon. And, finally, the American Indian, guardian of the great plains, winning his battles and his food with the bow and arrow.

Even today, throughout the world, archery is the main weapon of savages in Africa, in the Philippine Islands, and in the Far North, the extreme corners of the earth.

You may have read of the prowess of our own San Francisco men. Doctor Pope (now gone to his happy hunting ground); Arthur Young, who has killed a grizzly bear, cougar, eagle, and even the African lion with the same type bows that the English archers used a thousand years ago.

Archery has never died. It never will die. It lives in the hearts of men and boys as do their other friends, the dog and the open fire.

MORE LIMERICKS

Said Jack, "Though I'm moved to denounce it,
And almost ashamed to announce it,
I was raised in Rijswijk,
And the thought makes me sick,
I've never learned how to pronounce it."

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DOTS AND DASHES

(Continued from Page 205)

"Go on!" he shouted.

But before he could continue, dots and dashes came clammering out of the radio. Hunting for his pencil, he lost the first two signals, but he was soon plugging away. The signals stopped, and, disregarding Lafitte's instructions, he transposed them with the aid of the code:

"Hoxie—These birds are holding me prisoner. They have decided that there is a leak in their radio messages, and they won't send any more. But whenever they leave me for a few minutes, I'll shoot you a message. Hope they are right and that you are getting them. I'll use a different code every time in case anybody else picks them up. Here they come. O'Neil."

"We will have to leave that for Foots," he said. "Go on with your story."

"Where was I?"

"One of the men was going to get me."

"Yes, he said 'We've got to put this bird Hoxie Hodgkins out of business.' I didn't know whether to go without saying anything, or to sit tight and see what was going to follow. I sat tight. They discussed the team. They seemed to know everything about our plans. They figured that three men were going to be obstacles to their success: Lindsey, O'Neil and yourself. They discussed the possibilities of egging the La Fayette team to rough us in last week's game. They decided that it wouldn't be safe. They even suggested trying to buy 'Piffy' Henderson."

Hodgkins sprang to his feet.

"Sammy," he announced, "we've been fools. We should have told Henderson what has happened. He's the whitest coach that the team ever had. And we haven't played the game in leaving him out."

"But he left for Three Pines after the game yesterday. He'll not be back till tomorrow afternoon."

"We could have wired to him."

"What's the use? He's gone to see his mother, and there's no good in dragging him back ahead of time."

"I suppose not. Go on with your story."

"That was about all. When they began talking about 'Piffy' Henderson, I climbed up on the table to look over the top of the booth. I stumbled, and came down with a crash. The two were around the corner of the booth in a second. They grabbed me by my arms and twisted me into a chair. Then they read me the riot act. One of them was a well-dressed, gentlemanly sort of a fellow; the other looked like a race-track tout. They made me tell them my name, and then they sailed into me. They said they didn't know how much I had heard, but that if a word leaked out, they'd lay it at my door, and stop at nothing to get me. They said they'd drive me out of college. They said they'd frame me for the police. They even threatened to kill me. Then they beat it."

" . . . and you've been carrying that around with you for two months?"

"I've been frightened out of my wits, Hoxie. I haven't slept. I've fallen off with my studies. I can't work, or

eat, or anything. A dozen times I've tried to tell you or somebody, but I've been afraid. When the first radio message came in, I knew it must be a part of the plot. When Freddy wanted to go professional, I was sure he was going to them. And finally, when you went after them, and didn't come back, Hoxie, I almost died."

"You're a poor worm, aren't you, Sam?"

Murk shivered, and blew his nose. He went to the window and looked out. Then he turned and faced Hodgkins.

"It's all finished now," he said. "I'm not afraid of anything any more. I'll do anything you say, but I've made a mess of things, and I've got to quit school."

"You'll do no such a thing, Sammy."

"Why not?"

"Because, if you've got any backbone, you'll stick now more than ever, and help us trace this business to its source."

Murk straightened his shoulders.

"I'll do it, Hox," he said, "if you'll give me a chance. I'm going now."

"Where?"

"To find the well-dressed, gentlemanly fellow."

Hoxie whanged him on the back.

"Good luck," he shouted, as Sammy Murk dashed from the room. Then he shook his head and muttered, "Poor kid!"

[To Be Continued]

ANTOINETTE AND THE LADY

(Continued from Page 207)

and bigger every moment. It was not a pain such as came from green apples, but something in the heart. She tossed her head. What was it? Ah—now she knew!

"You wouldn't tell fibs—to me. You wouldn't tell fibs—to me."

She stopped both ears, but the pain went on. Inside her heart Antoinette was recalling the story she had told that day, about her mother and father. If only she had just told it to herself, and not to the pretty lady! What would happen if the Lady found out? Would she—could she, send her back?

"You wouldn't—tell fibs—to me."

Antoinette drew a long breath. Then she slipped out of bed and pattered across the floor.

The Lady was combing the last of her beautiful hair when a small body flung itself against her knees.

"Why—child!"

Antoinette was sobbing. Terrible, dry sobs, because she didn't dare to cry. The Lady tried to raise her in her arms, but she clung tighter, with her face hidden against the lacy gown.

"I told a fib," came the muffied little voice. "I want to tell you about it. Then—you can send me back."

In whispers came the little story, with long pauses in between as Antoinette struggled with her fear of being sent away. The made-up tale of the father who was killed and the mother who became demented and ran away. Then, where she had heard the tale, and how. And at last—this in a whisper so low that the Lady had to bend almost to her lips to hear it—the confession that she did not know, had never known, the truth.

There was a silence.

(Continued on Page 218)

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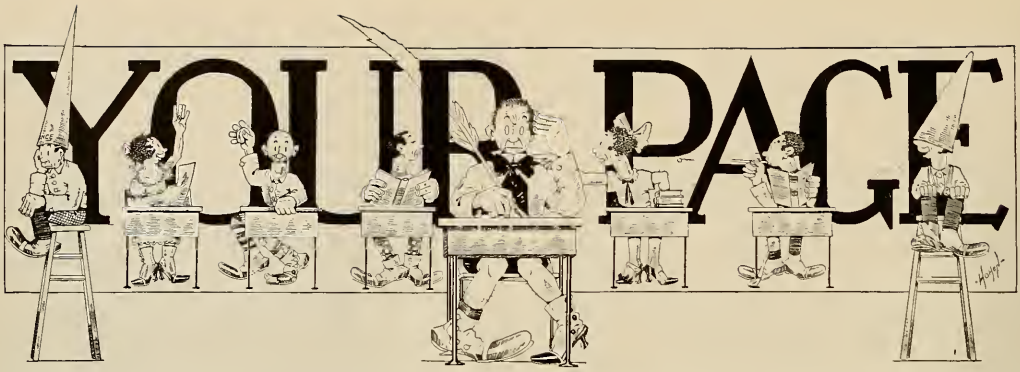

Here is Betty Prell's prize-winning story of the Enchanted Peacock.
We want many more stories like this, and many more poems.
Who is going to win the prize next month? You?

THE ENCHANTED PEACOCK

In the mighty kingdom of Zario there lived a beautiful princess named "Princess Maya." She was happy as the day was long, and brought joy and sunshine into the hearts of those who beheld her. Indeed, Zario was the merriest kingdom for twenty kingdoms 'round.

But one day something happened that changed Zario from the merriest kingdom to the saddest. The princess had disappeared! The king and queen were quite beside themselves with grief. The king issued a proclamation saying that any man who found Princess Maya could have her hand in marriage. Many brave princes set out to find her; many perished in the attempt, and those who did reach the place could not pass the impossible barrier, for a jealous old witch had hidden the princess where it seemed impossible to rescue her.

In a far-off kingdom there lived a prince named "Prince Runae."

He was a bold and handsome youth, and when he heard of Princess Maya he immediately set off to rescue her. First, he went to the "Forest of Many Wonders" and asked his friend, the Fairy of the Forest, to help him. She gave him a long, green stick and said: "Take this magic stick, Prince Runae, and set sail with ten of thy trusted servants. After three days thou shalt reach the shore of a strange land. There you will see a mighty circle of fire. In this circle of fire is Princess Maya. Do as I say, and all will be well." She gave him further instructions and then disappeared in a cloud of mist, leaving the bewildered prince standing there with the magic stick in his hands.

He lost no time in doing what the Fairy of the Forest told him.

It happened just as she said. After three days, the prince and his servants reached a strange land. Standing up in his boat, Prince Runae stretched out the magic stick, and, looking steadily at the circle of fire, shouted seven magic words!

Immediately the circle of fire sank lower and lower, until it disappeared entirely. And, wonder of wonders, there stood a beautiful purple palace which had been within the circle of fire.

The prince and his men moored their boat, and then entered the palace. They searched and searched without finding the princess, and they were almost ready to give up, when they discovered a little room at the top of a turret. The door was locked, but the prince and his men soon broke it open. And there, standing in the center of the room was a beautiful peacock! It looked at the prince so sorrowfully, that he bent over and stroked its back. There was a flash, and a pink mist formed about the peacock. Out of this mist stepped the *long lost Princess Maya!* Prince Runae and Princess Maya immediately fell in love with each other. He took her home to the kingdom of Zario, where they were wedded amid great rejoicing.

Nobody heard any more about the wicked witch who transformed Princess Maya to a peacock. Some say she lost her magic powers when Prince Runae rescued the princess, and some say she withered up, but she never bothered Princess Maya and Prince Runae again.

By Betty Prell, Aged 12.
312 Fillmore Street,
San Francisco, California.

MY HOME ON THE FARM

One day I went a-fishing
And I caught a little fish,
Oh, how happy I was then,
It was just like I had a wish.

I took it home and cooked it,
And cut it into halves,
And when the meal was over
There was no one to say "Thanks."

I lived on a farm, you knew that,
Where there were pigs very dirty and fat.
It was a sad little Alex who went to sleep,
And listened sadly to the chickens' peep.
He watched the silvery full moon,
And just for that he played a tune.

—Alex Kostrikin.

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PETER PAN

Peter Pan! Oh Peter Pan!
He lives in the Never Never Land.
No worries nor cares has this youth, so free,
And such a light, glad heart has he.
Peter, who plays with the fairies so gay,
Peter, who plays on his pipes all day.
For Peter is Life!
And Peter is Joy!
Peter is Youth, an Immortal Boy!

By BETTY PRELL, Aged 12.

312 Fillmore Street,
San Francisco, California.

NIGHT AND DAY

The moon shone bright upon the land
And all around danced a pigmy band.
The river gently flowed,
And breeze, the wind bestowed.
The flower petals were all closed tight,
For it was night.
The sun burst from the horizon,
And, where dark had lain,
The morn took a stand
O'er all the land,
The flowers gently opened,
And to the world did perfume lend.
The world was gay
For, was it not day?

By HELEN OLSEN, Aged 13.

TOPSY

My name is Topsy Kaufmann.
How do you like my name?
It was given me this morning
By the king and queen of Spain.

By JOELLE KAUFMANN, Aged 9.

THE STORM

The mountains thundered in the storm,
The rain came down in torrents;
Trees fell under a lightning stroke,
Under a lightning stroke they fell.

Down the mountain rolled a great rock
Split in half like a shell,
By a terrible lightning stroke.
After the storm, all was waste,
Like a barren hillside there.
All was still, still as can be,
After that terrible storm,
After that terrible storm.

AUDREY SALZ, Aged 10.

COLUMBUS

Columbus was brave,
And this did he crave:
To go out and sail
Through wind and gale.
Three ships he took to sail the sea
And found this land for you and me.

When Columbus Day dawns bright and clear,
Remember all of this, my dear:
Columbus braved the stormy sea
And found this land for you and me.

By NOREEN and KATHLEEN AMES.
Aged 10 and 13 years.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN

Silver stars and turquoise skies,
A moon lady with golden skin,
Laughing flowers and butterflies,
Will be my cargo when my ship comes in.

Not riches or wealths of foreign lands,
A dancing maid I'll not try to win,
I want just love's sweet golden sands,
For my cargo when my ship comes in.

ANITA SACHS.

Brother Bob of Radio Station KTAB, has sent us so many lovely canary stories that we only have space to print a few of them this month. But Mr. Robison, of the Ansel W. Robison Pet Store, is going to go through them all and send the prize of the roller canary, in a lovely cage, to the winner each month. So let us have many more stories like these.

About a canary bird named Chickie. Chickie was born in Stockton, and given to me as a present. It was a very pretty baby bird in the face, but did not have a full-size coat of feathers. But I loved it just the same, and every day gave it all the attention that everyone told me to. After a short time Chickie began to sing, and in the apartment house where we were living you could hear it from the top floor. Oh my, I was so proud of that bird's voice. Well, this is what happened. I have a grandma I call Nana, and she always lived with us. But on account of my daddy's work we had to move from San Francisco, and Nana could not come with us, so she said to me: "Lois, I'm going to move to the hotel, and will be in one room all alone, and I guess I will be lonely for all of you." And just then I thought of Chickie, and how sweetly he could sing. So I said, "Nana, you won't be lonely. I'm going to give you Chickie." And right then she hugged me and said: "Oh, how good you are. But you love your little pet." And I did. But I love her, too, and I want her to be happy. That has been a month ago, and I miss my little Chickie singing to me every morning. But I know my Nana is not lonely now.

By Lois Annette Friant.

Aged 9 years.
Santa Fe School, Oakland.

Once upon a time an elderly couple, which my father knew, owned a canary bird. The couple never had any children, and they thought just as much of this bird as they would have thought of a child. They taught this bird to do many tricks. When the couple would sit down to the table to eat, the bird would take his place at the table, also. He had his own plate to eat out of. He was so tame that they never kept him in a cage.

The bird was also taught to drill. Oftentimes before the dinner was prepared, the bird would get hungry, and he would go to the lady or gentleman and peck at their ear, thinking to receive his meal immediately.

When the bird was disorderly, the man would take a toothpick, which he kept specially, and spanked the bird. Of course he did not hurt the bird with the toothpick. The bird was fourteen years old when he died. The couple felt just as bad about the bird dying as if it had been someone in the family. So, you see how much happiness a bird makes in a home.

By Josephine Ward.

4834 Fairfax Avenue, Oakland, California.

(Continued on Page 217)

"TWEET! TWEET!" SAYS CANARY DICK. "I WANT A HOME. A SUNNY ONE! WITH A BOY OR GIRL FRIEND TO SING TO. TWEET! TWEET!"
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This month we have an announcement that should prove of very great interest to all the TREASURE CHEST boys and girls. We believe that the Stamp Page has proven of very great interest to you in the past. Now we have made arrangements to have this space taken over, beginning with the December issue, by Mr. Norman Shepard, under the heading, "Fifteen Minutes with Stamp Collectors."

Mr. Shepard is probably best known to the girls and boys who are stamp collectors, through the Radio Stamp Club, broadcasting every Tuesday evening over Radio Station KTAB. This broadcast feature has proven of great interest to young and old stamp collectors, and we suggest that if you have not already heard him, you tune in on Station KTAB next Tuesday night, referring to the Broadcast Weekly for the hour at which he will broadcast.

Mr. Shepard will have quantities of interesting things to tell us about stamps and stamp collections, their history and their romance.

He will answer your questions through these columns and will be prepared to advise you at all times regarding your collection. He wants you to write to him, care of the TREASURE CHEST, and to tune in without fail every Tuesday night on Radio Station KTAB.

We do hope you are going to like this new feature, and that it will prove entertaining as well as a great aid to your collection.

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COLUMBINE'S BED

By Ethel Said Bohna

Selina's baby Columbine
Has got the cutest bed,
With lacy ruffles round it,
And ruffles overhead,
With a fluffy snow-white pillow
And a snow-white lacy spread.

One morning, very early,
We took our washing there.
Columbine was still asleep
Beside her teddy-bear.
Her black head against the snowy sheets,
With its smoky, kinky hair.

Little baby Columbine
Was smiling as she lay,
So happy in her dreamland
She didn't know 'twas day!
She still was sleeping soundly
When we tiptoed away.

Does a negro sandman
Sprinkle soot into her eyes?
Do darkey fairies bring her dreams
As in her bed she lies?
Do little colored cherubs
Bear her prayers up to the skies?

Do little darkey cupids
Guard her bed at night?
Do dusky angels cluster round
When Selina takes the light?
Do colored seraphs keep her safe
From goblins and from fright?

Some night, if Mother'll let me,
I want to try her bed.
I want to lie so quiet
When my prayers are said—
Perhaps by colored brownies
To dreamland I'll be led!

I wonder after playing
In dreamland all the night,
A-dreaming I am colored—
When, with the morning light,
Mother comes to call me,
Will I wake up *black* or *white?*

PET PAGE

(Continued from Page 214)

Once upon a time I was going to bed, and the first thing I knew the light was out and I was asleep. I awoke and saw a thing covered up. I got up and took the paper off it. And what do you think I found? A bird! I ran into mother's room and cried: "Mother, I have found a bird on the table, covered up with a paper!" As it was Christmas morning, I looked at the Christmas tree and then ran and got my stockings. As soon as I got downstairs the bird was out of his cage in the Christmas tree, frightened to death. "Now we will name him," I said. "I like Dickie for a name." "All right," said mother. At noontime he was still out, and I was in my rocking-chair, looking at my presents, when Dickie flew down on my arm and started to sing. I looked up and started to laugh. He looked at me for a minute and then flew down on the floor. I wanted to see if he would play, so I put my hand on the floor and he ran after it and pecked it hard. Then I ran after him with my feet, and he turned around and ran after my feet. The second time I did that I said, "Dickie's it, and got a fit, and can't get out of it." Then he turned around and ran after my feet again. From now on he is still doing that, and he is very happy.

By MARJORIE CUSIC.

Aged 7 years.
766 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

There was a little girl who had been born in a town in California. She was born blind, and attended the School for the blind. While there, she was kept contented and happy by her studies, but time came when she graduated with honors from the school and returned home. It was then that the days seemed much longer to her, having no studies to do, and missing the companionship of her many school friends.

Now it happened, about this time, that a friend of hers made her a present of a canary bird. She was overjoyed with the beautiful song of the bird, and she loved to care for it, and soon had it trained so that it would hop onto her hands and shoulders. She would leave it loose and it would fly to its cage again after a while, and called to her when it needed attention.

She would sit by the hour and play on the piano just to hear the canary bird sing, and the happiness which it brought to this little girl was not confined to her alone, but was reflected in the radiant faces of her parents and of the friend who gave her the bird.

After a while she seemed to realize that this little bird had a big purpose in life, and that was to make people happy. She then thought: "Well, I, too, must have a purpose in life." She then started to review her studies, which she had taken in school, and this very day she's a very fine dictaphone operator and she is no longer lonely and unhappy, because she has her work and the little canary bird that has grown to mean so much to her.

By MARGARET HOCKING.

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THE BROWNS' THANKSGIVING

(Continued from Page 192)

turkey was in the pan. I'll see that you get thrown out of the 'Woman's Aid Society' and the 'Honest Woman's Social Society Busy Bee Club.' The idea of a prominent club member fibbing. Come, hubby, we are going."

With this, Mrs. Casey gathered her belongings, including her husband, and out through the open door they passed, brushing aside the startled expressman.

For once in her life, Mrs. Brown couldn't find words to express herself.

"Of all the—" then she stopped.

"Lizzie," spoke an agitated husband.

"Be quiet," Mrs. Brown roared.

Here a gawky boy entered, "M'm'm-m-m, I'ah-ah- If-f-f-," he muttered.

"Well, for goodness' sake spit it out, boy," Mr. Brown whimpered.

"I'll—ah—I," he began again. This time he held out a box, which had not been noticed.

"I'l-l-r-r-r-r-runned a-a-a- eight-t-t bl-l-locks w-w-with i-i-it."

Sure enough, it was the turkey. There was the head poking from a broken board.

"Hurrah," Mr. Brown cried. "The Caseys have left and we can now have the turkey to ourselves."

ANTOINETTE AND THE LADY

(Continued from Page 211)

Then Antoinette became aware that she was being lifted into the Lady's arms. A rain of kisses showered on her face.

Incredulous, she gasped,

"You won't send me away?"

"Send you away!" The Lady laughed, a thrilling, throbbing, tender, heart-breaking laugh. "My dear—my darling little girl! Don't you know it was true? Didn't they tell you that you were the little girl that day? I am your mother!"

ANOTHER ONE

There was an old fellow from Lynn
Who shaved the beard off of his chynn,
And glued it instead
On the top of his head
For that's where it always grew thynn.

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THE WHEEZE'S OTHER EYE

By Rosalie Moore

Aged 16 Years

As Cockywabbles waltzed along,
(A cow, a spoon, and a pound of cheese,)
He spied by the turny, wurny road
A doleful, woleful, soulful Wheeze.

"Oh, wimblewoo, boohoo, achoo!"
Bewold the whoupy, croupy Wheeze—
"I must stay here forevermore
And breeze and squeeze and freeze and sneeze."

"And wherefor moan so moonily?
And whyfor sniff and snuff and snort?
And whither which—and if, why not?"
Begged Cockywabbles (Cock, for short).

"The tale must be without detail,"
Wailed Wheeze, "because of weeps and sighs—
For it is sad, my lad, and bad—
And all because my other eye!

"I lived with Mother Wheeze, (Oh, mop!)
I and my other eye—oh, aye!
But I pined to see the world and so
I set me down to cry——and cry.

"But mother said that I could went
And so I goed (Oh, sop, oh, my!)
I might have seen the world by now
But for my oozeful other eye.

"For 'other eyes' are bad (ah, me!)
And don't see what they should (Oh, fie!)
To think that I was born with one—
An other, other, othereye!

"I started forth (Oh, drip! Oh, drop!)
Then came to crossroads (Ki—oh, Yi!),
The one led straight to all the world,
The other back to home. (Oh, why?)

"I would have gone straight on (Alack!)
Explored the earth from ground to sky—
But (Oh!) the road that led back home
It caught my awful other eye!

"Oh, tear! Oh, fear! Oh—ear! for Wheeze
Must always mind his other eye—
That's why I've never saw the world
But stay at home and cry and bly—"

Cockywabbles spilled a tear,
Then cried, "You're such a jolly Wheeze,
(Aha!) I'll take you traveling.
We'll roam (what fun) just where we please."

"Alas, I thank you thoughtfully—
I'd not (oh, mope) do that at all,
I'd rather stay right where I am
And sprawl and brawl and squall and bawl!"

* * * *

As Cockywobbles waltzed along,
(A cow, a spoon, and a hive of bees)
Far down the road he still could hear
The mournful, scornful, lornful Wheeze.

"Oh, wimblewoo, boohoo, achoo—
Oh, slip! Oh, slop! Oh, flop! Oh, fleas!
I must stay here forever more
And breeze and freeze, and wheeze and sneeze!"

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Hullo, Girls and Boys!

This is Brother Bob broadcasting from station KTAB, Oakland, California.

Well, this has been one of the nicest months I have ever spent. I was afraid for a while that some of my little friends might have forgotten me, but no, the telephone and the telegraph wires have just been kept hot with messages, and as for letters! Why, the postman says that Uncle Sam will have to put on a special force just to take care of my mail.

I have so many interesting things to tell you.

In the first place, I'm going to let every talented girl or boy broadcast this winter. If you can sing or recite, or do almost anything but dance (of course it would be impossible to dance over the microphone) just write a letter to the TREASURE CHEST magazine, and the editor will make arrangements for you to come over to station KTAB. I want things that boys and girls will enjoy. If you can sing, especially comic songs, bring along your music. But not jazz!

Now for some interesting prize announcements.

Capwell's Department Store of Oakland is going to have a model-building contest for boys, and a doll-dressing contest for girls.

BOYS' MODEL-BUILDING CONTEST

Grand Capital Prize—$25.00 "Little Pal" Scooter Bike for most outstanding and impressive exhibit made of any construction set.

Prize Number 1.—A $15.00 Meccano set for the best ingeniously constructed building, bridge, or anything that can be constructed from any kind of construction set.

Prize Number 2.—$11.75 Lionel Electric Train with transformer for the most beautiful piece of construction from Meccano or any other construction set.

Prize Number 3.—A $7.00 Buddy-L Steel Truck for the most useful and practical piece of construction work.

GIRLS' DOLL-DRESSING CONTEST

Grand Capital Prize.—$20.00 Desk and Stool for the most beautifully dressed doll.

Prize Number 1.—A beautifully dressed baby doll for the most original costume.

Prize Number 2.—An $18.50 Whitney Doll Carriage, large size, with rubber tires, for the doll dressed in the best character costume.

Prize Number 3.—A rubber-tired Scooter for the doll dressed in the most complete costume, accessories and all.

Prize Number 4.—An American Girl Sewing Machine, that really sews, with book of instruction, for the doll dressed in the most comic costume.

* * * * *

There will be more prizes. Boys should obtain entrance blanks by writing to BROTHER BOB AT KTAB. Mount your models, if possible, on a nicely painted board. Prizes will be awarded Saturday, December 4, 2:00 p. m., by BROTHER BOB, in Capwell's Toy Department, Oakland.

Girls' awards will be made by BROTHER BOB, Saturday, December 11, 2:00 p. m., in the Children's Shop at Capwell's Department Store, Oakland. We will have a party for both the girls and the boys.

Dolls and models may be sent parcel post, and will be returned.

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The TREASURE CHEST

. FOR BOYS and GIRLS .

VOL. I
NUMBER 7

DECEMBER, 1926

$2.50 per year
.25 per copy

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

We wonder what the trouble is with the grown-ups. Of course we know that when one grows old, one doesn't seem to have as much fun as when one is young. But we are not very sympathetic. There is no reason why grown-up boys and girls should not have as much imagination as the younger ones. Of course, you don't know what in the world we're talking about, so I suppose we had better explain. The fact is this: We are receiving oodles and gobs of stories from all over the United States, from the old ones, but the stories don't seem to interest us. They are just flat, or else they are the very "goody-goody" kind that the parents like to write, and the children do not like to read. On the other hand, we have had just sloughs of good stories and good poems and good drawings and nice letters from boys and girls.

Just consider this number. Look on page 250. The story is "The Involuntary Fisherman," by Bill Luther, and it won the second prize in the Paul Elder Short-Story Contest last month. And the illustrations are by Kenneth Callahan, who was a University of Washington student, and who is just twenty years old.

Then, on page 234, we have "More Troubles of the Browns," by Ann Breslauer. As you know, Ann is just thirteen, and by the time she is one of the grown-ups she will be writing masterpieces if she keeps on the way she is going. On the same page we have a poem by Tommy Glynn, who is nineteen, and writes lots of nice poetry.

On page 236 we have a swell jingle by Helen Winslow Stanford, who is still in her 'teens, and is enrolled at Stanford University. And another poem by Audrey May Wurdemann, our prize fifteen-year-old poetess.

Next we turn to page 238, and there is the lovely Swiss story by Frieda Kuhl, the little Swiss girl, who thinks she is awfully grown-up, but who actually is just eighteen, and most of the time acts about twelve.

Then the Circus Page. The drawings are by James Lowman, a Polytechnic High School student, and he is getting better and better every month.

On page 256 is the very pretty little story by Josephine Kilcoyne, about the two canaries that brought happiness to two people.

And, finally, on page 252, we find just heaps of stories and poems written for "Your Page." And Alex Kostrikin's story of his Russian memories is so splendid that we think we will have to send it East.

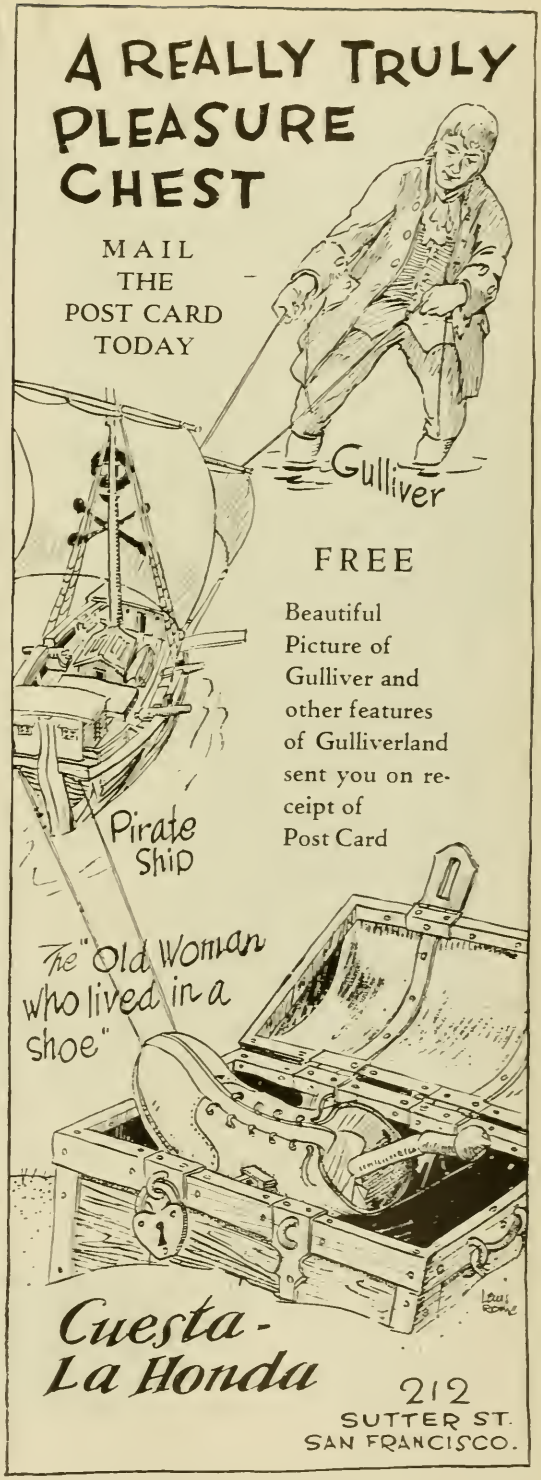
And so we are proud of the December Treasure Chest. It is a boys' and girls' magazine, and the greater part of it has been written by boys and girls. Grown-ups are all right in their place, and we cannot get along without them, but the Editor has learned his lesson. He is glad he is young, and he frankly states that if the old ones do not appreciate us, we appreciate ourselves.

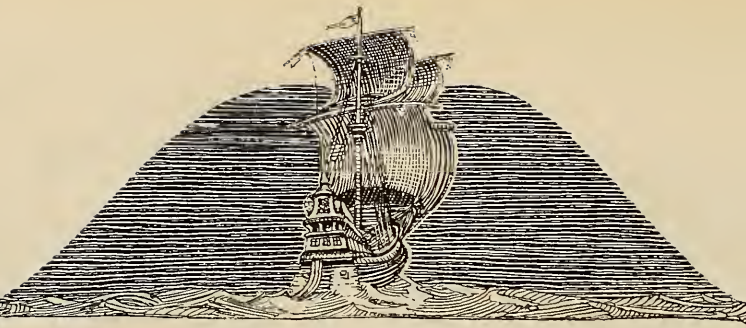
Hello, Boys and Girls!

Don't forget that Brother Bob is broadcasting to you every night excepting Saturday and Sunday, at five o'clock, over Radio Station KTAB. He will read you your favorite stories from the Treasure Chest, and has so many wonderful ideas up his sleeve for your entertainment this month that he's afraid he'll have to build his own private broadcasting station and talk to you all the time.

If you have not already joined his Brother Bob Club, write to him right away and he will send you a membership card and one of the lovely club pins.

On every Saturday afternoon Brother Bob is holding a party for the boys and girls at the Parkway Theatre. Park Boulevard and Nineteenth Street, in Oakland, and he wants you to come there and shake hands with him. Every Saturday he gives prizes to the boys and girls, and everybody has a good time.





THE TREASURE CHEST

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We shall be glad to consider manuscripts available for publication. Same will be paid for at current rates. All manuscripts must be written on one side of paper, and if their return is desired, must be accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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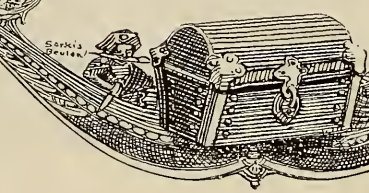

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"GIVE THANKS TO HEAVEN THAT ONE WAS LEFT FOR YOUR SALVATION. HERE STAND I, FAITHFUL, YEA, TILL DEATH."

—*The Flying Dutchman.*

"The Flying Dutchman"

Retold by S. B. DICKSON

HIGH in the prow of his stout Norwegian sailing vessel, Captain Daland stood and gazed, with disappointment in his heart, at the green shores and sloping hills that encircled the strange harbor. Eager to reach his own port, and to hold his motherless daughter, Senta, in his arms once more, he had met with one set-back after another on this ill-omened trip. And now, within forty miles of home, a great storm had arisen, and the ship had been forced to take shelter in the first port at hand. Then, calm had come, and the storm-clouds had been replaced with white flaky pillows that drifted across the sunset sky.

Captain Daland was a strange man, a man who divided his interests between his love for his daughter, Senta, and his love for gold. Always, when the longing for his quiet, black-eyed girl had called him home, the thrill of adventure and the lust for gold and more gold had driven him on and on to longer and longer voyages, and through danger after danger.

Captain Daland stood in the prow of his ship, and smiled. Far out on the horizon the vague form of a ghost-like ship appeared, and in the red glare of the fast-setting sun the newcomer seemed to be ablaze with red fire.

"It's like a ghost-ship," he told himself, "a regular phantom of the Flying Dutchman." He smiled again, and shivered, and nervously pulled at his long grey beard. All seamen shivered when one spoke of the Flying Dutchman. They were a strange, lonely, superstitious class of men, these hardy salts who went down to the sea for money and adventure. They had all heard of the Flying Dutchman, and even in the villages the children, tired of their games, would cluster about bonfires on the beach while old retired sailors would tell them of the Dutchman.

She was a ship for years sailing the Southern Ocean, under one Captain Vanderdecken, a good, courageous man, who, after years of trading between many ports, had grown wealthy. His ship had borne down under the weight of the gold that he carried. And so Captain Vanderdecken determined to sail for his beloved Holland, to build a home for himself. He dreamed of a little rose-covered cottage, a good fat wife, and many children to make his reclining years bright. So, late in the year, he weighed anchor and set sail. Off the Cape of Good Hope, that evil mass of rock that is the dread of all sailors, they encountered a terrific storm. Meeting them full in the face, it drove them back and back, each time they tried to round the Cape. In a desperate rage, Vanderdecken swore by all that he held most sacred that he would round the Cape if it took him until Doomsday.

Now, as all know, there is an evil spirit who lives at sea, and who delights in tormenting the men of ships. He laughed gleefully at the Captain's vow, and resolved to make him live up to his threat.

"I will make them sail the ocean," he swore, "until the end of the world. Year in and year out they shall sail from ocean to ocean, and never reach home. Year in and year out shall they sail, and neither storm nor old age shall put an end to their everlasting journeyings. That shall be their fate."

Then the evil one hesitated. "No," he decided. Under one condition, and one condition only, would he let the voyage end. Once in each seven years he would allow Captain Vanderdecken to make land, and if, during these rare visits to shore, he could find a maiden who would love him faithfully unto death, then the journey should end.

And so the phantom ship sailed on, and seamen passing it would shiver and make strange signs, and in the long winter nights the maidens on shore would dream of the phantom captain everlastingly searching for a true love. Sometimes the phantom would send a small boat to a passing ship, and would ask the crew of the newcomer to mail letters for them when they reached their home port. But these letters were addressed to wives and children who had been dead hundreds and hundreds of years without count. The sailors were afraid to refuse to accept them, and afraid to destroy them. This, then, was the Flying Dutchman, the ghost-ship that sailed endlessly from sea to sea, haunting the lives of sailor-men and sailor folk.

Captain Daland smiled again at the ship on the horizon, and then ordered a boat lowered, and went ashore. Hardly had his feet touched the beach when a boat put off from the phantom-ship and within a short space of time her captain hailed Daland.

"Skipper, ahoy!" cried Captain Daland, "whence come you?"

The Dutchman, for it was he, waved a hand out to sea, and answered, "Around and around the world have I sailed, and 'tis many a year since these feet have touched hard ground."

"It is a lonely life, the life of a sailor," said Captain Daland, "but it is a life rich with adventure. Tell me, what cargo do your carry?"

Vanderdecken shrugged in an off-hand way. "I trade," he said, "in gold and precious stones."

Daland's eyes eagerly lit. "It is a good cargo," he nodded, "and well worth the game."

Vanderdecken shook his head. "Yes, there are men without number who would change places with me, while I—I would give all my wealth for a peaceful home on shore."

"It's a strange world," said Daland. "You offer your wealth for a home, and I leave my home to search for wealth."

"Do you live near here?" demanded Vanderdecken.

"Ay, my home is but forty miles beyond. There the warmth of my fire awaits me, and even now I should be before it smoking my pipe, were it not for the terrible storm that has passed."

Captain Vanderdecken eyed him shrewdly. He put a whistle to his mouth and blew a shrill blast. Down from his ship came a strange-appearing crew, and between them they bore a huge chest. They placed it on the sand between the two captains, and opened it. Daland's eyes almost popped out of his head in amazement. There lay a wondrous confusion of rare gems and beautifully wrought gold and silver. He plunged his hands into the mass and let the beautiful things flow through his fingers.

"If," said Vanderdecken, "you will let me be your guest on shore, and let me sit before your fire and smoke my pipe, you shall take of these what you desire. I will make you a rich man." He snapped his fingers at the mass of wealth. "Of what use are treasures when one has not a home and wife and children? For years have I wandered the seas, and my soul is weary. Now I want peace."

"Come," cried Daland, "come home with me. I want no reward. You shall have the best my simple home can provide. My daughter Senta shall cook for us, and none will be there to disturb your comfort."

The stranger turned eagerly to him. "You have a daughter?" he asked. "How old is she?"

"To me she is but a child. And yet, when I pause to realize, she is fast grown to woman's estate. A pretty child, too, sweet, and kindly, with gentle ways and winning manners."

Vanderdecken grasped Daland's hand eagerly. "Man, look at me. All that you can know of me is that which you see. And yet I have a strange request to make. Promise me your daughter's hand, if I can win her, and all the treasures of this chest shall be yours."

Captain Daland hesitated, and stared long and carefully at the Dutchman.

"She is all I have," he said, "and I treasure her above all the wealth in the world. But I feel that you would make a good husband for her, and I will do all that I can to further your suit."

The two men held one another's hands, and then, with Vanderdecken's hand upon his new friend's shoulder, the Norwegian led the way back to the boats.

* * * * *

The following afternoon Senta sat with her girlhood friends at their spinning-wheels. They sang as they worked, and only Senta sat with her hands folded in her lap and gazed out to sea, her soft, dark eyes glowing. Her old nurse came to her, and smiled, and teased of her dreaming. A warm flush came to her lovely cheeks, and she shook her head.

"I was thinking," she said. "I was thinking of the legend you told me about the Flying Dutchman who sails on and on and on through life, seeking one who would be faithful to him until death."

"Who wants to marry the captain of a ghost-ship?" demanded one of the girls.

"I could," cried Senta with flashing eyes. "if I could end his curse and make him happy, I would do it gladly."

"What is this I hear?" demanded a merry voice. "Are you trying to make me jealous, Senta?"

It was Eric who spoke; Eric the young huntsman who lived high above the village. He had grown up with Senta, and she felt towards him as a sister. But his love for her was of a deeper nature. He ran his hand over her soft hair and told her that her father's ship was in sight. "And," he added, "another vessel follows him. Perhaps he's bringing you a visitor."

In a flash the room was in confusion. Spinning wheels were thrust aside, and the young maidens quickly spread a long table in preparation for a feast. Then one by one Senta's friends departed, leaving Eric and the sailor's daughter alone.

"What's all this about the Flying Dutchman, Senta?" Eric asked softly.

"I was just pitying him," she replied. "It is so terrible to sail on to the end of the world for the want of love."

Eric paled. "I had a dream," he said. "I dreamed your father came home from the sea, bringing with him a stranger, a wealthy stranger. He demanded your hand in marriage . . . "

"Yes?" cried Senta, "and then? . . . . "

"You left me, Senta. You went to the stranger on board his ship. He hoisted a red sail. You were lost to me forever. You were gone with the Flying Dutchman."

"It was a vision," whispered Senta, and even as she spoke, her father came in. Behind him stood a man, tall and thin, with deep blue eyes, and a great black beard. Senta flew to her father, and he clasped her in his arms and kissed her hair and her forehead and her eyes. Holding her hand, he led her to Vanderdecken and told her to prepare food and a room for the visitor. Then, while the Dutchman retired to make himself ready for the meal, Captain Daland told the girl of his strange encounter, and finally of his promise that he would consent to their marriage.

"And you, child," he said, "will you agree to my wishes?"

She buried her face against him as she answered: "I must learn from his lips how much he needs me. I will give him my answer, father."

Something in the quiet way in which his daughter answered him inspired Daland with confidence, and with no further discussion he called the guest to a place at

their table. Through the meal Daland told the girl of his travels, and the Dutchman sat quietly by, without speaking. However, when the supper was over, and the father had left the two together, Vanderdecken arose and, coming to Senta, placed his hands upon her shoulders.

"Girl," he said, "look at me." Bravely she raised her eyes to his, and each read love in the soul of the other. Then she closed her eyes, while he continued:

"I am a rough man, a man of the sea; I have not the words suited for your pure ears. But, when I entered your door I knew that I loved you. Your father has agreed to my suit. What is your answer, Senta? Dare I hope?"

"Yes," she replied bravely, "it was fate that brought you to me."

Vanderdecken's eyes lit with joy. Love had come to him. The end of the curse was in sight. Eagerly he reached out his hands to her, and then paused. "Senta," he said, bowing his head, "I cannot accept your gift in this way. You do not know who I am.

"But I do," she cried.

"You know that I am accursed of the evil one? Doomed to live year after year, unending, until one truly loves me?"

"Do you not love me?" asked Senta.

"More than life itself," he cried, and his face grew pale.

"Then this is my answer. Here is my hand, and my heart. Even to death will I be faithful to you."

"Dost thou hear?" cried Vanderdecken, shaking his fist as if at an unseen enemy. "Dost thou hear, evil one? I defy thee. I am free." And, falling upon his knees, he pressed her hands again and again to his lips.

And then Daland entered. Hastening to the two, he gave them his blessing, crying: "Tomorrow I give a feast to my sailors, and then, when happiness reigns, I shall announce your betrothal."

* * * * *

A beautiful day dawned. On Daland's ship sailors were stringing silk pennants and bright colors in preparation for the feast. Merry groups of girls clustered on the beach, and brought baskets of cakes and rich fruits to the sailors. But on board the Flying Dutchman, all was quiet.

"It is like a phantom ship," cried a merry-maker, and lifting his voice he called, "Ho, there, old black ship. What has become of the Flying Dutchman?"

Then a strange thing happened. A sharp, biting wind swept the beach, and the revelers shivered. The waters in the bay were calm, but just around the black ship they tossed furiously. Darkness closed in, and strange blue lights danced about the mastheads. In panic, the maidens fled in all directions, and the superstitious Norwegian sailors hastened to their ship.

Then the door of Senta's home opened, and she came to the beach, followed by Eric, the huntsman. He pleaded with her to remain with him, to be true to their childhood vows. Tenderly he held her in his arms, and she, suffering for his unhappiness, comforted him as best she could. And as they stood there, Vanderdecken came to her. He cried out in his grief. Already Senta was regretting her promise to him.

"All is ended," he lamented, "all is lost."

"What do you mean?" cried Senta, hastening to him.

"Farewell, child," he cried, "I return to the sea till time is ended. You are released from your promise. Only thus can I save you from my fate."

"No, no," implored Senta. "I will not take back my word. I love you. You must see that I love you. From the first moment I saw you I knew that I loved you, and I will go wherever you go."

Vanderdecken shook his head. "No, no, you do not understand. It is the curse. Ask any sailor who sails the seas, and he will tell you, and his face will pale as he speaks, to beware the Flying Dutchman."

But Senta did not shrink away from him. With the love-light in her eyes, she reached out her arms to him, crying: "You cannot leave me. I will save you in spite of yourself."

Vanderdecken held her away from him, gave her to the arms of Eric, and then, with bowed head, walked to the waters' edge and entered his small boat. A dozen strokes of the oars and he was at his vessel and aboard. Hastily he blew the whistle. The great ship slowly began to move, its blood-red sails glowing like fire, and, high above, strange blue lights darted and danced.

With a shriek, Senta rushed towards the water's edge, and then, swiftly turning, outdistancing all who tried to detain her, leaping over rocks and crevices in her flight, she reached the headland. Just beneath her the phantom-ship plunged its way through the foaming waves.

Senta stood, her arms outstretched, and the rising storm lashed about her. Then, as the terrified throngs below cried out in horror, a beautiful smile illumined her face, a heroic light shone in her eyes.

"Give thanks to Heaven that one was left for your salvation," she cried. "Here stand I, faithful, yea, till death."

And then, it was as though hands reached out and drew her from the cliff. Down she plunged, down and down, into the surging tumultuous sea. The waves sobbed and eddied about her, and then closed, and all became calm. The waters became as glass, and a soft crimson glow kindled them. Slowly the Phantom Ship and all upon it sank beneath the waves. Weird blue lights fluttered for a moment—only a moment—as the masthead disappeared, and then all became peace. Darkness closed in, and the water was hidden from sight.

Faintly, a beautiful glow, a pathway of crimson light, appeared, leading through the parting clouds to the bright sky beyond. And there, locked in one another's arms, and slowly rising upward, were the forms of Senta and her lover. The journeyings of the Flying Dutchman were at an end, and in the glory of undying love the curse of the Evil One was ended for evermore.

The Peculiar History of the Chewing Gum Man

By GELETT BURGESS

Many years ago, when the Palace Hotel was only about seven stories high, and it was the largest building in San Francisco, Gelett Burgess and many other young Californians published a wonderful little magazine called "The Lark." The Lark fluttered into our homes one day, bringing smiles and happiness to everyone. It stayed with us a couple of years, and then it flew away. It was never seen again, but over thirty years of memories it has kept its place in the hearts of the old Californians. One day Mr. Burgess laughed up his sleeve, and wrote "The Peculiar History of The Chewing Gum Man." Here it is, with his original illustrations. We are glad to be able to bring it to the children of the boys and girls who loved it so many years ago.

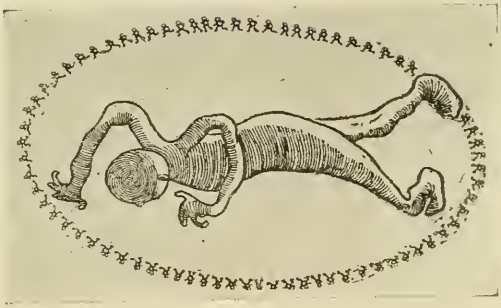
O, Willie, an' Wallie, an' Huldy Ann,
They went an' built a big CHEWIN'-GUM MAN:
It was none o' your teenty little dots,
With pinhole eyes an' pencil-spots;
But this was a terribul big one—well,
'Twas a'most as high as the Palace Hotel!
It took 'em a year to chew the gum ! !
And Willie he done it all, 'cept some
That Huldy got her ma to chew,
By the time the head was ready to do.

Well, Willie he chewed it for days 'n' days;
They brung it to him in gret big drays;
An' fast as he got it good an' soft,
Then Wallie he come and carried it oft.
Then he'd roll it into a gret big ball,
An' he made a-more 'n a MILLION in all!
Then Huldy Ann she spanked 'em flat
An' pinched an' poked, an' the like o' that.
Till she got it inter a gret big hunk—
My! didn't Huldy have the spunk!
And then she sliced one end half-way
To make the laigs ('cause they never stay
When you stick 'em on in a seprit piece—
Seems like the ends was made o' grease);
And she slit an arm right up each side,—
I couldn't a done it if I'd a tried!
O' course, her brothers they helped her, though,
An' rolled the arms an' legs out, so
They all was smooth with roundin' bends
An' *chopped* the fingers inter the ends!
An' when their mother had chewn the head,
She went an' *stuck* it on, instead!

An' then, when the man was almost done,
They had an awful lots o' fun.
A-walkin' down his stummick was best
To make the buttons onter his vest!
They stuck big cartwheels in him for eyes;
His eyes was both tremendous size;
His nose was a barrel—an' then beneath
They used a ladder, to make his teeth!
An' when he was layin' acrost the street
Along came their daddy, as white 's a sheet,—
He was skeert half outer his wits, I guess,
An' he didn't know whatter make o' the mess,—
But Huldy she up an' begun to coax
To have him down town, to skeer the folks!
So her dad he grabbed him offen the street,
An' Willie and Wallie they took his feet,
An' they dragged him clean down to the Cogswell fountain,
An' stood him up as big as a mountain!
You'd orter seen him a-standin' there,
A-straddlin' Market street in the air!
Well, he stood up straight for a week 'n' a half
An' the folks, Gee! didn't they yell 'n' laff:
The boys clum up his laigs quite bold—
The gum was so soft they got good hold;
The cars run under him day an' night,
An 'the people come miles to see the sight!
Well, after he'd stayed as stiff 's a post,
With his head on top o' the roofts almost,
The sun came outer the fog one day
An'—well, I guess you can see the way
That gret big feller begun to melt;—
Imagine how Willie and Wallie felt!
For first he cocked his head out some,
An' when the heat got inter the gum
He slowly waved his arms ahead
An' slanted forred, just like he was dead!
An' all day long he leaned an' bent
Till all expected he would have went
An' pitched right over. They roped the street
To keep the crowd away from his feet.
I tell yer he was a sight; my soul!
Twicet as high as a telegraft pole,
Wavin' his arms an' slumpin' his feet
An' a-starin' away down Market street.

Then, what did I tell yer—that blame old head
Their mother had made a-seprit, instead,—
It fell right off an' squashed a horse!
('Twas so soft, it didn't *kill* him, o' course.)
When his hands got so they touched the ground
A hundred policemen they come around;
They stuck a cable-car to his feet,
An' one to his head, a goin' up street,
An' then they pulled him opposite ways,
An' they pulled him for days 'n' days 'n' days,
An' they drored him out so slim an' small
That he reached a *mile 'n' a half,* in all.

An' that was the end o' the CHEWIN'-GUM MAN
For Willie, an' Wallie an' Huldy Ann.
They come along with an ax next day,
An' chopped him up, and guv him away.



PIRATES and SPINACH

By JOHN B. WOOSTER

Illustrated by Kenneth Callahan

ARTHUR didn't know who to blame. Things had gone all wrong, and he was in the mood to blame anyone but himself for his wretchedness. He was only twelve years old, and, being only twelve, thought that he knew all there was to know about life. But, sometimes, things were so jumbled that he didn't know what to think.

He had come home from school, his face dirty, and his knickers torn. One sock had a rip from heel to knee.

"Why, Arthur," demanded his mother, "what in the world has happened to you?"

"Nothin. Nothin much. Just been playin football."

"Football? In those clothes? Arthur, why didn't you come home and change to your old things?"

"Didn't have time. The fellows needed a man for tackle."

His mother slowly surveyed the wreck of his new little suit. Tears came into her eyes.

"You are dreadful, Arthur," she said, "it is completely ruined. I don't know what to do with you."

"It ain't ruined. All you got to do is to wash 'em and iron 'em, and put a patch on the knee, and sew up that rip in the back. Then they'll be just as good as new. It's nothin to make such a fuss about."

"Arthur, you're impertinent. You will go to your room until father comes home."

The boy stared at her sullenly, then slammed from the room. He knew he had been in the wrong. But there was no regret in his nature. He sat upon his bed swinging his heels, and gazing out of the window. It was no use, he thought, no matter how hard he tried, he never seemed to be able to please people. His eyes glanced around the walls, and stopped at the picture of the one-armed Captain Hook, chief of the pirates of the Spanish Main.

"I'll do it," said Arthur, "I'll run away and be a pirate. Then maybe, when I'm great and rich, and the captain of a fleet of a thousand ships, they will come to me and beg me to forgive 'em." But no, he would never forgive. He would laugh and tug his great black mustache (Arthur had light golden hair) and he would order all the people who had been cruel to him thrown overboard into shark-infested waters. The thought of the reality made splendid little shivers run up and down his back. He saw himself a great hero. He would show them. He slowly opened the window; crawled out onto the roof, cautiously glanced around, and then, sliding down the drain-pipe, melted into the gathering twilight. He made his way to the harbor. The riding lights of many ships caught his eye. They were a small part of his dream fleet. With a cautious "Hist, follow my heels, my buckos, and at my signal rush that merchantman," he crept along the dock and into the world of ships. But in his eagerness he failed to note the form of his father trailing only a couple of hundred feet behind him.

Arthur was nearing the end of the piers. Just one ship remained. It was an old black salmon-boat. To Arthur it was the ideal ship for piracy. It fascinated him. He made his way up the gangway, and crawled upon the deck. The boat had long lain idle. The salmon run would not begin for several weeks. The captain had managed to store a cargo for a near-by port and was waiting the flood-tide to cast off.

Arthur's father followed the boy up the gang-plank, and as he came on board, and read the name "Tar-Boy" on the house, a great smile lighted his face. It was the ship of a life-long friend. He saw his son's body wiggle out of sight, down a hatch that had not been closed. Creeping up, he closed the huge doors on the boy, then made his way to the cabin.

He was greeted by the whiskered captain with a shout:

"Why, Casey, you old wreck, what good wind brings you on board?"

Arthur Casey laughed, and his hand stretched the captain's elbow. "It's good to see you again, captain. It's three years now, since we've met."

The captain nodded.

"Three years or no, I'm glad to see you, Arthur. I'll never forget that you came to my help when I most needed it, and saved my ship."

"Forget it, Stebs, ours has been a long friendship, and all the tides in the world can't wash it away. But now you can do something for me."

The two men talked for an hour. At first Stebs objected to Mr. Casey's plan, but after a few moments he began to laugh, and the battle was won. Then Arthur's father hurried to shore. Ten minutes later, the hawsers were cast off and the "Tar-Boy" rode the ebbing tide.

Meanwhile, Arthur pounded and pounded on the closed hatch. He heard the tread of many feet on deck and finally the vibration of the engine, as the ship left the pier. The boy banged until his hands were sore, and then he wept, until he had worn out that childish safety-valve. A little later, sleep overcame him, and cuddled against a mound of sacks he dreamed he was in his own bed at home.

The morning sun, shining through many holes in the deck, awakened him. He opened his eyes, just in time to see the hatch being raised. For a moment he did not know where he was, and then memory rushed back. He started to hide himself, but suddenly halted, as a command was roared down at him.

"Hey, there, you young bilge rat, come out of that."

Arthur was frightened. This was too much reality. But with a weak attempt at a smile, he turned about and started to crawl toward the now-open hatch. He stood up, and could just reach the top, when a hand suddenly descended, and, pulling him through the opening, set him down with a thud on the deck.

"Up you go to the chief," roared the voice, and he was dragged along the deck to the cabin.

"Chief, come see what I caught stowing away," announced his captor.

From within the cabin came a shout.

"A stowaway, hey? Tell the jolly lads to run out the plank. We'll get rid of him at once. He may be a spy."

The door was flung open, and a fierce-looking man emerged. He was naked to the waist. His hair was covered with a red bandanna handkerchief. A huge black pistol was shoved through his belt.

"Why, it's only a kid," the chief grunted, "let go of him."

The hand was removed from his neck, and Arthur was able to see the man who had captured him. He was the biggest man he had ever seen. He looked at least six feet tall, and was as black and shiny as a newly-polished pair of shoes.

"What are you doing there?" roared the captain.

"I just wanted to look at your ship," Arthur whispered, "and they closed the door on me."

The captain shook his head. "Too bad. But now that you're here, you must stay. I'll make you my cabin boy."

Arthur's eyes became round with wonder. "Please, sir," he whimpered, "are you a pirate?"

"Certainly," Captain Steb did not even blush.

"That's what I want to be."

"Well, you will now. You're a pirate's cabin boy."

"Ah found him, chief. Ah wants him. Dat's pirate lore," roared the great negro.

"I want him, and what I want I get," roared the chief.

"Pirate lore says he's mine," cried the black, reaching for a long knife that was stuck into his trousers.

The chief did not answer. He simply pulled out his revolver, and fired. A thud, and the black fell apparently lifeless. The chief did not even look at the fallen negro. Brandishing his revolver, he shouted to the crew, "Throw the body overboard. I want my ship clean."

Catching Arthur by the arm, he rushed him into the cabin. The boy was so frightened, that his teeth chattered. He was sick and repentant. But the captain gave him no time for regrets.

"Boy, clean my pistols," he ordered, pointing to a collection of sixteen that littered the cabin table.

"Are they all yours?" asked Arthur in wonder.

"Certainly. Sometimes I have more, but business has been a little bit quiet."

"Do you have a big crew?"

"Yes, you might say so. Fifty-eight twins and you."

"Fifty-eight twins?"

"Yes, I never take single men, only twins are in my crew."

"Why, sir?" asked Arthur.

"Well, since you're my boy, I'll tell you. With fifty-eight twins a man's safe. You've got a big enough crew to catch anything, and when anybody gets you mad, you can always kill one of them, and not worry about having a new face on board."

Arthur bent to his work.

"—and see that you clean them well," commanded the captain. "The last boy did not do his work well enough to suit me. That's why you got a job."

"What happened to the last boy, sir?"

"Avast," roared the chief, "don't ask questions. He cleaned my gun so badly that I missed when I fired at the cook. So I made him walk the plank."

A chill ran up Arthur's back.

"But I thought you always carried twins."

"So I do. He died for eating some of my pudding."

Arthur felt sick; very, very sick.

At eight o'clock his work was done, and the chief told him to go to sleep, pointing to a bunk in his cabin.

"But don't pirates eat?" whined Arthur.

"Yes, I forget. Cook! OH COOK!"

A grinning black appeared, the same one that had captured him that morning.

"Get this boy food, real pirate food," ordered the captain. "And see it's not burned, or I'll kill you like I killed your last brother last night."

"Yes, sah, I'll cook it alright."

"You'd better. If he don't like it, you'll die."

"He'll like it," said the cook, at the same time pulling out a knife and holding it up for the boy to see. Arthur understood. If he did not say he liked the food, the knife was for him.

"What did you mean by saying you would kill him like his last brother?" the boy asked.

"Oh, he was triplets, when he came on board. But the government hanged him. They always hang pirates."

The pirate business no longer seemed bright. Arthur was losing interest. He wanted to be home again. He realized that he should have changed his suit before playing football. He would never disobey again. His meditations were interrupted by the return of the cook with two heaping dishes. He grinned as he said, "Hehs yo suppah, boy. How do you all like it?" He set the dishes on the table. Arthur took one look and almost passed out. One plate was full of spinach, and the other was a mass of codfish. The captain looked, and said: "Ah, spinach, and codfish! Just the right food for pirates."

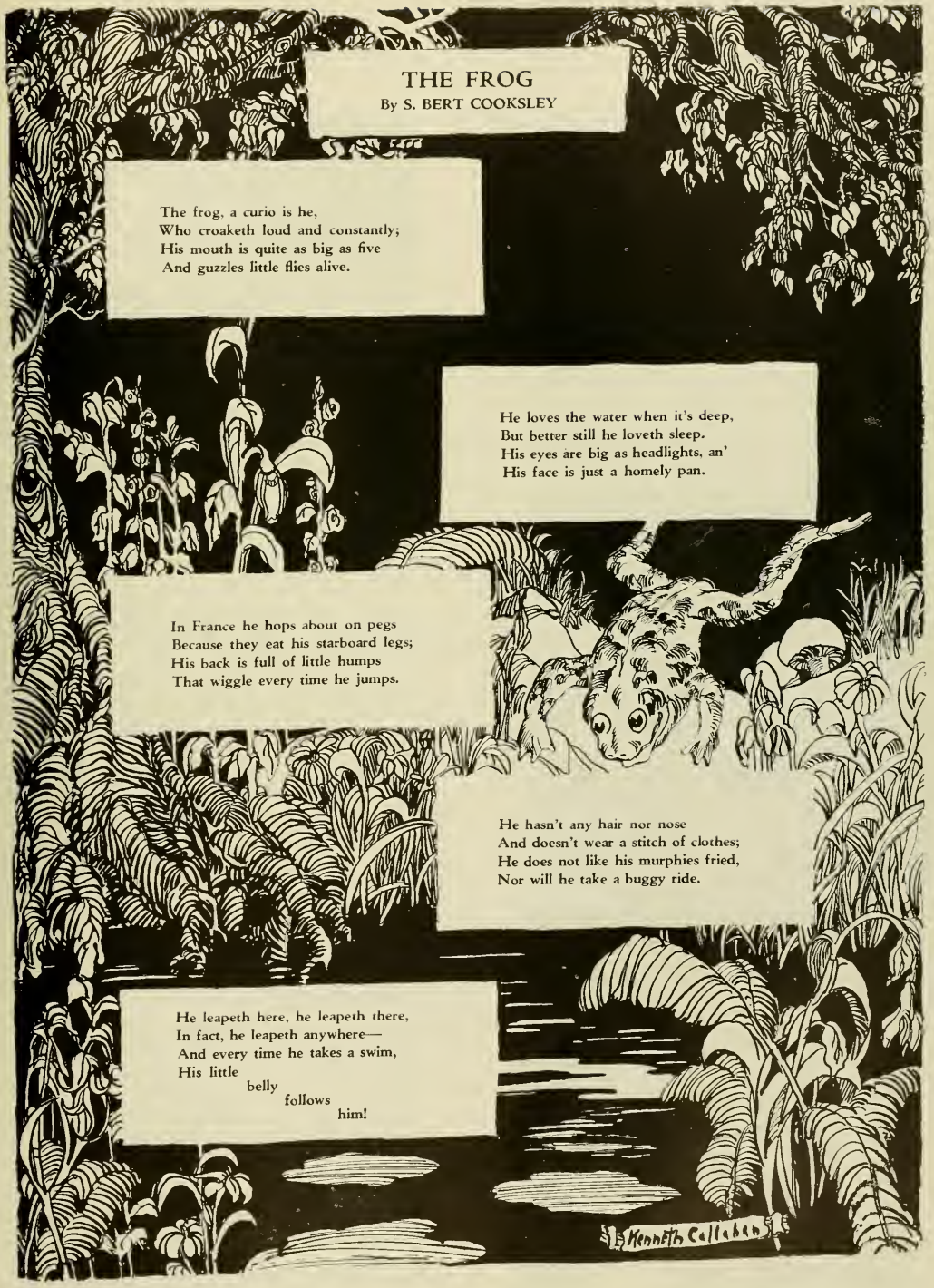
Now if there's anything in the world that Arthur hated, it was spinach. And the one thing worse was spinach and codfish. He took a mouthful, and sat and stared at the wall. The captain watched him closely; a frown appeared in his eyes as he demanded: "What's the matter, lad? Is the spinach burned? "As he spoke he reached for a pistol, and glared at the cook. But the cook in turn reached for his knife, and glared at Arthur. A chill swept over the boy, and his teeth chattered, as he stuttered: "No, sir. The spinach is just as I like it. I do like spinach and codfish." At that moment both the captain and the cook were seized with a coughing fit, and the cook ran out of the room (to get a glass of water, Arthur thought).

"Hurry up and eat," ordered the chief, and with no more delay Arthur ate, until both plates were clean. Then he crawled into his bunk.

"I'm getting sleepy too," said the captain. "Pirates always go to bed at eight." Just at that moment there came a knock at the door, and a pirate entered. He had one wooden leg, and a patch over one eye. The upper part of his body was unclothed. He whispered to the captain for a moment, and then left the room, as the chief complained:

"A mutiny! I'll stop it, and then I'll have to plan more strict rules, with the mate. I'll make him eat only spinach. The codfish makes him too quarrelsome." He stuffed a black box in his hip pocket, a box containing shells for his pistol, Arthur thought. In reality it held a folding cribbage board, and a deck of cards, for the captain and the mate played together every night. As he left the room, he grimaced, and waving a finger at Arthur, said: "I may

(Continued on Page 263)



THE FROG

By S. BERT COOKSLEY

The frog, a curio is he,
Who croaketh loud and constantly;
His mouth is quite as big as five
And guzzles little flies alive.

He loves the water when it's deep,
But better still he loveth sleep.
His eyes are big as headlights, an'
His face is just a homely pan.

In France he hops about on pegs
Because they eat his starboard legs;
His back is full of little humps
That wiggle every time he jumps.

He hasn't any hair nor nose
And doesn't wear a stitch of clothes;
He does not like his murphies fried,
Nor will he take a buggy ride.

He leapeth here, he leapeth there,
In fact, he leapeth anywhere—
And every time he takes a swim,
His little
belly
follows
him!

More Troubles of the Browns

By ANN BRESLAUER

Illustrated by Della Taylor

ALL the trouble had started with the Christmas tree. Mr. Brown, with his meek little 90 pounds, (for that was what he weighed), had suggested to help Santa Claus Xmas Eve and put up the tree himself. This idea, for once in a lifetime, (from the size of Mr. Brown you wouldn't think he was going to live a lifetime), met with Mrs. Brown's approval and the Xmas tree was to go up Xmas Eve.

Mrs. Brown was not always so lenient in the matter of even listening to her husband, far more than giving him his way, so that this was a red letter day for little Mr. Brown.

Xmas Eve, the three children, Tommie, Jimmie and Sally, were sent to bed quite early, to wait for the arrival of Saint Nick.

In the living room was Dinah, the large negress cook and Mr. and Mrs. Brown. Mr. Brown was having more or less of a time of it as the tree had made up its mind that it would not stand straight. At last, with the help of the powerful Dinah, the tree was ready to trim.

"Where?" Mrs. Brown asked of her husband. "Where did you put the ornaments?"

"Ornaments!" he blurted out. "What ornaments? I thought you had them, Lizzie M'Dear."

"Hackwelder," she addressed him in her most severe tone, "you know as well as I do that I haven't touched those ornaments. How dare you put the blame on to me? Hackwelder Brown, sometimes I think you are just plumb out of your head."

"W-w-well we can l-l-look for them Lizzie M-m-m-m 'Dear," Mr. Brown suggested.

So off went the three of them, to look for the treasure.

Upstairs and downstairs, they looked, yet with no success. Into the laundry bags, under the beds, under the stove, in the pots and pans, in every closet, yet the ornaments were not to be found.

Suddenly and without warning the lights went out. A loud crash was heard, followed by moans and the muttering of "O, Lawsy."

Just as suddenly as the lights went off, they were bright again. At the bottom of the basement stairs could be seen Mr. Brown and Dinah sitting among the now broken ornaments.

Slowly arising Mr. Brown even more slowly got the idea of where he was and how he got there. There was Mrs. Brown at the head of the stairs that he had just fallen down. All around him were broken ornaments.

"Well!" broke in Mrs. Brown's voice. "Now, Hackwelder, see what you have done. And you too, Dinah. A pair of clowns, both of you."

In the living room once more, the Browns were thinking, not where the ornaments could be, but where to get more.

Suddenly, Mr. Brown had an idea.

"Say, Lizzie, you know Fred Warren isn't going to have a Xmas tree this year, so I'll phone him and get his ornaments."

"Fine idea," Mrs. Brown answered.

Promptly going to the phone, Mr. Brown soon got his number, (which was what I call service at 11 o'clock at night).

"Hello, hello," came the voice over the phone. "Brown? Yes, Brown, what is it? Ornaments? Sure. I'll bring them over. Yeh, walking around the house with the baby. The wife? Oh, she's asleep. All right—be right over."

At 12 o'clock the doorbell rang. Dinah immediately answered it. A man entered.

"Browns live here?" he asked in a harsh voice.

"Yes, Suh," answered the dainty Dinah, (weight 190 pounds).

"Mr. Thomas Brown?" asked the stranger again.

"No Suh. This am Mistah Hackweldah Brown," was the answer.

"Very well," as he retreated from the door.

When Dinah told her mistress and master they were frantic. Where was Warren?

Suddenly again, the bell rang. This time it was Mr. Warren. In one arm he held two or three large boxes and in the other a squirming, bawling baby.

"Here are the ornaments, Brown—had to bring the baby. Wake the wife up if I didn't. Well, must go now. Goodbye."

Off went Warren and the three hard workers went to work fixing the tree.

They had gotten it half-trimmed when Tommie's voice was heard, "Is that yoo, Santy? I'm gonna come right down to see yoo."

Immediately Mr. Brown called, "If you come down I'll just leave whips for you," at which the child ran up the stairs as fast as he could go.

After many arguments on the part of Mr. Brown and his doting spouse, the tree was trimmed with ornaments of many descriptions. At 4:30 that night, morning rather, the loving couple went to bed.

In exactly two hours' time the next day started for the Browns. The children had been up for quite a while looking at presents.

The day wore on. It was after dinner and Mr. Brown was waiting for his small black. The children were eagerly playing with the new toys. Mr. Brown and his spouse were seated on the davenport cooing as if first married. They had not had an unpleasant word all day, for a change. Everything had gone as planned. There had not been a flaw in anything.

"Darling," spoke the meek little husband, "I just love the present you gave me." He was thinking of the bottle of hair-grower his wife had given him, combined with a fine new pneumonia jacket (Mr. Brown had about as much hair on his head as he grew on the palm of his hand, and half the time was having chills, colds and backaches).

"I just love what you gave me too, Hackie dear," thinking of the lovely picture frame with the picture of her husband in it, as he had given it to her. "Of course, dear," she went on, "I'll have to change the picture in it. Perhaps a picture of either Richard Dix or myself."

"What?" Mr. Brown asked, dumfounded. "Change that picture? I guess not. We'll talk about that later. Here comes Dinah with my coffee. This has been a perfect day. Let's not spoil it."

"Yes, Hackwelder. The tree is so pretty."

In came the stumbling Dinah. Under the tree she passed and suddenly stepped on a toy the children had left. Bang—skid, skid, down she went. Over came the tree on top of her. Bang, crash.

Under the heap of smashed ornaments could be seen, or rather heard a wrathful Dinah.

"O, Lawsy!" she exclaimed, "This is the last time I work for youse. Get a new maid."

That was the end of the Browns' perfect Xmas day.

CONSOLING THE PUPPY

By THOMAS J. GLYNN

Poor little dog! Have they cut off
your tail?
Deprived you of its limber length?
Perhaps made it into a sausage
With garlic to add to its strength?

Poor little dog! Oh, weren't they
mean?
I wonder how much they would like
To lose all their tails (if they had
'em)
Except for a wee little spike.

But don't worry, puppy, e'en though
it's gone
And you've nothing left but a stump
To register joys or fears that you feel,
Or knock on the door with a thump.

E'en though you feel kind of queer
where it was,
Don't let it make your heart fail;
For the mean amputation has one
compensation—
Now people can't step on your tail!

Fantasia in Ursus Major

By Helen Winslow Stanford

An Artist, urged by Nature's lure,
Set forth upon a sketching tour.
On every hand he took delight
In clouds, and flowers of colors bright,
And grass, and all that sort of thing
That naturally goes with Spring.
(O Readers fair, ah would that we
Could be so blithe and full of glee,
And walk the road so merrily
With such a lack of care as he!)
Alas! Joy, ever swift to go,
Is always followed up by woe;
Life's pathway is beset with snares:
The Artist never thought of bears . . .
But suddenly before the man
Appeared one of that furry clan!
The youth stopped short. Up rose on end
His hair—and so would yours, my friend.
"I have but little time to spare
For conversation with this bear."
Said he, "I am no pugilist—
I am a post-impressionist."
And thereupon he climbed a tree,
With more or less agility.

His education, misdirected,
The genus Ursus had neglected,
And none had taught him in his prime
The fact that bears know how to climb.
And furthermore, just what could he
Know of the beast's psychology?
The bear had not been merely grieved,
He really was sincerely peeved,
And tho his plans were not extensive,
They *did* include a bold offensive.

(Picture the scene, O Readers fair:
A tree that rises high in air,
The gentle artist clinging there,
And, at the foot, a snarly bear!)

With mind made up to have a feast,
On came the very tiresome beast;
His eyes were snapping hungrily
As he commenced to climb the tree.
The Artist muttered all his prayers,
And cursed the race of grizzly bears.

Now, as the danger crawled up nigher
The victim also mounted higher.
But, up so high, the boughs, too small,
Gave way—and he was forced to fall.
With thud, both dull and sickening,
(You see the plot is thickening)
On terra firma, plop! he landed,
But hoped the bear was up there, stranded,
Until he noted with a frown
His clever foe was sliding down!
The Artist drew his palette knife
In preparation for the strife.

Now, at this point I am resolved
To leave the story all unsolved,
For some of you, O Readers fair,
I know are rooting for the bear,
While others favor in the list
The gentle post-impressionist.
And so, however goes the tale,
At least the ending cannot fail
To please: be you pro-bear, pro-man,
Or merely a non-partisan.
Whichever side you may befriend,
Each for yourself invent

THE END.

My Aeroplane

By C. H. BARRY

My back-yard swing is my aeroplane
And oh! I have wonderful times!
I rush into the trees,
And the leaves in the breeze
Sing like sweet silver chimes.

I close my eyes tight when I go way up
And come back again with a bound,
I feel I am going ever so high,
With other planes, atop of the sky,
And a long way from the ground.

The faster I swing the higher I go,
Till with sun-beams and cloudlings I play,
And I shiver and quiver in my delight,
Then peek through one eye, to see I'm alright,
And get a glimpse of the day.

Each house-top now is a castle grand,
And the chimneys are turrets and spires,
And great tall trees and trailing vines,
Where breezes blow and the bright sun shines,
Are the telephone poles and wires.

The automobiles on the busy streets
Are coaches, filled with fairies,
And beautiful birds of Paradise
With plumage gay and snapping eyes,
Are our little caged canaries.

I'm dreaming still, and I am oh! so scared!
So I put my feet hard on the ground,
And open my eyes on this dear old place,
Where my own back-yard smiles into my face,
And I'm glad to be safe and sound.

FANTASY

AUDREY MAY WURDEMANN

The Storm King rides on his way tonight!
The billows are lashed to spray.
The crested waves are his chargers white;
They will champ and rage till the break of day.

Over the land he will ride thru the night
On the crest of a strong sea gale.
The crack of his whip o'er the thunder's roll
Whistles shrill over hill and dale.

The lightning flash is his flaming torch,
'Twill ne'er go out 'till he wishes.
Then back to the deep, to rest and to sleep,
With the icebergs, and monstrous fishes.

Snow Bells

By FRIEDA KUHL

Illustrated by Della Taylor

THE girl stood silently in the open doorway of the little Swiss hut high on the mountain, her figure silhouetted gracefully against the whiteness outside. Her open palms were pressed tightly against her throat, and her fair head leaned back dreamily against the door. The snow was falling softly, soundlessly. An infinite peace hovered over everything.

The girl turned.

"Peter," she called softly.

Another figure, a boy's figure, emerged from the darkness, and came and stood beside her.

"Is it almost time?" he whispered.

She did not answer. She was waiting also, waiting breathlessly.

The snow fell silently. A great moon appeared above, and it sent golden-yellow rays to illumine the whiteness of the country below. A few stars came out here and there. Far beneath them, one by one, small lights broke the blackness of the valley. They appeared in groups; the lights of little village homes, mingling with the stars.

Then, out of the silence, there came a clear, bell-like note; then another, and another. They followed each other in rapid succession, like myriad pearls falling on a crystal roof, and filled the world with an exquisite melody.

The girl's hand was clutched tightly in that of the boy. Both stood rigidly, drinking in the music with their whole beings.

Another little light appeared down below. It was that of the village campanile, from which came the wonderful melody of chimes.

"Johanna—" whispered the boy.

"Hush, Peter—"

"Johanna—" he went on, "it's—it's the last night—"

It was! For nine wonderful evenings they had listened breathlessly for the Novena. On each of the nine nights preceeding Christmas eve, it had come, like a beautiful gift, bringing happiness and an awed wonder to the two children in their stone hut on the mountain-side.

Just as it had begun, the music stopped, and Johanna turned her head with a sigh, and a tear which the darkness hid from Peter.

"Peter," she whispered, "at the end, just at the last—one—one of those notes seemed so—so sad—I wonder—"

"What?" Peter asked.

"It was like a message." She said it so softly, that Peter had to stand on tip-toe to catch her words. "Peter—" she faltered, then went on more firmly: "I think that there's someone there." With a slender hand she pointed to the village lights, "someone who is not going to have a happy Christmas—"

"But, Johanna," Peter interrupted, "Christmas is always happy, isn't it? It's—everybody is happy when Christmas comes—"

There was a long silence. The snow had stopped falling. A few of the village lights disappeared, one by one. It was gettting colder. A small shiver ran through the two as they stood there.

"Come, Peter, let's go in."

The boy shut the door, and Johanna stirred the fire. Its warmth sent a red glow about the small room. The children sat down before it, in silence. The spell was still upon them.

An hour passed. The fire sent golden lights through the yellow silkiness of Johanna's long straight hair, and played with deep red shadows on the two thoughtful faces.

At last Peter raised his head, and looked towards the door at the rear, from under which came a small shaft of light. The girl's eyes followed his gaze. She broke the silence:

"He's still working, Peterkin."

"Yes."

"Is he still working on the doll?" she whispered.

Peter nodded. "He was almost finished when I went in after supper."

Johanna rose, and ran to the cupboard. She returned with a box in her hands. She sat down, and opened it.

"See, Peter," she said, "I finished them this morning.

They will be all ready." She lifted, one by one, the tiny, exquisite doll-garments that were to dress the beautiful doll Grandfather was making.

The boy looked them all over carefully:

"They are lovely, Johanna, the prettiest you have ever made."

"Yes," she answered. Then, wistfully: "I guess it ought to bring a lot of money, when we take it to the city, in the spring."

"You seem to be sorry," queried the boy.

She looked long into the fire. Her eyes were very bright.

"What is it, Johanna? Why are you so sad?"

She looked at him, then towards the door, as it opened slowly. Grandfather entered. Two eager faces looked at him, both asking the same question.

The old man came and sat down beside them. In his wrinkled hands he held an exquisite doll, with a bright, laughing face.

"It's all finished," he smiled. "All finished, before Christmas, and now I can start on the other toys. I think they'll sell very easily his year."

Johanna was already busy dressing the doll, twisting its lovely arms and legs into the beautiful clothing she had made. It was a perfect thing. All made of wood, carved with Grandfather's little knife, and painted with wonderful patience and art.

Peter's eyes were watching Johanna closely. There were tears in her eyes. He laid a hand softly on her arm.

"Johanna," he whispered, "what is it?"

She lifted her head with an attempt to be gay.

"Grandfather," she said, then looked down again, as she faltered on, "you know—little Marie—down there—"

"Yes?" the old man encouraged her.

"She's sick," the girl went on, "and—they're so—so poor—she won't have—have anything for Christmas." Tears were streaming down her face, and her hands clutched the doll tightly. She went on softly: "Tonight—the Novena—it seemed like a message—we must bring her something. Oh! Grandfather, we must!"

He smiled, and laid his old hands on her bowed head. His faded blue eyes were on the doll.

"Johanna," he raised her head, "Johanna,—the doll?"

The girl nodded, hope lighting her big blue eyes.

Then she murmured: "Grandfather,—may I?"

Grandfather smiled: "Yes."

The girl looked again into the fire, a wonderful light shining in her eyes.

* * * * *

Twilight, Christmas Eve!

Peter and Johanna, hand in hand, left the little village and took the path that led up the mountain-side.

"We should be home by now, it's getting dark," said the boy.

"I know," Johanna assented, "but we got down so late, and we couldn't leave before now—we—I just couldn't."

"Peterkin," she went on after a pause, "I—I so wanted to wait until she slept, so I could put the doll beside her—"

"I know," said the boy. Then: "It's almost dark."

They walked quickly. The path was clear. It had not snowed since the night before.

"It was nice of them to give us the lantern, wasn't it?" This from Peter. The girl nodded.

"Very nice. They are always good to us."

"That's because you're so good to their children," the boy smiled.

"I love them—Peter, it's beginning to snow."

The boy ground his teeth. He would not be afraid.

"It couldn't snow enough to cover up the trail," he said.

They lighted the lantern. It made a fiery-red reflection on the snow that lay on the ground. The other snow, that came from above, fell gently, silently, on their shoulders and on their bright woolen caps.

They were well up the mountain-side, when they lost the trail. It happened suddenly, almost before they could realize it. The snow still fell, heavily, in the silence of the

(Continued on Page 254)

The Temptation of Santa Claus

By BETH WENDEL

Poor Santa Claus was resting in a deep red leather chair. His back ached and his head ached. He was tired everywhere.

Just then the door-bell tinkled. Santa weakly called, "Come in!" A man stood in the doorway, a fur collar round his chin. His coat was warm and wooly, and his shoes were bright and new. His hat was soft and silky, and his eyes were quick and blue.

"Excuse me, sir," said Santa, "I'm so weary, I can't rise."

"Stay seated!" cried the stranger. "Your fatigue I can surmise.

"To help you make work easy, is the reason why I've come. Your orders may seem many, but they've really just begun! The children's wants are growing. Their desires jump each day, so if you will permit me, I'll outline a simple way."

"Who are you, sir?" asked Santa with a twinkle in his eye. "These many years I've managed to successfully get by!"

"I know that," said the stranger. "You've an old established name. Your customers all like you and you seem to know the game. But—, business ways are changing. There are methods now quite new. I have a few suggestions that will be a help to you.

"If you make me your agent," he continued with a smile, "I'll turn out twice the business in about one-half the while. My system is efficient, and my action very fast. We'll start on next year's orders just as soon as this is past.

"First, broadcast to the children that their orders must be phoned. They write so very badly that your poor eyes must have groaned. Then buy some toy machinery. There's a button that you press. The toys come out completed! Good idea, you must confess? All the trees trim just alike. All the stockings fill the same. Every girl will get a doll. Every boy will have a game. A new machine of merit, safety packs with extra speed. For shipping to the houses, twenty planes are what you need.

"The chimney days are waning. Radiators have no flue. The reindeer shy in traffic and may get a 'tag' for you!"

"Enough, young man!" cried Santa Claus. "There is much in what you've said, but none of this will happen until Santa Claus is dead!

"I'll read the children's letters, even if it blinds my sight, for scrawly, scratchy writing often means a cunning mite!

"Machines can't get directions for the very shape and size, nor see that every dolly has the proper color eyes! It cannot write the 'thrillers' that the boys all love to read, nor see that rolling coasters have the top-notch rate of speed!

"Machines can't pack things nicely with red ribbons and a bow and stickers with fond greetings that the children all love so!

"And still in cozy houses there are fireplaces bright, or some warm, comfy corner where the stockings hang at night!

"I'll find a door or window where old Santa can sneak through, and the toys will be delivered when the time for them is due!

"I'll drive my prancing reindeer where the autos never go. They'll race along quite safely and the speed-cops will not know!

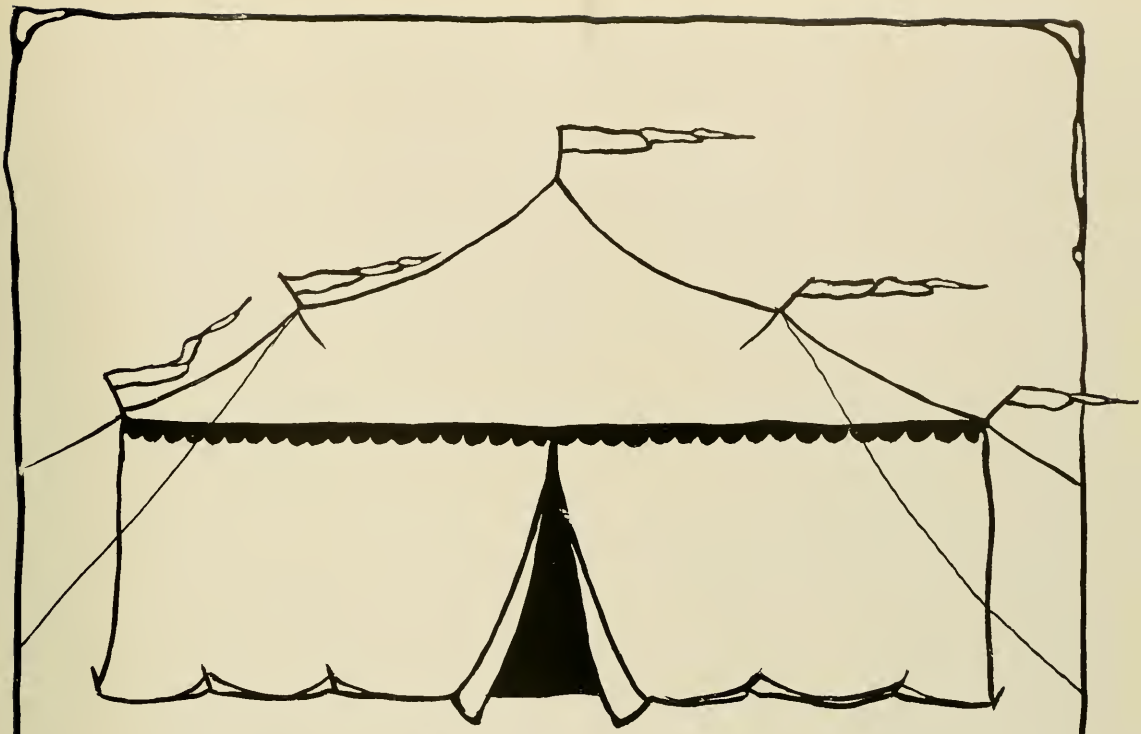
"The trees will have more beauty and the tinsel gleam more bright. The popcorn look far crisper and the candles shed more light!

"Although I'll be more tired than the way that you suggest, I'm sure that I'll feel better when I've had a little rest. With radios and airplanes and machines to do the work, I admit it would be simple for old Santa Claus to shirk. But no matter how correctly you might send the gifts about, efficient means for Christmas would leave all the spirit out!"

The stranger rose, still smiling, and he said, "It's getting late! I guess you're right there, Santa! So I'll stick to real estate!"

He pulled up his fur collar, then he went out in the cold, and Santa sat there sighing, looking tired and so old!

"They'll have their Merry Christmas," he said softly with a sigh, "but if their wants keep growing, I'm afraid that I will die!"



THE CIRCUS CUT-OUT

For Small Girls and Smaller Boys

We never dreamed that there were so many fascinating things in a three-ring circus. That's the trouble. There is so much to see, and so much going on all the time, at the circus, that we cannot possibly see it all.

Here is the kangaroo, the funny little queer-shaped Australian beast, ready to play or box, or sing in an awful voice. And the gloriously gorgeous Grimhilda, the wonderfully wondersome woman, who dances and slides and turns somersaults on the tight-rope.

Down below her the silly-faced, white-skinned clown skips and acts silly. Everyone laughs at him, even the circus dog. The dog doesn't laugh very much. He is a very careful little beast, and dares not muss his clothes, or the beautiful ribbon tied on the tip of his tail. He just walks around the ring, pushing the baby-buggy. We can't see what's in it. Maybe it's a kitten, or a trained monkey, or a fat hen. No, it's probably a kitten, for it has the baby bottle in its mouth, and we never have seen a hen drink from a bottle.

CUT OUT ON THIS LINE AND SAVE YOUR MAGAZINE

THE KANGAROO

Oh, see the funny kangaroo;
  He's always up to something new.
He's half a dog and half a rat,
  His neck is thin, his body fat.

His front jaws are so very small,
  He seldom uses them at all.
His back legs simple raise and drop,
  And when they do, he sure can hop.

He jumps and when he jumps, egates!
  He sails right over seven states.
His family never homeward slouch,
  They ride along in Mother's pouch.

The kangaroo can surely box;
  His little paws pack vicious socks.
He'd surely hit you on the chin,
  If you should try to box with him.

* * * * *

THE CLOWN

And now we are going to have a laugh;
  We're going to lose our frown,
'Cause in the ring, in strange attire,
  Comes Byo, world-famed clown.

He boxes with the kangaroo,
  Who promptly knocks him flat.
He tries to ride a bucking mule,
  That wears an old straw hat.

He sings a funny little song,
  And gives a little hop.
And grabs a pulley in his hand,
  Which pulls him to the top.

He takes a little parasol,
  And tries to walk the rope.
Then down he falls toward the net,
  The net won't break, we hope.

* * * * *

THE TIGHT ROPE WALKER

They put a rope across the ring;
  It's way up high and everything.
A lady bows, and climbs up there,
  Although it's high, she doesn't care.

She takes a long pole in her hand;
  The leader starts to lead the band,
Then to the tuneful calliope
  She dances on a swaying rope.

She does the split, way up there too,
  I wouldn't even try. Would you?
No matter what the dancing step
  When off the ground I lose all pep.

They say she learned when she was small
  And never hurts herself at all;
It may be true. But, as for me,
  The ground is good as good can be.

* * * * *

THE CIRCUS DOG

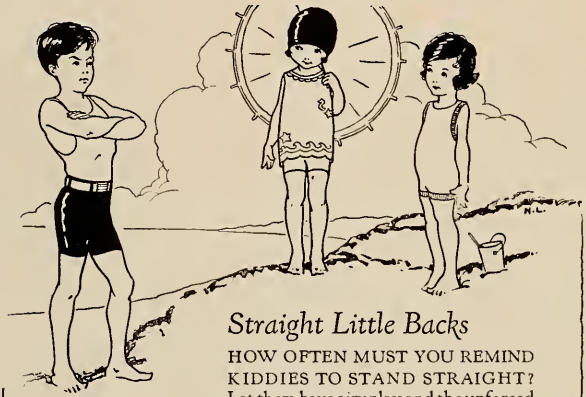
The funny little circus dog
  Comes leaping in the ring;
He jumps and barks and dances too
  And does most anything.

He jumps through hoops, and loops the loop,
  And wears a little coat.
He walks just like a little boy
  And drives a little goat.

The funny little circus dog
  Can do so many things,
He waltzes and he one-steps too,
  Then barks and even sings.

He rolls a ball about the ring,
  And drives a coaster too.
Say! Would I like to have him home!
  You bet, and so would you!

* * * * *



Straight Little Backs

HOW OFTEN MUST YOU REMIND KIDDIES TO STAND STRAIGHT? Let them have airy play and the unforced sleep they get from sipping WHOLE milk. Their rightful quart each day. Then they'll have straight little backs and bright minds, *naturally*, without strain or chiding.

Why not be sure the Milk is Mother Nature's WHOLE ration—"the milk with *more* cream"?

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WAR JEAN SUN

Being the Fascinating Legend of the Corn Grain that Was Brought by Ah Woo, the Heaven-Born Prince of Wosik, to the God of War, and relates the Strange Trick by which the Heaven-Born Fooled Chan Techalu

By JOHN FINN, Jr.

Illustrated by Della Taylor

AH Woo, prince of Wosik, sat by the Sacred Springs and meditated. He looked unseeingly on the inscriptions carved in the solid rock that rose before him; the sacred words of monarchs who, thousands of years before, had inscribed on the cliff words of advice to generations yet unborn. His deep, dark eyes wandered from one of the sacred springs to the other. He saw them very faintly; before him, very distinctly, he could see the tall, royal figure of the father that was now far away, speaking those words that were to mean so much.

"You shall go, my son, just as thy father went, many, many years ago, to the Sacred Springs of Wosik. The water in the one spring is sweet, the other bitter. The priests of Wosic shall place empty rice bowls in the bottom of each spring, and you, my son, shall drop two coins through the water, into these bowls. The splash and the path of the coin in the water shall reveal to the priests the hidden mystery, and, if the two coins both fall into the bowls, you shall be granted any wish you may have set your heart upon."

Ah Woo heard these words distinctly in his imagination, but they faded away into nothingness, as he suddenly came to the realization that the time was now at hand. A shimmering ray of the afternoon sun glimmered through the trees, and rested brilliantly on the golden stork and tiger emblazoned on the silken gown he wore. They were the emblems of the royal prince of the town of Wosic, the dream city by the lake. The water in the Sacred Springs was crystal clear, and of a silvery sheen, in contrast with the dark gray of the ancient rocks that surrounded them; rocks that had stood, for thousands and thousands of years, bearing the inscriptions that were to go down through the ages.

Ah Woo stood up. His eyes were turned for a moment towards Heaven, in an unspoken prayer, and then came down and looked at the Sacred Springs again. He took two coins of silver which the high priest gave him, and stood, tall and proud, with arms extended, a coin in each hand. His servants clustered around him, and the priests gazed into the springs to read the omen. Ah Woo faced the cliff, and his eyes closed for an instant. There was silence for an interminable second; then a splash. The two silver coins, almost golden in the sunlight, circled and zigzagged through the crystal water, then fell into the two bowls at the same instant. All was still. Prince Woo, with a sweep of his hand, motioned his servants back, that he might commune with the priests of Wosik, and know the message that the Gods had sent. The high priest, in a low tone, spoke:

"Thy wish shall be granted, because the coins both fell into the bowls. But there was a splash, which predicts trouble, and a circle, which means that thou must travel to fulfill thy desire." His voice dropped to a whisper, as he continued: "There will be misfortune, too." A shadow passed over his face. "There will be misfortune," he repeated, "but all will be well in the end." He ceased speaking, and Ah Woo bowed his head. He had made his wish. Without saying a word, his head high now, he turned and started for the palace, followed closely by his numerous attendants.

Arrived at the wonderful palace that had belonged to his fathers for many, many years, he hurried to find his mother, the Queen of Wosik, to question her about love, but she, who had only read of it in fairy tales, could not answer him.

"Ah Woo, thou hast found her, so soon?" she asked, but the Prince was sternly silent. He slowly shook his head, in a manner that was not wholly a denial, then he said:

"I must go, today."

"Go? Today? But where?"

Ah Woo looked long at her, then he answered softly: "On my quest," and the mother understood.

He set out with his most faithful servant, just as the sun was going down behind the trees. For many hours they traveled, in a small wheelbarrow, and late that night stopped at an inn they found on the way. It was a quaint place, built with straw and mud, and resting by a gentle-sloping hillside, at the edge of great corn-fields. Prince Ah Woo, without disclosing his identity, took a private room, and the sleek, smooth-faced landlord showed him every attention.

Next morning they arose early, and continued on their journey. It was a beautiful summer day. As the coolie wound his way along the narrow path by the corn-fields, Ah Woo looked proudly at the yellow corn that belonged to his father, the Emperor of Wosik. Suddenly, as he looked at a beautiful corn-plant, his eyes softened, and into them came a dreamy, far-away look. It seemed to him then, that the corn-plant, as it swayed gently in the wind, faded into the sunshine, and in its place stood a graceful young maiden, the maiden of his dreams, the fulfillment of his wish. Then they came into the dominion of the Lord of Suchow, where corn did not grow, but still Ah Woo could see the lovely maiden wherever he looked. They passed the Lake of Reflected Thoughts, and in its sapphire blueness the prince could discern her graceful figure swaying among the ripples of the water. In the late afternoon they reached Suchow, and passed through its narrow, dirty streets.

Suddenly they came to where a great crowd stood in the middle of the street. From his elevated position in the rickshaw the prince Ah Woo saw a big burly man fighting a very little one. Now, the servant that Ah Woo had taken with him was the strongest man in the Dominion of Wosik. Ah Woo, taking pity upon the little man, sent his servant down to fight for him, and protect him. The huge servant elbowed his way into the crowd, grasped the big man around the stomach, and threw him on top of a house. He fell through the thatched roof, and the owner of the house, frightened and angry, ran out to see what had happened. He stopped, however, at sight of the people looking strangely at the young noble-faced man sitting in the rickshaw, and at the servant standing by him. What sort of a man was he, he wondered, to own such a powerful servant? The little man was now also beside the prince, offering his thanks, and inviting Ah Woo to be his guest. They entered the gate of little Wong Sewi's spacious house, across the flagstones of the yard, past the stunted trees and the fish pond, and entered into a large room. Then Ah Woo was shown to his room, and his servant into the servant's quarters.

That night, when they were all sitting in one group in the large main room, Ah Woo was silent. Wong Sewi regarded him constantly, and his wives and children talked in low tones about him. Prince Woo lighted his pipe, and gazed long into the great fire. Suddenly, he felt as if something was compelling him to look up. He raised his eyes, and they met those of Wong's youngest daughter, who, in silence, had been embroidering a large piece of silk. Ah Woo's heart beat faster. The perfect oval of her face seemed vaguely familiar to him; it seemed to him that those dark eyes of hers had haunted him for many days. Then he remembered in a flash. She was the maiden he had seen as in a dream in the corn-fields, and in the Lake of Reflected Thoughts; she was the desire of his heart, the essence of his being; she was the fulfillment of his wish.

Prince Ah Woo dwelt for many, many days in Suchow, at the house of Wong Sewi, and the hand of Fan How was promised to him in marriage.

More days passed. Then, one day, he heard of a troop of soldiers who had arrived in Suchow, and were inquiring at the palace of the Lord of Suchow, Chan Techalu, for news of the Prince of Wosic. Ah Woo then knew that they had been sent from his people, who were anxious to hear something of him. Ah Woo sent them back to Wosik, with a promise that he would join them soon with his bride.

But there were dark days to come. Chan Techalu, Lord of Suchow, upon hearing of this maiden who had won the heart of the Prince of Wosik, sent his soldiers to seize her. But Ah Woo heard of this before they arrived, and, with his faithful servant, and his beloved Fan How, he succeeded in escaping from Suchow, and after two days they arrived in Wosik.

The marriage of Ah Woo and Fan How was celebrated the next day, with great ceremony.

But the Lord of Suchow was very angry. He sent envoys to Wosik, to bring back Fan How, but Ah Woo and his bride had escaped to the mountains. Chan Techalu, hearing of this, in a great rage declared war upon Wosik.

When, a few days later, Ah Woo ventured back to the palace, he found all in destruction, his father and mother

(Continued on Page 262)

Dots and Dashes

By S. B. DICKSON

Illustrated by Cecilia Nelson

Chapter 7

WHAT WENT BEFORE

The strange secret codes received over the radio at Midway College tell of the plot to ruin the Midway football team just before the big game with St. Dominic's. At the same time, when Freddie O'Neil, the star quarterback of Midway, refuses to go professional, he is kidnapped by a group of plotters.

In answer to one of the radio messages, the Midway men capture a man on the quad who seems to know something about the plot. While the boys talk it over, one of their chums, Sammy Murk, confesses that he had overheard two men in a restaurant talking about ruining the Midway team. Sammy had been caught by them, and they threatened him with bodily injury if he told their secret. But the love of his college won out and Sammy, after confessing, started out to capture the plotters.

HOXIE sat in a brown study, after Sammy left. Across the campus the Sunday morning chapel chimes rang mellowly. Sunshine pouring through the trees, helped to dispel the excitement of the past twenty-four hours. During the morning the Midwayites strolled in and out of the room, eager for news of developments. Hoxie, obeying Lafitte's instructions, was evasive. Furthermore, he had decided that before any further steps were taken, Coach Piffy Henderson should be consulted. At noon Bunk Huggins arrived with the Deacon. They had been to chapel, and had heard the Reverend Archie Grimes cause a sensation by declaring that gambling on the issue of the football games was becoming a serious menace to the sport. Reports had been received of a fifty-thousand dollar purse in New York City, offering odds on the Midway-Saint Dominic game. Men who were against gambling felt it their duty to bet on the big game to maintain the morale of the school. It was the impression of Reverend Archie that gambling, professionalism, and an introduction of commercialism, into college athletics, would spell the ruin of the institution.

"Bunk," said Bunk Huggins.

"It's not bunk," Hoxie argued. "Football and chess are about the only remaining sports that can get along without betting. I'm dead against it."

"Maybe," said Bunk, "but still we bet. By the way, what are the odds on the game?"

"Ten to nine in our favor," answered Snow.

"Not any more," announced "Tubby" Brown, who entered just then, "the news has gotten out, about Freddy O'Neil's going professional, and the odds have switched to eight to ten against us."

Hoxie grinned. "Good chance to make some money," he thought. "Wish I was a gambler. Which I'm not!"

Frenchy Lafitte arrived, refreshed after three hours' sleep, and a bath. "Beat it, fellows," he said, "I want to talk to Hox. Here's your hats. What's your hurry?"

Grumbling, the visitors left, and then Hoxie handed the last cipher code to Foots. They translated:

Hoxie: These birds are holding me prisoner. They have decided that there is a leak in their radio messages, so they won't send any more. But whenever they leave

me for a few minutes I'll shoot you a message. Hope you are getting them. Here they come. O'Neil.

"Wise kid, isn't he?" grinned Hoxie. "He doesn't seem to be very worried, either."

"He sure doesn't," agreed Foots. "I hope we can depend upon him. By the way, what did Sammy Murk want?"

"Gosh, that slipped my mind, and it's important."

Hoxie reviewed his talk with Murk, winding up with Sammy's dramatic promise to "get" the well-dressed gentlemanly fellow.

"You know, Hox," said Foots, examining the tips of his shoes, "all this stuff is out of place in college. It's getting to be a regular cheap melodrama. I'd like to go on a ten-mile hike, and forget the whole thing."

"Let's do it."

"Are you game?"

"Sure thing."

"Dot-dash-dash-dot-dot-," objected the radio.

"There goes your hike," laughed Hoxie as Frenchy scribbled.

The message was a short one. Hoxie walked around the room and soon Lafitte had it transposed and translated. It read:

Hoxie: Don't listen in any more. They are going to disconnect the radio. Keep your eyes open and your mouth shut, and don't worry. Fred.

"That's that," said Hoxie. "Do we hike?"

"We do," Foots laughed. "I'm going to get my heavy shoes. I'll be back in two minutes."

An hour later, the two chums sat on the crest of a wind-swept hill. Far below them the campus and roofs of Midway College were beautiful in the afternoon sun. Below their feet the tops of trees were golden brown, autumn colored.

Lafitte stretched his arms over his head, and sighed.

"Gosh, Hoxie, don't laugh at me, but it makes me almost religious; all of this. It's such a marvelously wonderful world, and life is goldarned wonderfully exciting. All of that cheap stuff of 'frame-ups' and kidnapping and mystery doesn't seem to belong. I suppose you're laughing at me, Hox."

Hox shook his head. "No, I'm not laughing, French. I know what you mean. But somehow it's not the kind of thing that fellows talk very much about."

"I know. I wonder why. You know, Hox, I do get an awful kick out of life. I want to be living every minute."

Hox stared out into space. In this moment of closeness, he was thousands of miles away. His hand crept to his hip pocket, where, in the dilapidated wallet, was the letter his father had written him the day he had started college. He thought of Sammy Murk, and his strange story. He closed his eyes a minute. Then, opening them suddenly, he picked up a clod, and threw it at Frenchy's head.

"School is out," he said. "I'll race you to the village, and the sundaes are on the loser."

Lafitte ducked and sprang to his feet. But before he could start down the hill, Hoxie grabbed him by the shoulders. His mouth opened wide. Amazement was in his eyes.

"French," he shouted, and pounded his friend in the ribs. "French! Look who's coming."

There, across the hill, came a small figure, laughing. His head was bandaged. He stumbled, and leaped across the stubble and rocks, and catapulting himself between Hoxie and Lafitte, swung an arm around each of their necks.

* * * * *

The week dragged endlessly. Lessons were neglected and nervous groups congregated on the campus discussing the impending Saturday game, and the chances of Midway winning without Freddie O'Neil as quarterback. The team went into secret training. Piffy Henderson arrived and was closeted with Hoxie, Lindsey, and French for hours at a time.

Sammy Murk had disappeared from the college scene. Strange stories were afloat of his having eloped with a chorus girl, of his having been offered a sub-professorship in a western school, of his having committed murder, of his having gone on the road as a laundry-soap salesman.

Hoxie and his chums were silent as ghosts. To the thousand eager questions flung at them, they would only shake their heads and say: "Wait."

Harold Le Conte, popular favorite of the Alpha Omega,

came to them and asked for confidential advice. His frat wanted to make a bet on the game. Did Hox think Midway stood a chance? Hox grinned and said "Don't bet."

This advice was twisted and passed from man to man, and a heavier depression settled over the Midwayites. Mystery was in the air. Things looked so hopeless. And yet, the members of the team went about their business with grim faces and set jaws. A new spirit awoke. "If we lose," the Deacon told a group, "we'll lose gloriously."

It was to be a fight. Odds against them, but an underlying faith that something was going to happen.

Thursday night, the Reverend Archie Grimes addressed the student-body rally.

The Reverend Archie was one of the most popular members of the faculty. Never sermonizing, he could discuss with his boys matters that ranged from philosophy to football in a conversational manner that made him one of them. At the rally he pleaded with them to forget the sensational occurrences that had upset the smooth order of things, and to remember that the winning of the game was as vital as the winning of honors in their academic work.

"You go around the campus," he roared, shaking his fist at them, "proudly declaring that if you lose you'll lose gloriously. Next I suppose you'll be saying that you're too proud to fight. Well, if you fellows are too proud to fight, we'll draft a team from the faculty, and let you sit on the side-lines. If you've made up your minds to go down to defeat gloriously, you're going to be gloriously defeated. I don't say that you have an easy task ahead of you. You have a hard task. But spirit and the will to win have won innumerable fights against overpowering odds.

"It's fine for you to give your yells and sing your songs to show that you may be beaten, but you are still full of fight. But it's finer to yell your heads off and sing your songs, to stimulate a weakened team to victory. And, fellows, that yelling doesn't have to be all done on the bleachers. I really think that you will be able to do more by your attitude on the campus between now and Saturday afternoon.

"We've got to win. We're going to win. Every mother's son of you has got to help us win. You can't win by betting money. You can't win by talking professionalism and commercialism, and melodrama. Oh! I know you're all laughing inwardly and saying 'Archie is going to try to win a football game with religion.' Well, laugh! That's what I am doing. Religion is only Faith. We've got to have faith to put it over."

He drew a handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped his neck beneath his stiff white collar. Harry Doyle, yell-leader, sprang to his feet, "Three rousing cheers for the Reverend Archie," he shouted.

The Reverend Archie held up his two hands.

"Save your cheers, they don't mean anything to me. You're going to need them later." The crowd settled down, and Archie walked from the platform.

Then more eager groups gathered and clustered on the quad, about the fountain; in the dormitories, in the frat-houses, and somehow the spirit was born, that some way something, some impossible something, was going to show up at the eleventh hour.

Friday night came. Five hundred wild enthusiastic Midwayites serpentined and yelled and tore around the rally bonfire. Freshmen and Seniors climbed on the soap-boxes, and shouted extemporaneous speeches.

"Friends, Romans, Citizens," roared Bunk Huggins, "I tell you it is the concensus of opinion that co-education is the bunk."

A flying wedge of Midwayites knocked Bunk from his perch, and he disappeared in a cloud of dust.

Cat-calls, yells, cheers, and bits of song came from all corners of the Midway campus. A torchlight procession stampeded the small village, and an organ recital under the auspices of the Benevolent Ladies' Sewing Guild had to be adjourned. If enthusiasm and excitement could win a battle things looked bad for Saint Dominic's. But on the other hand, the same excitement backed up by odds in their favor held sway on the campus of Saint Daminic's. And, in a back room of a pool hall, a half mile from Saint Dominic, four well-dressed men sat, smoking, quietly chuckling and waiting.

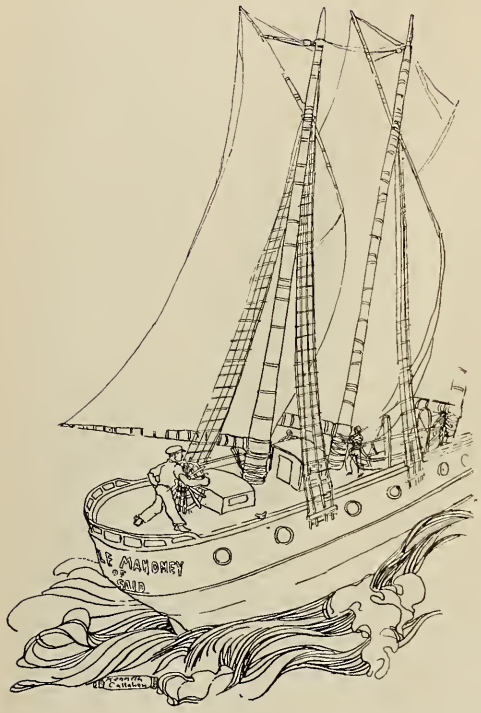
And, in Hoxie Hodgkins' room, Frenchy Lafitte and Big Morg Lindsey and Hox sat silent, grim, with set jaws, and waited.

(Continued on Page 260)

The Involuntary Fisherman

By BILL LUTHER

Paul Elder Prize Story



THE "Little Nahomey"—pearl poacher, blackbirder, copra-trader, pirate, or almost anything shady, but profitable—sailed from Honolulu at midnight in June, not so long ago, on a dubious enterprise; dubious to the authorities, but very, very obvious to the "Little Nahomey's" skipper, a certain Slippy Samuel (his last name is shrouded in the deepest mystery: I doubt if the gentleman himself could tell it to you since it had been discarded, as far as general use went, in his tender youth). Slippy had been informed of an exceedingly rich pearl bank near a small island in the Marquesa group and accordingly was off.

Now the climate in the South Pacific is very different from that of our United States, being just the opposite. During our summer the Pacific, south of the equator, is swept by tornadoes and lesser tropical storms. Slippy well knew he was sailing at a dangerous time, but was not particularly worried as the "Little Nahomey" had proven herself staunch on many another occasion. Added to this was the danger of his objective, that of pearl robbery, and he was anxious to work while the sea was more or less deserted.

But until the fourth day the "Little Nahomey" met no unfavorable weather. On this day which was Friday, she ran into the tail of a hurricane. This in itself did not phase Slippy, but he got the surprise of his life about the middle of the afternoon.

At that hour a very strange phenomenon took place, with disastrous effects, while it lasted. At three it began to rain. It came down heavier and heavier until 3:15; then things began to happen.

Something small and slippery went down Slippy's neck. He frantically reached for it and in his gyrations slid on other small and shining objects on the deck. Slippy skidded with more haste than dignity down the poop ladder, bringing up in a loudly expostulating bundle against the port rail. He looked about dazedly to find sundry members of his crew sliding precariously about on many wriggling little bodies. Slippy picked one up and examined it. It was a small fish! As he looked at it another fell in his lap. He raised his head to see where it had come from and another smacked his face and fell to the deck. In a great flash it came to Slippy; the solution of this mystery. It was raining fishes!

At this revelation Slippy scrambled to his feet, but he reckoned not with the little fishes that were squirming on the deck. His right foot went before and his left followed swiftly after. Slippy awoke some 20 seconds later to find himself reclining upon the cabin floor. When coherent thought returned he surmised that he had entered by the skylight, which was badly shattered.

It was still raining some water and a lot of fish. They were coming in through the skylight, too. Slippy crawled to the companionway, his hands squashing fish all the way and affording no pleasant sensation thereby to Slippy.

He was not quite so frightened now, and his mind was beginning to work again. Slippy knew a good deal about weather and had heard of such a thing as a fish precipitation before. He had read somewhere that once in a great while a water spout, those awe-inspiring pillars that the wind whirls up into the air in the vicinity of a typhoon, would carry a school of small fish, swimming near the surface, bodily into the air and transport them sometimes for many miles, and finally, its force being spent, drop them, with a great deal of water, in the form of rain. And now this thing, that Slippy had deemed slightly preposterous, had happened to him. He was by nature a cheery soul and was not going to allow a little thing like an icthyological shower, impair his good humor. Raining fishes, and on Friday too! Well, it had picked the right day. Friday always was unlucky for him anyway.

By the time he could crawl to the deck it had stopped raining and the sun shone on a sorry "Little Nahomey."

Her deck was covered with small fish from three to five inches in length, of a silver color on their underparts and speckled brown above. They resembled young mackerel.

Slippy took charge of the deserted wheel, for the "Little Nahomey" was yawing horribly, and began shouting orders to his black crew. In a few moments the fish were being scooped into boxes and carried below. Slippy's nimble brain had formulated an idea. The pearls could wait for a day or two. The mental association of fish and Friday had started a train of thought that Slippy was putting into execution.

The "Little Nahomey," like most tropical schooners, carried a quantity of ice for the purpose of the refrigeration of meats and other foods that required to be kept cool. All these things occupied but a fourth of the hold in which the ice was kept. The fish, boxed, soon occupied the rest.

The "Little Nahomey" changed her course and set sail for a large island some 200 miles distant. At this island the schooner dropped anchor a day or so later.

At the southern end of the island was a modern town containing several small factories. To one of these Slippy made his way. Over the door of the office was the sign:

KANAKALUI and MURPHY

Packers

TUNA SARDINES

When Slippy came out he had a smile on his face and a check in his pocket. He had contracted for 510 boxes of sardines, fresh, iced, in A-1 condition.

"Now for the pearls," said Slippy. "I apologize to Friday. Nothin' wrong with it so far as I can see. Not so bad. Not—so—bad."

So Slippy felt the check in his pocket and changed his mind about his "unlucky day."

THE LIMERICK MAN

Well, the limerick man promised you that he would write limericks for you about your name. But what a life! First comes Ruby Carlo, and says she's from Hawaii, and that her nickname is Pocahontas, and how we are ever going to get all that into a limerick is beyond us. But here goes:

Ruby Carlo, a maid of Hawaii,
Is the cause of the poet's sad sigh;
For she writes she does want us
To rhyme Pocahontas
And we can't though we try and we try.

Then Muriel Salas writes. Now that's a short name, and shouldn't be hard to write a limerick about. But, once more we met with difficulties. You see . . . well, anyway, here's the limerick:

Muriel Salas: we're sorry to announce it:
As a poet our fame we renounce it.
We'd write limericks gladly
About your name, but, sadly
We confess that we cannot pronounce it.

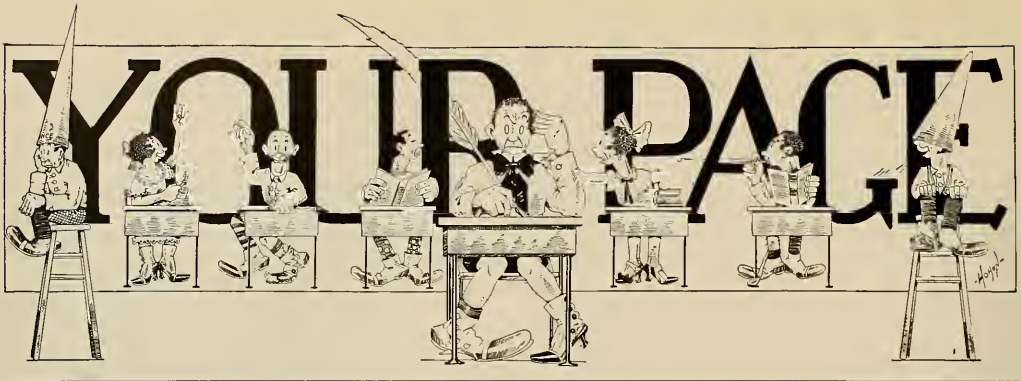
And then comes a happy, laughing letter from Jane Hyman. Jane says she's very fat, but she doesn't seem to mind being teased about it. So . . .

Now hear the sad tale of Jane Hyman.
She's broad as the broad summer sky, Man!
She hates spinach and beets
And fills up on sweets,
And spends all her wealth at the pie-man!

Of course you all know little Helen Louise Newman. She's the ten-year-old authoress who wrote that lovely story about the penny. Don't you think she deserves a limerick? We do . . . .

And here's one for Helen Louise
Who writes of the moon and green cheese,
And when she grows older
She'll remember we told her
That an author's life never knows ease.

And that's that. Now, if you want us to write a limerick about you, send a letter to the Limerick Man right away, and then watch next month.



Last month we complained because we were not receiving enough material for Your Page. This month we have received so much that we cannot possibly get it all into the magazine. Alex Kostrikin's experiences in Russia surely deserve the place of honor. He has traveled a long way, and lived a great deal, in his eleven years.

Next month we will print the stories and poems we cannot find room for this month. Keep on sending them to us. They are fine.

MY MEMORIES OF RUSSIA

By Alex Kostrikin

(Aged 11 years)

I LIVED in Astrakhan, near the Caspian Sea. I was about six when I began to notice things. The people there are fishermen. Everybody owns as many cows as they can get. Of all the work they do, fishing is their chief business. In summer my father and other men would get in their boats, and go out into the sea or river to fish. In winter they would go on sleighs and horses, for the ice is so thick that many horses can pass on it without breaking it. Sometimes, when the ice is still thick, they break it, and begin their work. In winter they make their ice-house, in which to put things. The ice-house is like the ice box of home, except that it is much larger, and it is not necessary to put ice into it every day. It is made like this: Measure how big you want it, make a house of mud, and then bring pieces of ice and put them in this house and leave a space for the things you are going to put in it. If the sun is hot, the wall of mud will protect it. Of course, this mud wall will be about four feet thick. This ice house stays cold all year round, or until the next snow comes.

We lived happily when the Bolsheviks were not there, but when they did come they started a great revolution. They burned the city and all the stores, and many people were killed. They came with a red flag, and sang songs, and celebrated. They made the people sing with them, and in case they refused they were seized and arrested. We had a middle sized store, that our father had bought with his fishing money. We got the goods for the store ourselves, with his help. At last the Bolsheviks came to our house. They took all the valuable things, and shouted at my mother and told her not to hide anything. At this time I remember how my brother went and asked them for something, and they gave him a pair of suspenders. Meanwhile, my father, knowing the danger he was in, ran away and lived in a forest. After they took all the stuff, they asked for money. My mother said she had none, so they chased us out of our house, and gave us an old shack to live in, together with two cows. When they asked the poor people for money, and they didn't have it, they tied them to a pole and whipped them until they fell. Already starvation began, but we were alright, because our father came by night and brought us four on a raft which we had hidden in the ground. My brother-in-law served in the Red Army for a while, but at last he ran away, and joined the White Army.

After a while he became a sailor, and he took me and his wife on a ship which was going to foreign countries. He took me because I had broken my leg, and he believed he could find a doctor for me.

At last we sailed into a Persian city, where we stayed for a month. We now sold the cannons we had on the ship, because we believed we were out of danger in Persia. But, one night, as we slept, we were disturbed by loud shooting. We found that a group of Bolsheviks had knocked a hole in the ship's side. As we started, going up the river, the ship got stuck in a sand bar, and we were forced to continue in life-boats. We went on until we reached another city. There we hired camels, horses, and mules, and wagons. So we continued our journey, for four days. We traveled many more weeks after that, until we came to India. I did not see much of it, because I was at the hospital for about two years.

When my leg got better, we went to Vladivostok, in Russia, and then went to China for one year. After that we went to the Philippine Islands, and Hawaii, and then on to San Francisco, where we bought a house, and now live happily. I saw many other things, but now I received a letter from Russia telling me that my mother died, and I can't do much now.

'Tis Autumn,
And the leaves are turning red and gold,
And the frosty morning's cold.
With Autumn's happy times
And Summer's ending days,
Autumn's come to have her ways.

By MAX CRITTENDEN.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON

By CIWA GRIFFITHS
(Aged 15)

The stars one night a plan did conceive,
To have a dance on a Midsummer's eve,
And the winds were asked to report without rest
To the North and the East, to the South and the West,
That a grand Ball was to be held very soon
And the stars were to dance by the light of the Moon.

So the Winds went away exceedingly fast
'Twas thought a cyclone hurried past,
And told all the stars, little and big:
"Into your cap and gown and wig,
And come as soon as soon as soon
For you are to dance by the light of the Moon!"

Into their glittering, glistening gowns,
And away went the stars with leaps and bounds.
It seemed as each were in a race
To reach that lovely, glorious place
Where so very, very soon
A Ball was to be held by the light of the Moon.

Now they had all gathered from far and near,
Friends not met for many a year,
Stars that did dance and play and sing
And far through the night did their revelry ring.
For they kept time to the merriest tune
And danced, and danced by the light of the Moon.

And the Moon served out his famous Green Cheese,
And mortals below calmly lay in their beds
And knew not what went on over their heads,
That stars did dance to the merriest tune;
That all this happened by the light of the Moon.

The merriment grew and grew and grew
And went on and on till long past two.
Then the stars went home with a mighty rush,
And the Morning Sun was met by a hush
For it was his advent which ended all too soon
That wonderful Ball by the light of the Moon.

COMPARISON

By DON AVERY
(Aged 14)

When a city boy sees a sight that's rare,
What passes on through his mind?
Does he think of the numerous chances he has,
Or to such things is he blind?

He goes down town, a common thing;
A happening any day.
He does not think it anything,
But what would the farmer say?

He sees nothing but the hillside,
Or cows or grain or sheep,
But when he's in the city,
He's like a baby learning to creep.

The city boy's home in the city,
The farmer's home on the farm.
They neither one know the other one's place,
But that can do no harm.

GRANDMA'S TALES

By WEYMOUTH SIMPSON
(Aged 11)

I like to read from Homer, and from Poe too. But best of all, I like Grandma's stories about Sir True Blue. What I call real fun, is on Grandma's knee at night, to hear about Sir True Blue and his gallant fight. But he who captures armies is just a fireside dream, though really nobody knows how really true they seem.

He seems fearless and dauntless, and oh, how true he does seem, but I hate to wake up and find he's just a dream. He seemed to be adventurous, when he sailed the seven seas; sailed to capture pirate ships, whose black flags fly in the breeze.

So I like to hear the stories as I sit on Grandma's knee, and if True Blue is a dream hero, he's a wonderful hero to me.

THE HOME-COMING OF FATHER

There was a little red house on the hill with everyone busy in it, for father was coming home. He had been visiting his sister in the east, and had been there because his health was not very good. But besides it being father's home-coming, it was Thanksgiving.

Mother Brown was busy making pies, with Susie helping her, Jim was carrying wood to and fro for the fire, while Jack was trying to prepare the turkey. Suddenly they heard a scream; they ran out very much frightened but found that it was only a piece of wood which had fallen on Jim's toe. Of course everyone was in a hurry. There were the cranberries to prepare, and the pudding to make. Just think, in a little while they would be greeting father. Why, they could hardly wait! Was that the bell? All of a sudden they felt themselves being gathered up in father's big arms. They could hardly believe it.

That night in the town there was a great deal of merry-making, but the little red house on the hill was the happiest of all.

By RUBY CARLO, Aged 13.

MY DREAM BOAT

When the lights are softly beaming,
And the stars are brightly gleaming,
I step into my Dream Boat
Like a merry Dreamland Fay.

And I sail along on fleecy billows,
Nestled so snugly in downy pillows,
And see some wond'rous magic things,
The Cloud-Fairies at play.

A fairy Princess on a swan
Held in her hand a magic wand.
She blew a little kiss to me,
In her dainty, charming way.

I passed a golden castle high,
Guarded by a giant nigh.
And then again on the cloudy sea,
My dream boat drifted away.

BETTY PRELL, Aged 12.

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SNOW BELLS

(Continued from Page 239)

black sky and white ground, broken only by the dark forms of the heavy laden trees.

Both children clenched their teeth, to keep back the tears.

"Peter, where—where are we?"

They looked around them. All was vast and white. A few stars shone in the darkness above, and a few lights appeared from below.

The boy raised the lantern on high, to get a better view of what was around them.

"I—I think we had better go on—" he whispered.

"Yes—but, where will we go?"

"Oh—just—just on. Maybe—maybe we'll find our way home—"

They were very brave, so they went on, their feet sinking deeply in the ever deepening snow.

After two hours they could hardly walk. They shivered with the cold. Suddenly, the boy clutched Johanna's arm tighter. She followed his gaze, and saw, a little further up, a tiny something that seemed to emerge from the snow. It was not a tree.

"What could that be, do you think?" whispered the girl.

"I don't know—we must be very far from home—"

After about half an hour they came upon it, a tiny ruined chapel; the same one they had found once, in the summer-time.

With weary, aching feet, they dragged themselves in, and fell, exhausted, on the stone bench. The lantern, hitting against it, fell, and the light went out.

They sat there for hours, numb with the cold. Little pieces of ice formed on their clothes, and on their mittens. They talked of unimportant things, to keep from being afraid.

After what was to them an eternity, Peter spoke.

"Don't you think, we had better go on?"

"Yes—we'll freeze if we stay here any longer—" Johanna answered.

"Johanna—it is almost Christmas day—"

They went on. The snow had stopped falling, and a few more stars had appeared.

"It isn't—isn't so cold," said Johanna. Her teeth chattered.

"No," Peter answered.

They had to keep up their courage.

After a while, the girl said:

"Are your hands very cold, Peterkin?"

"Yes."

Very slowly, because their fingers were numb, they removed their mittens, and put their hands deep into the snow.

"Doesn't it seem warm?" whispered Johanna.

They replaced their mittens, and went on.

"They feel much better now," said the boy. Johanna only smiled a little encouraging smile.

It was hours to them, before they spoke again.

"I'm tired, Peter—so tired—"

"I think it's almost morning," said he.

He looked up at the sky, then his eyes stayed fixed on the high mountain top, in horror.

"Johanna—" he mumbled. She looked. From the height of the peak, something white was moving towards them at a terrible speed, something that grew larger and larger all the time.

Through white lips both breathed the awful word: "Avalanche."

For just one second they stared at the thing, shaking with the horror of it, then they did what they knew was the only thing to do. They fell flat upon the ground, face downwards. They lay there, rigid with fear, their hands clenched tightly. To their ears came the soft rumbling of the thing as it came rushing down upon them, louder, louder . . . . then blackness closed in upon them.

A long time after two little hands went out simultaneously, groping around in the snow. They found each other, and clenched convulsively.

One form moved over slowly, until it came close to the other. The two children wound their arms tightly about one another, and lay still again.

Then, suddenly, they jerked themselves up, and looked at one another, their faces strained and colorless.

With a shiver that ran through her whole body, the girl breathed:

"Peter!" She could say no more. Her teeth chattered.

Slowly, stiffly, they drew themselves up. The dawn was breaking. From far above, to a point only a few feet over their heads, a billowy ridge of snow marked the path of the avalanche. But there, where it seemed that it would have crushed the children in its mad flight, it had turned sharply to the right, and rushed on. The thing had come, in all its white awfulness, and seeing the two small figures lying so still, seeing them so quiet, it had turned, and continued on its way more gently, until it had reached the bottom of the valley, and had broken into nothingness.

"Oh, Johanna, Johanna, it didn't come. We're safe!"

But he received no answer. Johanna had turned her face up towards the glimmering morning star, her hands folded on her breast, and was murmuring softly, with little sobs.

They reached the other side of the hill, and there, before them, a short way ahead, lay their little hut, nestling gently on the sloping mountain-side.

Further back, among the trees, red shafts of light appeared, sending golden gleams over the snow. Then the sun rose, in all its glory of fire, against the whiteness of the land.

All was quiet, almost holy. Out of the silence, there came a clear, bell-like note, then another, and another. They broke into a soft, exquisite melody, filling the whole world with the wonder of the day.

The sun rose higher behind the trees. Down below, the little campanile showed white among the darker houses. The chimes became more beautiful, then ended quietly, softly, with a last lingering note that rang out along in the stillness.

Down in the village, in a small white bed, a girl-child stretched out a wan little hand, and drew a lovely, laughing doll close into her arms.

It was Christmas Day.

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Here is the story of the canary that brought happiness to two people. It was written by Josephine Kilcoyne, and won the prize of a beautiful roller canary, in a lovely cage, donated by Mr. Robison of the Ansel W. Robison Pet Store. It is a nice story, and when we read it we can't help but realize how much it means to have pets in our home.

ONCE upon a time there was an old woman who had been an invalid for about twenty years, and she had three sons whom she thought a great deal of. One of these sons was always trying to surprise his invalid mother, and so one day he was walking along Market Street, trying to find something he could bring home to mother. He came to one of these stores that have birds and other things in the window and he stopped to look. While he was standing there he heard a bird singing inside. He walked in and there in a nice brass cage was a beautiful canary and he thought "That will sure please mother," so he asked the man how much it was, and the man gave him a pretty high price, so he told him he would pay what money he had if he would hold the bird until pay day. The man told him he would, and he would see the bird got taken good care of until he came back.

So next pay day the son was back and got the bird which he was buying for his mother. He took it home to mother and she was so happy to get it she just cried and said "My dear son, you couldn't have gotten me anything more beautiful."

The mother got to love this canary so, and she used to sit for hours and listen to him sing. It seemed this canary got to know the lady, and just used to wait for her to wake up in the morning so he could sing for her.

One day after this lady had the canary for about nine months, she was sitting at the window with the bird right near to her. She saw a woman coming down the street wheeling a little girl in a wheel chair. They were both dressed very shabby, and this poor little girl looked very sick. This sight seemed to bother the old woman so that she watched for this woman and the little girl, and the woman wheeled her up to the window. She talked with them for a long time. After a little while, the little girl told her she had been in an automobile accident, and would never be able to walk again.

The woman asked her if she liked birds and she just clapped her hands together and said, "Oh! yes, but Mumsy can't afford any of those kind of things for me."

This filled the poor little old woman with tears, and she said:

"My dear child, I am going to give you a little bird which I love very much, and I know he will make you

We have just received a shipment of fifteen hundred German roller canaries, birds that sing wonderfully, and are the ideal pets for boys and girls. We want you to visit us and see them in their home with the dogs and monkeys, and other feathered and furry little creatures.

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just as happy as he has made me, and I hope this will help to make your life a little more pleasant for you."

The little girl took the bird and went away all smiles and very happy at heart.

When the son came home the mother said to him:

"My dear son, I know you will be a little angry with me, but I just couldn't help it. A little girl passed here all crippled up and I called her over and gave her my darling little canary. You know, I am getting pretty old now and haven't much longer in life to go and this dear child has many years before her and needs something to make her a little happy."

"My dear mother, it was your bird, and if this one little bird can make this little child as happy as it has made you, I am only too glad to know that a little canary bird can make so many hearts glad, and tomorrow you shall have another one if it takes the last money I have."

CARELESS

I fear that Mother Nature
Is an easy-going parent—
She lets the North Wind
Litter her earth with leaves—
And doesn't make him
Pick them up.

—ROSALIE MOORE.

STARS

I wonder what they really are,
  Those stars I see at night.
I think they're pieces of the moon
  That fall off when it's light.
Perhaps they're sunbeams that got lost
  And float above the sea.
And yet they look like candles on
  Our little Christmas tree.

I wonder are they tied up there
  Or do they move about.
Won't someone come and tell me, cause
  I really must find out.
Perhaps they're just big glow-worms.
  It always puzzles me
And yet! They look like candles on
  Our little Christmas tree.

I wonder if they know I'm here
  And can they see that far.
I wonder just how cold it is
  Where all those clusters are.
I wonder, are they really big,
  Or are they small like me;
Those lights that look like candles on
  Our little Christmas tree.

—*By* JOHN B. WOOSTER.

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Radio Stamp Club

By NORMAN SHEPARD

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To the boy and girl readers of the TREASURE CHEST who are interested in stamp collecting, and to the members of the Radio Stamp Club: With the next issue of TREASURE CHEST, the Stamp Department will be enlarged to include a column under the heading of "Swaps," in which you may tell the other readers about the stamps in which you are interested, and the stamps that you are willing to exchange for those desired. A column under the heading of the "Postbox" will also be added, in which will be reprinted such letters as are of interest to other collectors, including answers to the questions asked. Answers to your questions will also be broadcast over KTAB on Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock.

Two thousand and eighty miles southwest of San Francisco, almost midway between the United States and the Eastern Hemisphere, lie a group of islands known as the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands. They are eight in number, and the native names are as follows: Hawaii, (the largest), Maui, Oahu, Kauai, Molokai, Lanai, Niihua, and the little island of Kahulawe.

These islands came into being thru some giant volcanic upheaval in the far distant past, and were extended by the tireless industry of the coral insect. Legend tells us that the first inhabitants of these islands arrived in canoes from distant islands in the South Pacific, and finding them beautiful and with plenty of everything necessary for food, clothing and shelter, remained and established the kingdom of Hawaii. Years later the English missionaries arrived at the islands, and with them came the white man's needs and some of their conveniences. Among these were postage stamps for use principally between Hawaii and the United States, and the first ones were issued October 1, 1851. They were in three denominations: two cent, five cent, and thirteen cent. These were type set and are to-

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day among the world's rarest issues. In 1853 came the issue of the five cent blue and the thirteen cent dark red, bearing the portrait of King Kamehameha III, and also a surcharge on the thirteen cent issued during the same year. Similar issues appeared in 1855 and 1861 of the five cent, and in 1868 appeared both the five cent and the thirteen cent, although these two stamps were never placed in use. In 1859-65 there appeared three denominations for use between the different islands, one cent, two cent and five cent. These were known as the inter-island stamps. They were typeset, and had large numerals in the center of each stamp, surrounded by four lines of printing. In 1861 or 1862 appeared a new two cent rose red with the portrait of Kamehameha IV, and in June, 1864, the two cent orange vermilion (or rosy vermilion) with another portrait of Kamehameha IV and a different border. The five cent Prussian blue with a portrait of Kamehameha V was issued in 1866. In 1871 three more stamps were issued; the one cent purple (Princess Victoria Kamamalu), six cent green (Kamehameha V), and the eighteen cent rose red (H. H. Mataio Keku-

anaoa). King Kalakaua (whose portrait appears above) is pictured on the two cent brown of 1875, and the twelve cent black of the same year bears the portrait of Prince Leleiohoku, his younger brother and heir apparent to the throne. When Hawaii joined the Postal Union on January 1, 1882, double and triple weight stamps were required, and the ten cent black (King Kalakaua) and fifteen cent red brown (Queen Kapiolani, his consort) appeared. His younger sister, Princess Likelike, was pictured on the one cent blue of the same year. From 1882 to 1885 appeared a number of the older types with different colors, and a few new types of higher denominations; the twenty-five cent dark violet (statue of Kamehameha I), fifty cent red (King Lunalilo), and the one dollar rose red (Queen Emma). These were in use until 1891 when another change took place. David Kalakaua, a grand-nephew of Kamehameha I, and previously Postmaster-General, was elected to fill the vacant throne on February 12, 1874, and while on a trip to the United States in 1890, was taken sick and died in San Francisco, January 30. He was succeeded on the throne by his sister, Queen Liliuokalani, whose portrait appears on the two cent dull violet of 1890-91. A two cent bright vermilion with the portrait of Kamehameha IV and a five cent dark blue (Kamehameha V) were also issued at the same time. After two years on the throne, Queen Liliuokalani tried to get the cabinet to grant a new constitution giving more power to the natives and to herself.

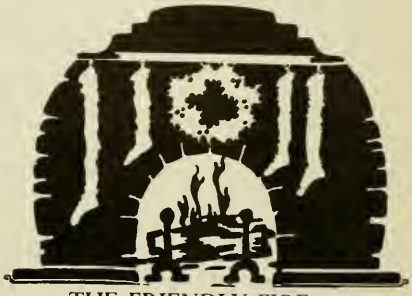
She failed, and the provisional government was formed, which deposed her, and remained in control until Hawaii became a territory of the United States in 1893.

The above cut is the 1882 one cent blue with a portrait of Princess Likelike, and the provisional surcharge, and placed on sale May 20, 1893, remaining in use until the issue of 1894 appeared in the following denominations: one cent yellow (Arms), two cent brown (View of Honolulu), five cent rose lake (Statue of Kamehameha I), ten cent yellow green with star,

twelve cent blue ("S. S. Arawa"), and twenty-five cent deep blue (with a portrait of President S. B. Dole). In 1899 three of the above types were reprinted in the Postal Union colors used in the United States: one cent green (Arms), two cent rose (View of Honolulu), and five cent blue (Statue of Kamehameha I). These stamps were followed by the ordinary stamps of the United States, which are in use today.

* * *

I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to the following authorities for information contained in the above: "Postage Stamps and Sationery of the Hawaiian Islands," by Luff, Howes and Richards, and Stanley Gibbons' "Stamps of the Whole World," 1926 ed.



THE FRIENDLY FIRE

I love the friendly fire that burns at
Grandma's house at night,
Its flames of yellow, red and blue, are
very quick and bright;
It seems to sing a gentle song, and as
I warm my toes,
It runs its sharp tongues here and
there, and snaps, and climbs and
grows.

I see a dark cave in the grate—nearby
a Fairy stands.
Her dress is pink with sash of gold,
she waves her graceful hands.
While Sprites with tiny lamps rush
by, to light her on her way,
The colors are more wonderful than
those we see by day!

The ashes on the side are white, like
little heaps of snow.
The sudden sparks dance over them,
and up the chimney go.
Now Gnomes and Elves go past like
that — with lanterns in their
hands,
So, maybe, all those lights belong to
traveling Elfin Bands.

I'm very glad when Christmas comes,
for then we always go
To visit Grandma and her fire, through
fields of feathery snow,
And hang our stockings 'round her
grate, the same year after year—
And find her friendly fire ablaze, with
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DOTS AND DASHES

(Continued from Page 249)

Saturday morning! An ominous silence hung over Midway and its surroundings. Towards ten o'clock the constant song of automobile sirens and horns awoke the highway. Midway-town became colorful with girls in bright garb, and men with lurid ribbons on their hats. The black and red of Midway predominated, but, as the endless minutes passed, a goodly showing of Saint Dominic's green and yellow appeared. The Saint Dominic team rode into town in a dilapidated motor bus, followed by a caravan of hysterical Dominicans. A street fight that looked as though it would end in battle, murder, and sudden death, was swiftly dispelled when the Midway band marched through the town playing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." Trains rolled up to the dingy Midway depot, and poured out hordes of the invaders. The ice-cream fountain and hot-dog stands were mobbed by hungry hundreds. The Reverend Archie Grimes rode through the town on the running board of a rattling gas-wagon with one lung.

And in his room, Hoxie Hodgkins lay on his couch with his right foot stuck up in the air, while Frenchy Lafitte sat at the piano and played "Valencia" and "Come Back to Erin" and Chopin's Funeral March. And neither of them spoke.

Twelve o'clock! The crowds began to stream through the gates of the Midway Cup. The green turf was deserted save for a dirty white fox-terrier hysterically chasing his tail. At one-thirty the Midway band arrived. Ten minutes later Saint Dominic's musicians took the field. There were more of them than of the Midwayites. Their costumes were brighter, and newer. They paraded in military formation, and the rapidly filling bleachers gave them a wonderful ovation. Their green and yellow flashed in the sun. Bunk Huggins, half way up the section reserved for Midway rooters, grabbed the arm of the Deacon.

"Gee, I'm nervous," he said. "Do you think . . . ?"

"Shut up," wailed the Deacon.

Two o'clock. The bleachers rose as a man, as the Midway second team raced from their quarters, followed by the Varsity. They yelled, these wild-eyed, hopeful savages, and threw their black and red caps into the air, and pounded one another and were buried under the avallanche of hysteria when green sweaters of the Dominic team came through the opening at the other end of the field.

Balls were passed. College yells answered college yells. The Midway band played "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!" at the same time that the Dominic band played "Glory Glory Dominic." And Frenchy Lafitte pounded Morg Lindsey in the ribs and shouted, "It sounds like a Wagnerian opera."

A coin was tossed. Midway was to kick off. The crowd rose to their feet. The gun! The game was on!

(To be continued)

BOYS and GIRLS!

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WAR JEAN SUN

(Continued from Page 246)

killed, and his people in suffering. The streets were full of soldiers. That night Fan How was stolen from him, and he knew that the wicked Chan Techalu had taken her. And then Ah Woo, who was now Lord of Wosik, made a solemn vow that he would revenge his people, and bring back his beloved.

* * * * *

A year passed. The affairs of the two states seemed to run smoothly, but, beneath the surface, there were strange preparations going on. The people of Wosik continued to grow corn, and Suchow to manufacture its jewelry, and grow just enough corn to last that year. All its corn seed came from Wosik.

Ah Woo, with a strange smile on his face, surveyed the corn seed that was ready to be taken to Suchow. He took a few grains in his hand. They were a pale, pale yellow. Woo laughed. His eyes wandered to where great quantities of bright, yellow corn was being stored for the people of Wosik.

After the corn had been sent to Suchow, Ah Woo quietly gave instructions for war. The dream city by the lake was surrounded by forts, and great quantities of ammunition were stored.

Months passed that way. Then, the envoy arrived from Suchow bearing the news that the people had planted the corn-seed, and given it every care, but that no corn had grown.

Ah Woo bowed low, the strange smile still playing on his face.

"The Lord of Wosik is grieved to hear this," he explained, his eyes alight with satisfaction, "but it is probably an act of the Gods. Ah Woo is sorry, but he has no corn to sell this year."

The envoy returned to Suchow, and after a few weeks another came to Woo.

"The people of Suchow must have corn, O Lord," he begged. But Ah Woo shook his head:

"The Lord of Wosik has no corn to sell."

When the wicked Chan Techalu heard of Woo's refusal, he immediately declared war on Wosik.

Ah Woo was not afraid. He knew that Chan Techalu's men were weak from hunger, and that they would be easily beaten. And they were. And so Ah Woo entered victorious into Suchow, and reclaimed his bride.

Happiness came at last to Ah Woo and Fan How.

"Do you think, my lord," she asked, "that the Gods destroyed Chan and his people because of his wickedness?"

"It might be so," Ah Woo mused, "but," he smiled, "the Lord of Wosik and his people helped the Gods to do so."

Then Fan How, her eyes wide open with wonder, heard of how the people of Wosik for many hours boiled the corn-seed, and then sent it to Suchow to be planted.

"Do you wonder, beloved, that the corn did not grow?"

PIRATES AND SPINACH

(Continued from Page 232)

have to shoot one or two. See that you're asleep when I get back, or I'll cut off your ears."

Then Arthur heard a series of shouts and roars, then a little later came five quick barks of a pistol, and silence. Then five splashes; it must have been the bodies going over the side.

This was a fine mess, this pirate business. Why didn't writers tell the truth about it, pondered Arthur. Go to bed at eight, and get shot if you breathe at the wrong time, and get hung if you go ashore. And, worst of all, live on spinach and codfish. Bah! Arthur fell asleep.

At seven the captain awakened him, and put him to work again. It was hard work. He was ordered to make the bunks, to swab the floor, then to do the captain's wash. All that endless day Arthur worked; that night he again had spinach and codfish.

The wooden-legged sailor came in again after supper, and spoke to the chief, who turned grumblingly to Arthur and said:

"More trouble. I got to get out and at it again. We're making a stop to put more gun-powder in the hold. I'll be up half the night."

Arthur had been thinking about that one-legged sailor.

"Chief," he asked, "how did he lose his leg?"

"Who? Ben? Oh, it was his own fault. He was the best seaman I had, but he insisted on tying half hitches, when I told him to use square knots, so I had him keel-hauled."

"Keel-hauled?"

"Yes, they pass a rope under the ship from side to side, and pull a man around it under the water. Well, Ben was unlucky. A shark was down there, and it bit him."

The captain left, and Arthur stared at the ceiling a long time; he no longer wanted to be a pirate. He missed his mother so terribly! He wanted to go home—and take his licking—and get forgiven—and be happy again.

In the morning they were at sea, but the ship had unloaded its cargo during the night, and had started on the return trip. The day passed with hard work, more spinach, and only two murders.

That night the captain spoke to Arthur.

"My lad, tomorrow morning we will be at the port where you joined me. I'm picking up some more men; my crew is short. I had to kill too many. Now I want you to remain hidden in my room, until tomorrow afternoon, when we put to sea again. Then we're going to the South Seas, and start pirating in earnest."

"Yes, sir."

But he meant "No, sir." At the wee hours of the night, the ship docked, and Arthur awakened before the chief. He bounded from bed, and rushed across the deck, and, leaping to the wharf, started to run for home . . . . .

* * * *

A very chastened little pirate crept into his house that morning. With a gulp and tears threatening in his eyes, he told his mother and father that he would always do what they wanted him to, that he never wanted to be a pirate again, and that if they would let him stay at home, he would do anything . . . even eat spinach and codfish.

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NOSES

At night before I go to bed, I climb on daddy's knee,
And then we play so many games, as jolly as can be.
He makes me shadow rabbits a-sitting on the wall;
He makes horrid shadow witches, but they don't scare me at all!

We play "Knock-at-the-door-and-peek-in," "Rooster-Pullet-Hen."
He puts his finger in the crow's nest, then jerks it out again!
Because that sly old crow is hiding in his nest;
To bite daddy's finger off, the bad crow does his best!

Then daddy steals my nose and puts it on his face,
Or hides it in his pocket, or some other funny place.
But I will not go to bed at all until he gives it back.
For how could I go to sleep, if my face a nose should lack?

He says he'll give me grandpa's nose, with glasses perched astride;
Then I'd look wise and solemn like grandpa if I tried.
But grandpa's got the asthma, and goodness! How he snores!
And sometimes when he sneezes, you can hear him all outdoors!

He offers Uncle Peter's nose, that's got an awful hump,
And in one corner there's a mole that makes a 'normous bump.
He says he'll give me Auntie Jane's, (she's got a nose for news,
So daddy says); and when she eats, it wiggles when she chews.

He'll give me Jeremiah's—his nose is black and wide.
He is our colored gardener, and does the chores outside.
I don't want coal-black noses, nor noses with a hump,
Nor those with asthma sniffles that sneeze and make you jump.

I don't want long red noses, like Auntie Jane's, would you?
Especially when you're certain they will wiggle when you chew.
Of course daddy's only teasing. It's just a game, you see.
But I pretend I'm awful scared he'll keep my nose from me.

So when mother comes to take me to my little bed upstairs,
I make daddy put my nose in place, before I'll say my prayers.

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THE ISLE OF CHILDHOOD

By JOHN B. WOOSTER

There's an island in the tropics
Where a wealth of sunlight beams.
And the winds play gentle music
In the isle I know in dreams.

Where the waves come rolling shoreward
With a wealth of glist'ning spray.
And the birds aloft in palm trees
Sing their carols all the day.

Where the air is flower sweetened
And the beach is soft and white.
And the moon brings fragrant mem-'ries
'Til the sun brings warmth and light.

For this is the isle of childhood
Where the kindly sunlight beams.
And by night I wander the wildwood
Of the isle I know in dreams.

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WHAT SHALL WE READ?

Christmas time is Book-time, and when we start out and see all of the hundreds of tempting things displayed on the book shelves, we are likely to have to make our selection because we like a title, or the color of a binding, unless we can find some good friend who really knows what is good, and is willing to help us.

We have found such a friend in Joseph Henry Jackson, Literary Editor of Sunset Magazine. He has selected what he feels to be the fifty best books for boys and girls published in 1926. There are twenty-five books for boys and girls of 12 years and over, and twenty-five for the younger ones. Mr. Jackson discussed these books over KGO during Children's Book Week, November 8 to 13, and now he has given us permission to reprint the list for you. He has marked with a star the books that he particularly likes. We think a man who could read enough children's books in a year to select fifty of the best, must be very good and brave, and so we say: "Thank you, Mr. Joseph Henry Jackson, Literary Editor of Sunset Magazine."

Books for Older Children

***"Stories from the Arabian Nights," retold by Lawrence Housman. (Doran, $3.50)**
The pictures by Edmund Dulac are especially beautiful. Up to fourteen or fifteen years.

****"The Child's Map of the Ancient World." (John Day, $1.50)**
A beautiful and fascinating map. Ideal for children up to fourteen or fifteen.

"David Goes to Greenland," by David Putnam. (Putnam, $1.75)
The second book of true adventure by thirteen-year-old David Burney Putnam, this one covering his trip with an expedition to the far north.

"The Boy Scouts' Year Book," Mathiews. (Appleton, $2.50)
An annual publication, better than ever this year.

"Black Arrow," Stevenson. (Scribner, $2.50)
A new edition with Wyeth illustrations.

"Lorna Doone," Blackmore. (Milton Bradley, $2.50)
Illustrated by photographs from the motion picture, with Madge Bellamy.

***"The Cruise of the Cacbalot," Bullen. (Dodd, Mead, $3.50)**
With Mead Schaeffer pictures, in a new edition.

"Robinson Crusoe." Defoe. (Scribner, $2.50)
The most handsome edition yet, with pictures by N. C. Wyeth.

"Hans Brinker," Dodge. (Scribner, $2.50)
A beautifully made edition of the classic.

****"The Bright Face of Danger," Sublette. (Little, Brown, $2.00)**
A rousing yarn of Virginia and the Bacon Rebellion, by the winner of the Hawes prize in 1924.

"Highroads of Peril," Bill. (Little, Brown, $2.00)
An exciting story of adventure in the days of Napoleon.

"The Boys' Life of Barnum," Root. (Harper, $1.75)
Interesting and humorous bits about the greatest of all circus men.

"Beloved Acres," Hamlin. (Century, $1.75)
A California story of an unusually clever girl.

"Barbara Winthrop at Camp," Broughall. (Page, $1.75)
A wholesome story for girls about twelve or thirteen.

"Heroes of the Air," Fraser. (Crowell, $2.00)
The thrilling story of aviation to date.

***"The Dark Frigate," Hawes. (Atlantic, $2.00)**
Plenty of adventure and splendidly written. A classic.

***"The Log of a Timber Cruiser," Samson. (Duffield, $2.50)**
A true account of timber cruising in the wilderness of the Southwest.

"Deric in Mesa Verde," Nusbaum. (Putnam, $1.25)
A twelve-year-old boy tells his own story of his life in Mesa Verde National Park.

***"The Blue Castle," Montgomery. (Stokes, $2.00)**
The search of a girl for happiness, by the author of "Anne of Green Gables."

"The Hammon Twins," Jones. (Century, $1.75)
The Freshman adventures of a pair of twin sisters.

"A Year at Miss Austin's," Bridgman. (Century, $1.75)
A boarding-school story for girls.

"Blackie's Girls' Annual." (Blackie & Son, $2.50)
A British annual of girls' stories, articles and pictures.

"The Mutineers," Hawes. (Atlantic, $2.00)
Not a new story, but so good a sea-classic that it must be included.

"David Hotfoot," Dan Totheroh. (Doran, $2.50)
Adventures on the open road by the author of "Wild Birds."

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"On to Oregon," Morrow. (Morrow, $1.75)
Honore Willsie Morrow has done a fine job of this story of pioneer achievement.

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"Doctor Doolittle's Caravan," Hugh Lofting. (Stokes, $2.50)
Another of the Doctor Doolittle series so popular in the last few years.

***"Pinocchio," Collodi. (Macmillan,$5.00)**
The Italian classic in a handsome illustrated edition.

"A Child's Garden of Verses," Stevenson. (Scribner, $2.50)
A charming new edition with pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith.

"Peter Pan and Wendy," Barrie. (Scribner, $2.50)
Retold for "littlest" children, by Mary Byron.

***"The Seven Voyages of Sinbad the Sailor." (McBride, $2.00)**
Retold by Hulme Beaman and illustrated in color.

"Hansel and Gretel." (Doran, $5.00)
A new edition with pictures by Kay Neilsen, famous children's artist.

"The Hungry Tiger of Oz," Thompson. (Reilly & Lee, $1.60)
Still another of the familiar Oz stories.

****Winnie-the-Pooh," Milne. (Dutton, $2.00)**
By the author of "When We Were Very Young," which is enough.

"Mother Goose," illustrated by Arthur Rackham. (Century, $3.50)
The Rackham pictures make almost a new Mother Goose of this.

"Skitter Cat and Little Boy," Youmans. (Bobbs, Merrill, $1.50)
A ideal reading-aloud book for little children.

"Pudding Lane People," Addington. (Little, Brown, $2.00)
Adventures of the Mother Goose People in Pudding Lane.

***"Number Four, Joy Street." Various contributors. (Appleton, $2.50)**
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"The Treasure Ship," edited by Lady Cynthia Asquith. (Scribner, $2.50)
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"In Blue Bird Time," Donaldson. (Milton Bradley, $1.75)
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A classic and always good.

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The first narrative of Peter Pan, who is later the Peter of Never-Never Land.

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The story of a little princess and some of her strange adventures.

"Maida's Little School," Irwin. (Viking Press, $1.50)
Another of the Maida books by Inez Haynes Irwin, who can write for children.

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A little wooden doll who was forgotten by her friends and rescued by the mice.

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A book of seasons in prose, verse and pictures for little children.

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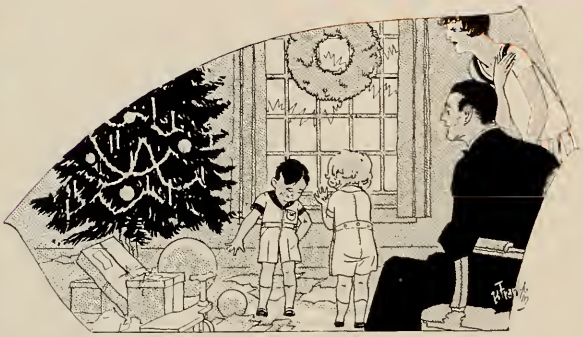

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The TREASURE CHEST

. FOR BOYS and GIRLS .

VOL. I
NUMBER 8

JANUARY, 1927

$2.50 per year
.25 per copy

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

A message from the boys and girls to their parents

A Happy New Year to you, mothers and fathers. We, your children, wish you all the peace and good things of life that you wish for one another. We hope the road ahead will be bright with sunshine, and that your increasing years will be as happy as are the memories of your childhood. We wish you these good things because we know that Parents are People, and people should be happy.

At the same time, Mr. and Mrs. Father and Mother, we want to remind you that we children are people, too, and sometimes we have a different idea of happiness than one might expect. It was awfully nice to have awakened Christmas morning to find our stockings full of everything in the world. And then, to go into the other room and find a log fire roaring and in front of it, a beautiful tree all glistening and shiny, and simply groaning with things to do and things to eat and things to love. But, we think (and really, Father and Mother, we children DO think) that sometimes it would be nice to have just a few less things hung on our tree, and to be surprised during the year when we least expected them, with presents for which we have not asked.

It is so funny, now that you have got us thinking, the number of things of which we think. We know that you are working and worrying night and day to make good men and women of us. You are doing everything you can to make us successes when we grow up. Lines are coming into your faces, when you think of the problems that will greet us when we have gone out into the big world. And yet, we wonder! Isn't it as important for us to become successes when we are eight years old and ten years old? Aren't our problems just as important to us today as they will be twenty years from now? Aren't we children as important to ourselves as you are to yourselves and maybe more so? Because, once, somewhere that we can't remember, we heard a nice old white-haired lady say that as she grew older she found that her problems were not problems at all.

We are People, Parents, and as our great American said, "Every man is born free and equal," we stand upon our rights, as American citizens, not to be too free, but certainly to be equal. We are asking you on this New Year's Day, to give us that privilege. We want to do things; we want to think things; we want to be people. Of course, we can't write as beautiful poems or stories as you grown-ups can, but then, you know, it's a very funny thing, that often we enjoy the things made by ourselves more than those that are made by master hands. And again, we forget whether it was a great American or a great Chinaman who said that the thing which brings the greatest joy to the greatest number is the greatest art.

This is such a puzzling world. There are so many things that we cannot understand, no matter how hard we try. We know that we must not split our infinitives, but nobody tells us why. We know that we must use our knife with our right hand, and our fork with our left hand, and we don't mind doing it, but is there a reason? Yes, there must be, for after all, the right hand is stronger than the left hand, and it does take some strength to cut a tough piece of steak. But then, there you are again. Why is the right hand stronger than the left hand? Oh, we are all in a muddle, and we want to know.

Please please, Parents, stop telling us things and talk to us about them instead. We love to talk, we just can't help talking. Sometime we think you want to talk to us too, but you look as though you were afraid, and we feel afraid, and there you have it. We remember when Father sat in front of the fire one night, in his big chair, and his eyes said that he wanted us to sit on his lap, and we wanted to sit on his lap, but he would not reach out his talk to us, or his hand to us, and of course we couldn't, and so Father's knees got cold, and we had to make believe by putting a cushion on the couch and sitting on top of it. Gee, we wish you would talk to us.

Well, Mr. Father and Mother, we have given you a long lecture, and we assure you it hurt us more than it hurt you. But, you see, on New Year's Eve, just when the clock is one-millionth of a second before twelve, there is no young and old, and we feel very free and quite equal.

A Happy New Year to you, and may you grow up to be good Fathers and Mothers.

For The Kiddies

Give them a Christmas present they can enjoy all year—one they can't break, tear up, or wear out. One that will be conducive to building up their health and happiness—and incidentally put them on the road to independence by making them an owner of desirable land.

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Hullo, Girls and Boys!

Brother Bob, broadcasting from Radio Station KTAB, Oakland, California, has another big treat for you this month. . . . .

On Sunday, January 23, he is going to give a FREE picnic for you. . . . .

It will be held at the beautiful REDWOOD ESTATES in the Santa Cruz Mountains, not far from Los Gatos. . . . .

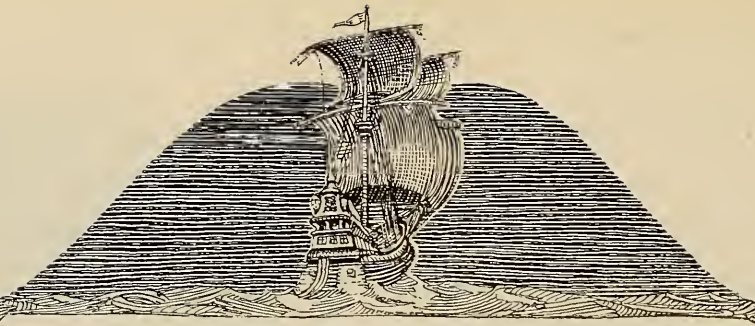
There will be FREE entertainment, FREE games, FREE candy and a wonderful FREE Treasure Hunt for all. . . . .

Each Boy and Girl wishing FREE admission tickets for themselves and their parents should write to Brother Bob at once, care of Radio Station KTAB, Oakland, and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. . . . .

Then Brother Bob will send you tickets and a road-map telling you how to reach THE REDWOOD ESTATES.

Remember!!!!!! All children must be accompanied by parents.
Remember!!!!!! Everything will be free.
Remember!!!!!! The date is January 23rd—Sunday.
Remember!!!!!! This is Brother Bob's New Year present for you.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO EVERYBODY



THE TREASURE CHEST

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We shall be glad to consider manuscripts available for publication. Same will be paid for at current rates. All manuscripts must be written on one side of paper, and if their return is desired, must be accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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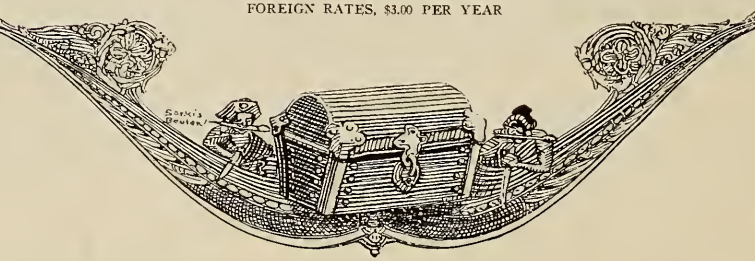

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"LET HIM STAND FORTH BY HEAVEN'S RIGHT
WHO WOULD FOR ELSA'S JUST CAUSE FIGHT."

—*Lohengrin.*

LOHENGRIN, The Silver Knight

Retold by S. B. DICKSON

MANY and many years ago when Antwerp was the capital of the ancient dukedom of Brabant, there came to the beautiful city on the river Scheldt the just and wise King Henry, ruler of Germany. Brabant was one of his richest and most powerful dukedoms, and King Henry had come in time of peace to listen to the grievances and to judge the problems of his subjects. Under the great branches of a beautiful tree, the "Oak of Justice," it was called, King Henry held court, and here his people gathered to do him honor.

Out of the multitude stepped a trumpeter in blazing armor.

"Hear ye," he cried, "hear ye. The good King Henry has come to Antwerp. Who among ye fights for the king?"

Then he raised his trumpet, and its silvery tones rang out and were heard echoing from far across the river. Came Frederick of Telramund, a valiant warrior of the king, and bowed his head before his monarch. "O wise and good king," he said, "it is well that you come to hear our troubles and solve our problems. For grief has come to us, O King, among all my friends, I esteemed none more highly than the Duke of Brabant. On his death bed he called me to him and placed in my keeping the lives of his children, his son Godfrey, who would be Duke in his place, and his fair daughter, Elsa. Gladly I undertook the care of the children, not alone for love of my dead friend, but because, O King, I had hoped that in the days to come I might take Elsa to be my bride."

The good king smiled kindly, and nodded for Frederick to continue.

"Elsa grew more beautiful as the years passed, but, Highness, her pride grew in proportion to her beauty, and I fear her ambition led her into evil ways, ways that wrought ruin upon her brother the young Duke.

"They wandered, one day, along the banks of the Scheldt, and Elsa returned, at nightfall, weeping and pale. To our many questions she would give no answer, and we cannot but fear that she has drowned her brother so that she might rule the dukedom.

"I could not, O King, marry her, doubting her as I did, and chose a lady in her place high in your esteem—Ortrud, the daughter of King Radbod. You will remember, sire, that in years past Radbod ruled Brabant, and in his name and the name of his daughter I now claim the dukedom."

The king frowned. His kindly hands clenched. Frederick saw him hesitate, and determined to press his advantage. He turned to the multitude, and proclaimed to them:

"I accuse Elsa of Brabant of the murder of her brother Godfrey. If there be one among you who can disprove my charge, I challenge him to speak."

None spoke, but there was disbelief in the eyes of the people. Then rose the king. He took his great shield, and hung it from a branch on the tree.

"This shield no longer shall I wear," he proclaimed, "till judgment is pronounced, I swear."

He signalled to the herald to announce that Elsa of Brabant should come before her king to be judged. Again the silver notes of the trumpet cried out. The throng stood in anxious silence. They waited, and fear chilled their hearts. Then the ranks opened, and down the high road came a group of maidens, and in their midst, garbed in pure white, walked Elsa. Golden curls fell upon her shoulders. He beautiful face was lined with grief, and her soft blue eyes gazed into the far distance. As she came close the people murmured their love, and kindly hands were stretched out to her.

"Are you Elsa of Brabant?" demanded the king.

The maiden bowed.

"You are accused of the murder of your brother. What say you?"

"Poor, poor Godfrey," whispered the girl.

"Speak," commanded the king. "Unless you confide in me, I must find you guilty."

Then Elsa seemed to find courage. She raised her head, meeting the king's eyes bravely.

"O sire," she said, "when deep trouble has come to me, I have prayed to heaven for guidance. Last night my prayers were answered in my dream. It was a beautiful dream, O king, and I know that it must be true. I saw a brave knight, in beautiful armor, armor of silver that glistened in the sunlight. He came to me, and swore that he would be my champion, when I should call upon him. I claim him today, in the hour of my need. He will prove my innocence."

"This is ridiculous, your majesty," Frederick interrupted. "Dream knights were never champions. If this creature of the fair Elsa's imagination is upon the earth, let him come forth, and I will meet him in conflict to prove my claim."

Then the king commanded that a space should be cleared for the combat, and that Elsa's innocence or guilt should be decided by the victor, as was the custom in ancient times. Again the herald blew a blast upon his trumpet, and proclaimed:

"Let him stand forth, by Heaven's right
Who would for Elsa's best cause fight."

There was silence, as Elsa dropped on her knees and prayed. Again the trumpet rang out, and as its trembling

notes rang across the Scheldt the crowds parted in amazement. There, on the broad bosom of the water, was a small boat, drawn by a beautiful white swan. In the boat stood a handsome knight, clad in silver armor that glistened in the sun. Slowly they drew to the shore, and the stranger stepped out. With gentle words he dismissed the swan, and then bowed to the king.

"Hail, O sire," he said, "I have come in answer to your summons to do battle in Elsa's cause."

The king made him welcome, and then turned to Elsa, asking if this were indeed her champion. The maiden bowed.

" 'Tis well," cried the king, striking his shield thrice with his sword. "Sound the call to combat." The command was obeyed, and Frederick took his place. Fast and furiously the two men fought, but the silver knight was easily the master. Skillfully he parried his rival's thrusts, and, with a turn of the wrist disarmed him. Then it was his right to take Frederick's life, but this he refused.

"Go your way, misguided one," he smiled, and there was kindness in his voice, "I ask only that the maiden Elsa be my wife."

Elsa came to him, into his strong arms, and buried her face against him so that her golden hair was blended with his silver armor, as Frederick, defeated, went his way, an accused perjurer and condemned to exile.

Great joy filled the hearts of the Brabantians as the king gave his consent to the betrothal. Music filled the air, the birds sang and all was gladness. The silver knight smiled happily upon his new friends, and raised his hand for silence.

"Only one promise must I demand from the maiden," he announced, "She must never ask my name, or whence I came. I am well born, and shall prove myself worthy, but no question must be asked of my past. Will you promise, Elsa?"

Gladly the maiden agreed, and the knight of the swan held her to him and kissed her closed eyes, while the king came to them, and took them by the hand. Then he proclaimed great festivities, and commanded that revelry and joy should overrun Antwerp. The people shouted with delight, and, lifting Elsa, placed her upon the king's shield, and bore her through the city. All was happiness, all was joy.

But in the hearts of Frederick the exile and his jealous wife Ortrud, evil designs were plotted. At nightfall they crept forth into the market-place, dressed in torn and soiled garments of beggars. They came to the steps of the king's house, and there Ortrud commanded that Frederick leave her to her plot. As Frederick went his way, a window opened, and a maiden stood there, the light of the moon bright upon her face. It was Elsa, come to tell the stars her happiness. Ortrud crept silently to the balcony, and sank to her knees at Elsa's feet.

"Pardon, pardon," she cried.

"Who are you?" demanded Elsa.

"I am an outcast. Pity me in your hour of happiness."

The tender heart of the maiden was stirred.

"Poor woman," she cried, "I did not seek to harm you. Your husband has brought this sorrow upon himself."

"Do not send me away," wept Ortrud, "I cannot go out into the wide world a beggar."

"You shall not," whispered Elsa, "come with me."

And, taking the evil woman by the hand, she led her into the house.

* * * *

The next morning trumpets called all the people to the wedding. The turrets and battlements were strung with gay streamers and banners. Flowers were everywhere, and over all poured the warmth of sunshine. Music rang out and then four pages in beautiful dress came to the steps of the house crying, "Make way for the lady Elsa."

Slowly she advanced with her ladies in waiting, all dressed in pure white, and with her came Ortrud, in rich robes and precious jewels. Slowly the wedding party crossed the palace square to the open doors of the great cathedral. Then, just as Elsa would have entered the portals, Ortrud rushed forward, crying: "You shall not enter first. I am higher born than you, and must take the lead."

"What say you?" cried the startled maiden.

"I mean that your dream knight, your knight without a name, won his victory by fraud. I am still the true duchess of Brabant."

Then before Elsa could answer she continued with a sneer:

"A pretty knight, indeed. Why, you do not even know his name, and as for his origin or character—bah! I say he is a magician, and won his fight with the aid of evil powers."

"It is false," cried Elsa, and then fell back, as the king approached, followed by his court. At his right hand walked the silver knight. Quickly he came to Elsa, softly murmuring, "What is the trouble, beloved?"

When he had been told of Ortrud's charge, "Stand aside," he commanded. Then he took the hand of his trembling bride, and mounted the cathedral steps, but again at the threshold they were interrupted, this time by Frederick of Telramund.

THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL

By ALICE REINHART

Fan vaulted roofs
Which pointed arch uphold;
Lace traceries, and spires,
Altars of burnished gold.
Delicate towers
Filled with ancient spoils.
Grinning from apse and gable
Grotesque gargoyles.
Sun streaming through
Exquisite windows of soft colored glass,
Blessing, in warm, rich hues,
The pilgrims as they pass.
A myriad tiny sunbeams
Playing through 'broidered stone.
A mighty Gothic giant
Towering o'er Cologne.

"Stay, Elsa of Brabant," he shouted, "you are being deceived. You know not whom you would marry. He is a sorcerer, and won over me by dark magic."

Then it was that the king with indignation commanded the man to be gone. "The fight was fair," he proclaimed, "the champion sent by Heaven. Come not into our presence again, in peril of your life."

Frederick fell back, and the wedding party entered the cathedral. There, while wondrous music sang out from the great organ, the knight of the swan and his fair maiden were made man and wife.

Throughout the day joyous festivities held sway. Every man and woman and child in the city was feasting, and the new protector of Brabant was proclaimed. In the evening the nobles and ladies gathered at a banquet to do homage to the new leader.

Then, as was the custom of old, the maidens led the newly wedded couple to the bridal chamber. And as they went, the people sang a beautiful refrain, a refrain that has gone before all brides even to this day. At the door of their apartment they left them, and when the last strains of the song had faded away, the silver knight took his bride into his arms.

"Elsa," he whispered, "do you indeed love me?"

"I have loved you since I first beheld you in my dreams," she blushed. "Tell me, how came you to seek me?"

"I am Heaven sent. But, without your peril, I know that love would have guided me to you. I love you, Elsa, above all things."

"My name rings sweetly upon your lips," she cried softly, "if I could but know yours, my happiness would be complete."

Without answering, the knight led her to the open window. The sweet fragrance of roses came to them in the night air. A soft breeze stole across the meadow from the sea, and from far upon the water, soft strains of music were wafted. Elsa gazed long and eagerly into his eyes.

"My husband," she murmured, "we shall be happy in our love. What shall I say when evil remarks are made? I would that you could trust me and tell me your secret."

He shook his head. "This must be. You have given your word that you would not ask. I swear to you that it is not a dark secret. I may look you frankly and joyfully in the face, as my wife."

"See how white the water gleams in the moonlight," she said, "the river is like a silver ribbon reaching far into another world, and look," cried Elsa, "there comes the swan boat to take you from me. Do not go, my lover."

"Calm yourself, Elsa, there is no boat."

She shook her head, grief in her eyes.

"I cannot bear this mystery," she cried, "I must question you."

"Elsa!"

"I must, I must. What is your name?"

As she spoke the fatal words, the door burst open, and Frederick of Telramund stood there, with drawn sword. But again he was no match for the knight of the swan. They met in the center of the room, they parried blows, and then the evil Frederick lay dead upon the floor.

"Bear him to the king," demanded the knight, and the attendants bowed, and bore him away. Then Elsa came to her husband, weeping, and pleading that he would forgive her for her thoughtless doubt.

In answer, he kissed her gently, and holding her from him, struck a gong which summoned her maidens.

"I leave the lady Elsa in your hands," he said, "array her as befits a bride, and at the rising of the sun conduct her to his majesty the king. There will I answer all she asks."

Dazed, terrified, Elsa held her hands to her lover beseechingly, but he passed from the room silently, with bowed head.

And so, a sleepless night dragged to a dismal morning, and then Elsa was brought to the king. To them came the silver knight, and pointed to the dead body of Frederick.

"I slew him in self-defense, sire," he said, "and now I must go my way."

"What mean you?" demanded the king.

A great hush fell upon the multitude. Elsa's eyes, soft and tearful, never left the face of her lover as he told his story, simply, quietly.

"In a far land," he said, "is the sacred hill, Salvat. There stand the walls and towers of a mystic castle. It is the temple of the most precious relic in all the world, the Holy Grail, for which brave men had crusaded year upon year without number. There is the temple of the Grail, guarded by brave knights, knights who have power beyond that of other men. It is given to them to travel into foreign countries, to relieve sorrow, to help the weak, and they are ever victorious. But it is ordained that if they disclose the secret of their power, they must forthwith return to Mount Salvat.

"I had come to champion this fair maiden, and I had dreamed that I might dwell among you in love and

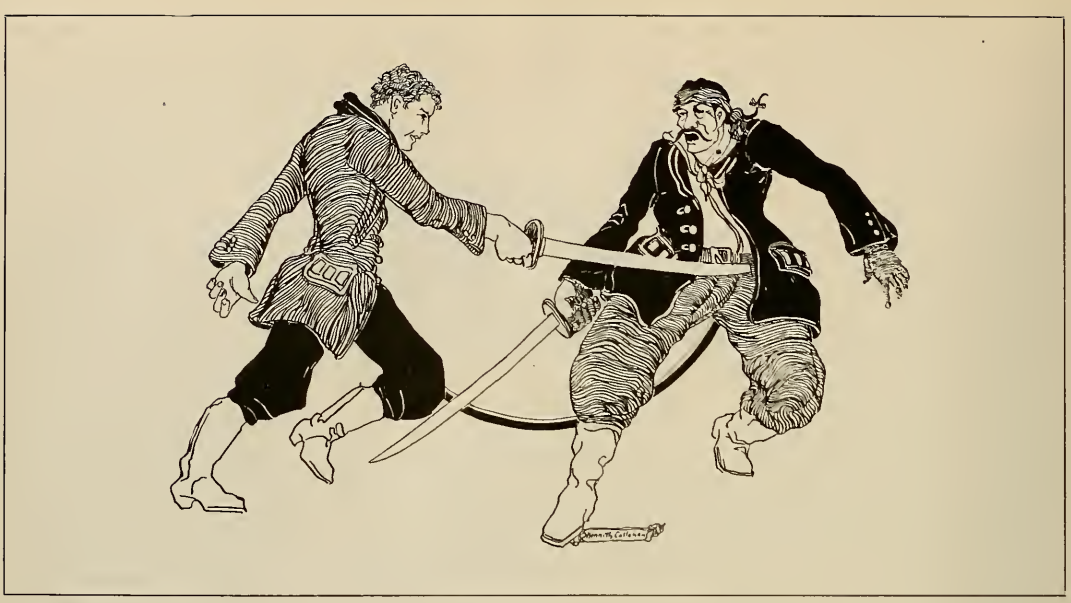
(Continued on Page 301)

BOOTY

By AUDREY MAY WURDEMANN

The maples were cloaked in brazen gold,
But now they are stripped to brown,
To plain, dull bark that is old, that is cold,
That is roughened and wrinkled in many a fold
Where lichens have grown and birds' nests have blown.

The evergreens wear scornful frowns.
Whispering, they sway.
"You would wear your very finest gowns,
Instead of sensible greens and browns.
Now a thieving wind has snatched them away.
For many a day,——
——many a day——"



THE SUCCESSFUL PIRATE

By DAVID JAMISON McDANIEL

Illustrated by Kenneth Callahan

The Paul Elder Prize Short Story. David McDaniel is fourteen years old, and his story of the successful pirate gives wonderful promise for his future as an author.

It was at the "Sign of the Wooden Leg" in Bristol, during the year of our Lord, 1701. Like all the other ale-houses, it was a rough affair, reeking with vile tobacco smoke, resounding with the laughs and oaths of its patrons, while the clink of wine glasses could be heard a score of rods away. Yet this was the place my father and I entered that balmy June day. This was the place that the prelude to my wild adventures was held.

It seems strange now, looking back over these many years, that my father should have picked such a place to unfold to me the history of his earlier years, but at the time no such thought assailed me. I was eager, all too eager, to hear what my father had to say, and I looked at the customers of the "Wooden Leg" with the awe that one feels in the presence of superiors.

We took a table at the end of the room, and my father poured out for himself a glass of good Jamaica, quaffed it at one gulp. (I was surprised, for this was the first time I had seen him take any form of liquor.) He must have seen my look of query for he smiled and said, "Yes, Tim, I take a little drink now and then to steady my nerves. Time was, however, when I could drink down grog with the best of them. Time is precious though, and I must get through. You know, Timmy my boy, I was not always the wise reverend," (here he paused and smiled ruefully) "father you see before you. I was a sailor, a bluff, hearty sailor and loved my work as only a sailor can. One unfortunate day, I signed up with Captain Frank Gibson of the good ship 'Duke.'"

Here I cried out, for every one knew of the story how John Avery, the notorious pirate, had sailed away with the "Duke" in 1696, and how he had captured an East-Indian merchant vessel, and how he made friends with two other pirate captains and then sailed away with all their booty. Even now, he was roving the seas, plundering and destroying.

"Now, now, Tim. Don't judge me too harshly," went on my parent. "I was with Avery when he took the 'Kootab-u-Din,' for that was the name of the East-Indiaman, and when Captain Gibson was dispossessed. It was his smooth ways and oily tongue that got me—curse him!—and I threw in my lot with twenty-seven others. My share of the treasure of the 'Kootab-u-Din' was about 800 pounds in good English money and two or three hundred pounds in diamonds and pearls.

"Avery tried to take it, and I tried to keep it, and we had it out. He was a better swordsman—that's why I only have two fingers on my left hand." And he showed me the stump. "But he still carries the mark of my blade on his forehead. I was set adrift in an open boat, but I

finally made my way to an uninhabited island. There I found that Avery had been before me, had buried my part of the treasure and a large part of his, and killed the wretches who helped him. It's there still.

"Of course you know that my treasure-ship from Madagascar has been taken by Avery, the 'Successful Pirate' as they called him, and we are practically paupers, now. I want you, you, Timothy Dawson, to get a berth as cabin boy on the 'June-Bug,' a vessel that is sailing to a spot very near the treasure. I want you to get it and bring it home. I have it all arranged with Captain Slade. Will you go?"

Quite naturally I promised to do all in my power to get the money, although I didn't like the idea.

And so I found myself at sea, shipped as a cabin-boy on the "June-Bug." There had been a lump in my throat when we shipped away from dear old Bristol. But that had departed in an hour as I started to work.

The first night out I had a catastrophe. A heavy sea was running, and the Captain was tired from laboring to keep his boat a-going. I was sent to the galley to get some hot grog: "To warm me amidships," were Slade's words. He was in a bad humor, so I made the best speed that I could, but, in serving the drink, a sudden lurch of the ship caused me to lose my balance and spill the cup with all its contents on the Captain's neck. With a bellow of rage, Slade hurled me clear accross the room, and probably would have killed me had not the second mate, a man named Brunswick, persuaded him otherwise.

From then on I proved my ability to the whole crew, and made friends with Brunswick, Slade, and the cook, MacGregor. Brunswick I liked especially well and we two had many happy hours together, he telling me of his many harrowing experiences, and I listening with all the attentiveness that a sixteen year old boy could muster. There were tales of typhoons and mutiny and sickness, but one fascinated me more than any other; namely, the young mate's encounter with the "Duke."

Thus the days wore on, my first spell of sickness had passed and I had gained my sea legs. I remember precisely how I felt when the Captain commended me on my skill in ascending the swaying ropes, (for in bad weather even the cabin boy and cook were kept busy).

On the sixteenth day of June, 1701, we sighted a strange sail. Being in Avery's waters we wore away, but the ship followed, and towards evening it had gained a full mile. When night fell, we changed our course and thought we had given her the slip. But no, we had not escaped thus, for when dawn broke, we could see the men scampering hither and thither about the deck, and worst of all, we could make out the Jolly Roger! Captain Slade through his glass could spy the words "Good Ship Duke" engraven on the bow.

There was nothing to do but make a running fight of it, so accordingly, we gave her a broadside and showed the pirate our heels. The "Duke" followed suit and we soon had the terror of seeing her gain until she was within pistol shot of us.

Quickly our leader bawled out "All hands on deck—Prepare to meet boarders!"

There was a mad scramble of men on the deck and presently arms were issued. With a cutlass, two pistols, and plentiful ammunition I felt secure enough and bravely set to work re-loading one of the cannons.

For perhaps ten minutes, we exchanged cannon and musket balls, the buccaneers getting a little the better of the argument, for two of our sailors were killed and one wounded, while on the other hand we had seen only one buccaneer fall, and I noticed that he was moving when they picked him up. Then the "Duke" by clever maneuvering brought herself even with the "June-Bug" and her men surged forward to end the fight. Brunswick was at my side as I rushed forward to try to stem that tide of men—men brutal, cruel, reckless, and brave. I snapped one of my guns at one fellow, and had the momentary satisfaction of seeing blood spurt from his shoulder. But that joy was momentary, for a man whom I took to be Avery himself sent a lightning-like thrust through the second mate's guard, and my poor friend went groveling to the deck. I fired a shot at the murderer and missed, although the man next to him pitched forward on the deck, streaming blood from the head. The next instant I was knocked off my feet by a cutblow. But the cut was poorly aimed and I was only scratched.

However, the attack had failed, the sea-rovers drew

I'M GOING TO BE A PIRATE

By ELEANOR HAMMOND

I want to be a pirate,
A jolly roving pirate
With a cutlass and a pistol
And a skull and cross bones flag!
Oh, I think it's just the notion
To go sailing on the ocean
And have lots of gold to carry
In a heavy, clanking bag!

Oh, I'm going to be a pirate,
A gentlemanly pirate
With manners very polished
And a heart of purest gold.
I shall only take the treasure
People give me for the pleasure
And I'm going to make the prisoners
Very happy in the hold!

Yes, I'm going to be a pirate,
A roaring, rolling pirate!
My ship will go adventuring
From Maine to Mandalay!
Oh, roving on the ocean
Is a very jolly notion
And I'm going to start tomorrow—
I'm not ready, quite, today!

off, and we had time to see to our losses. Besides Brunswick, six men had died, and nine were dangerously wounded. There were few who escaped unscathed. Three dead pirates were found upon the "June-Bug's" deck, one of which I recognized as the fellow that I had shot when the struggle first began. All of our enemy's wounded had been removed. As quickly as possible, we cleared the deck, re-loaded our arms, and commenced a barrage with our nine-pounder and three six-pounders. Because the range was so great, no small-arm firing was allowed.

A dead silence fell upon us, broken only by the dull booming of the cannon. The men indulged in chess or cards, but I, who had lost my best friend on the ship, sat in a deep gloom.

MacGregor stood beside me, vainly trying to offer some comfort but though I was glad he had been spared I wept silently. Then the ship drifted out of cannon range but because there was not a speck of wind, we were forced to remain inactive. The silence deepened.

"Sail ho!" a stentorian voice boomed down from aloft. "Strange craft on the starboard bow! Heading this way!"

There was a scurry to the rigging, and we watched the ship draw nearer and nearer. It seemed to be a brig but we wondered what aid it would offer us. Then suddenly: "It's a pirate craft. I can see the black flag on her!"

Men seemed to be panic-stricken; two hostile ships attacking them at once would spell death and disaster to the "June Bug" and all her crew! What to do? But Captain Slade rose to the emergency. A light breeze sprang up, and the sails were furled. They were to attack the "Duke."

I realized that we would be no match for the other vessel because I deduced that it was being rowed. That accounted for its swiftness. I looked to the priming of my pistols, slashed at the air with my sword and helped to make ready the grappling hooks.

"Boom." Our cannon was beginning to roar.

"Crack!" A buccaneer tumbled from the mast head. Then was a state of upmost confusion. I dimly remember rushing forward, over the sides, and onto the deck. I think I must have fired my pistol, for afterwards but one was loaded. I caught sight of a giant of a man rushing towards me swinging a huge club. He loomed up in front of me. His club whistled through the air. Then darkness.

It was night when I had regained my senses. I lay in the long boat bleeding from a nasty gash on the head and felt very weak and dizzy when I realized that I was in the pirate boat. I wondered if MacGregor had survived the fight. Cautiously I peered over the edge of my "home" and to my horror found the deck swarming with men. Some I recognized as belonging to my ship. So the pirates had won after all.

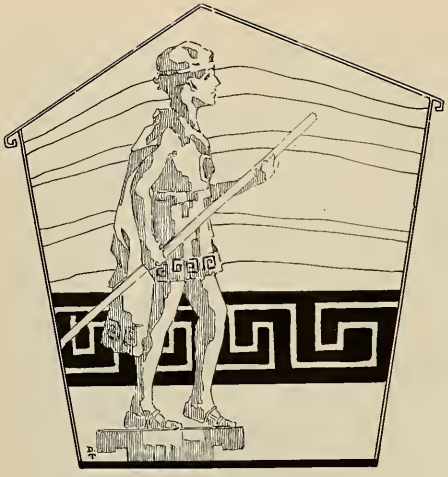
What happened to my friends I do not know, though I believe Avery either cruelly murdered them, or sent them to row the other boat. I stole some food and drink from the galley and got along very nicely indeed, although I was in perpetual terror that I would be discovered. I slept most of the time and thus regained my strength. Thus passed six days.

On the seventh we hove to off a small island. And Avery himself came on deck the first time since the fight. He was a man of medium stature, but was strongly and heavily built. His face was dark, and covered with a black beard. Two black beady eyes peeped out from beneath a pair of shaggy eyebrows. His mouth was invisible on account of the beard, but I imagined that it must be a very strong one. On his forehead was a broad scar, and a thrill ran through me as I thought that it was my father who put it there. His shoulders were square and huge and his chest was deep. A large Roman nose completes the description of his face. Avery was dressed in a black suit and lace trimmings, the trousers being stuffed in black boots. His arms consisted of two double-barreled French pistolets, a beautiful Spanish blade, and a gold-handled dirk.

The "Successful Pirate" ordered a boat, preferably the long boat, to be made ready. Imagine my terror! Quite suddenly an idea dawned upon me startling even its originator with its boldness. In the boat was a small compartment used for storing food. I clambered in that and

(Continued on Page 304)

The Lady-bug
S. Bert Cooksley
The lady-bug is known to sleep,
To crawl and fly and jump and leap.
She also, in a humble way,
Avoids the sparrow and the jay.
She does not wash her tiny face
Nor try to keep her hair in place;
She has a quaint dislike for cats
And careth not for fancy hats.
Her little dress is sometimes green
With orange dot-dabs in between
And then again, it may be black
With scarlet buttons down the back!
In summer-time she often sings
A song of radishes and kings;
Or maybe it's a lullaby
Of ginger cake and apple pie.
She will not sting, she will not bite,
Nor will she up and start a fight;
She loves to sit on logs and buzz--
And lives on what she eats-she does!



The Glory That Was Greece

By JOHN B. WOOSTER

Illustrated by Della Taylor

Dick had long since tired of watching his father's men carry the debris from the excavation. In the beginning the adventure had been so full of promise! But now, hour after hour, and day after day, the mounds of earth piled up and no discovery had been made. The trip had sounded so wonderful when Dick had first heard of it in America. A trip to Europe with a chance to do something really great! "Why," he told himself, "if Dad makes any real discovery, I shall be the most famous boy in all the world. I even may make some great find myself, like . . . . like Caesar's toe nails. But then, how would I know that it was Caesar's toe nail." On and on he rambled. If he only could win the trip! His father, Professor Richard Dale, A. B. F. R. G. S., M. A., Ph. D., and LL. D., had been chosen by the Continental Geographic Society to head an expedition into southern Crete, in search of relics of an early Grecian civilization. Dick had pleaded to be taken along. But at just the wrong moment, he had brought home a report card and handed it to his father.

"What's this, Dick?" demanded Mr. Dale, pointing to a four in Greek.

"A four, sir," replied the boy.

"I know that. Why is it there?"

"I didn't do very well, I guess, Dad."

"You guess? Well, I know! What are you going to do about it?"

"Try again! But Dad, I don't see why you make me study it. It will never be any use to me."

Mr. Dale eyed him with kindly understanding eyes, then he smiled.

"You don't know when it will be of use to you. I couldn't get along without it. But that is neither here nor there. You want to go on this trip with me, and I will take you under one condition. By the end of this term you must have a one in Greek."

Enthusiastically, Dick determined to do his best, and as the weeks passed, he realized that he was making real progress and that the task was not so unpleasant. Four months later he handed his father the term report card. Silently the great man eyed the boy and turned to the report.

"Hmm," he nodded, "Greek, four, three, two, one, one."

"When do we go, Dad?" asked the boy.

"In ten days."

Dick rushed away to lock himself in his den, where he could dream of the wonderful adventures ahead of him. Then came the excitement of packing, the thrill of acquiring his own kodak and magnifying glass and compass. Then the trip! The rushing here and there! The long sea voyage, and finally the trip across the island of Crete. All of this was the milk of life to the boy. But, once they had arrived, his interest began to flag. There was nothing to do but to sit and watch the swarthy laborers lift their filled baskets and add their contents to the ever growing pile. At last came real excitement. A wall was encountered, ten feet below the surface of the ground; a hole was chiseled into it, and the interior of a home was revealed.

Dick's waning interest burned again in a white heat. Here was real romance, the finding of new things, the making of history. The boy's sharp eyes discovered many relics, tools, discarded bits of household furniture, some blades, and a spear's head.

Then the men began digging, further and further, into the debris of the house and the boy was again left to his own resources.

He wandered from room to room idly tapping the many walls. He could not help but marvel at the beauty of the workmanship; white marble columns ran to the ceiling, soft colors were etched in the well preserved masonry.

And so, drifting about the place, he finally tapped on a stone that gave out a hollow sound. He pressed against it and it swung on its axis. A small tunnel was revealed. Dick stepped into it and turned on his flashlight. The air was strangely sweet, little white eddies of dust swirled

about his feet as he walked, and then slowly came to rest again. Strange solemn sounds echoed through the black chamber, and the light of his torch seemed a knife ruthlessly cutting into the blackness. Dick's teeth chattered as he mumbled to himself to keep up his courage: "Nobody thought I could find anything here, nobody took me seriously. But now I've got a chance to do more than any of them ever thought of doing. And I'm going to do it. I ain't scared. And if I am, I'm going to do it anyway. Just see if I don't."

Slowly he picked his way through the darkness. A sharp wind cut across his face. "Gosh, that's queer!" he pondered. "Why does the air move now, when all this dust on the ground has lain here so long? I guess I must be in some kind of a cavern that is open at one end, and when I moved that rock it made a draft of air run through. Just the same I sure'd like to know where I am." But there was no way of knowing and so he kept on. Beautiful columns lined the walls, and between them were marble carvings of boys and beasts, men and gods, and pictures of war life and farmer life. His eyes slowly became used to the darkness and the air was rapidly growing cooler. A faint odor of must flooded the tomb. Finally his light picked out a statue in the center of the pathway. It was that of a young Grecian boy; a band of marble held back his tumbled hair. Dick gazed at the figure for a long time. It fascinated him and he sat on the floor to stare at it.

"Gee, wouldn't I like to have known him when he was alive," he murmured. "I'd like to really find out what kids did in those days. It would be lots of fun. Those muscles of his couldn't do a thing to me. Oh, no! I'd hate to have him soak me in the beezer; he's got a kind of nice looking face, though. If this Damon and Pythias stuff is true, he'd make a swell pal."

Dick leaned back against the wall and stared.

"Say, you're only my age. How come that they made a statue of you? You're not so much. Maybe you're the son of some great warrior, or just a model some artist grabbed."

There was something startling about the statue's face; it seemed, somehow, to be almost alive. The sightless eyes of the marble boy stared unblinkingly at Dick, until the modern lad could no longer meet the gaze. He turned away to continue his explorations. As he groped through the darkness a chill raced up and down his spine. "Gee," he muttered, "all of the sand is gone. There's no more dust. It almost looks as if someone had been dusting the place."

He could now discern the real color of the beautiful mosaics decorating the walls. Each held a complete story.

"Just wait until I call Dad and the others!" Dick exclaimed. "All the finds they make won't be half as good as the statue of the kid. I wonder why I was picked on to make that find. I sure am in luck," and as he spoke a strange weird murmur seemed to answer him from the dark end of the corridor. There was a little door on one side, and a great door in the center. The smaller door had characters written upon it. "*Cave, canem*" Dick read, "That's Grecian for 'look out, hound.' Well, I don't think I'll be bothered with him." He threw open the door and flashed his light. He stood in the entrance of a great room. The walls were of marble, and the floor was of tiles with slate. Two or three pieces of stone furniture highly glossed were here and there. A table held an urn and three alabaster cups. Rough weapons lay about. And there stretched out on a marble couch, a rich robe swung over his body, and golden sandals upon his feet, lay a sleeping boy.

"Gosh all hemlock," gasped Dick, "it's the statue! He looks almost alive, but he's been there long enough to be dead."

Dick tiptoed over to the figure and gazed into the face.

"Say I don't know who you are, but you are sure good looking."

And then . . . the sleeper moved. His shoulders twitched. A stone-like hand was raised, and a protecting arm guarded his eyes from the flood of light. In sheer fright Dick let out a yell that carried through the room like a war whoop. The sound of his own voice reassured Dick, but the cry seemed to frighten the Grecian boy. He leapt to his feet, and, darting to a corner, seized a sword. Holding the weapon outward, he advanced on the intruder, and then paused and spoke. And there, at the most unexpected moment, Dick's knowledge of Greek came into use.

"Who are ye? And what seek ye in my room?" demanded the statue boy.

"Dick Dale. I'm just looking around. Who are you?"

"Dick Dale? A strange name. Be ye a Roman?"

"No; I'm a Yankee."

"Never have I heard the tribe spoken of. Whence came ye? From some spot upon the Tigris, or perhaps above the Euphrates?"

"No; from America."

"Amerika? I know it not. A small island?"

"Small island? I'll say it isn't. Say, we could dump Greece into it and not make a spot."

The Grecian gazed long and steadily at him, and then, frowning, said:

"Ye talk loud and say but little. Send Alcona to me."

"Who in the name of grass is Alcona?"

"My slave, dolt. Send him to me."

"Send him in yourself. Who do you think you're talking to?"

The two boys glared into one another's eyes, then the Grecian walked to the door and called. He called again, and heard no response. Frowning, he returned to Dick.

"I know not where he is," he muttered, "but he shall pay for letting you disturb me. It pleases me not to be disturbed by slaves and prisoners."

"I am no slave, nor yet a prisoner. There was no one to keep me out, so I walked in."

"Ye passed my guard?"

"There was no guard."

"I believe ye not. Men of the legions of my father ever stand my guard."

"How do you mean, legions of your father? There are no legions in these old ruins."

"Call ye the home of Xerxophanes the General, old ruins? Old ruins, say ye? And dare to say it in the presence of Persae, his son?"

Dick's head was swimming. "This kid must be cuckoo," he thought. "What's he mean by living in this kind of a place, and then talking all of this bunk?"

Suddenly Dick had a bright idea.

"Listen," he said, "when did you go to sleep?"

"Not an hour since."

"Was there anything queer about it?"

"Now that ye speak about it—yes. Many of our youths have slept a strange sleep that knew no waking, and many have a strange sickness. Not an hour since, my father sent to me the high priest of Athena, and he promised me a deep sleep that would last until the sickness had passed, and now you have come to me in my slumber and disturbed me."

"Don't you begin to understand?" cried Dick.

"Understand what?"

"What it all means?"

"You mean that you were sent here by the senile soothsayer, Zeno, who preaches of a strange new god and who utters terrible blasphemies against the true gods?"

"No; that's not it." replied Dick. "But say, I've got lots to tell you."

"Then say ye on," said the boy and sat down on the couch.

Dick hesitated. He did not know where to begin. He wanted to break what he had to say, gently.

"Zeno is dead."

"Who killed him—my father?"

"No; your father is dead."

The Grecian lad started, and the color flooded from his face as Dick continued: "The Greece you knew is no more."

"Then Rome has conquered her?"

"Yes; but the Rome of old is no more. New tribes came, and went, and now greater nations live than you have ever heard of. Great ships sail the oceans, and great ships sail the air. Men wear clothes like I wear, speak in tongues that you have never heard."

"'Tis strange, and I believe you not."

"You must believe me. You have slept for more than two thousand years."

"What speak ye?"

"You have slept for more than two thousand years."

The boy bowed his head and murmured: "Then all my friends have gone?"

Dick nodded. There was a long silence, then the Grecian boy suddenly started.

"Ye speak strange things; and I must believe you. Am I the last of my race?"

"Yes; and then some! You are the only one who really knows anything about what life was. Gee, I'd like to know how you Grecian boys spent your days."

And so Persae retold the story of his youth, of the worship of the gods, of the greatness of the gods, of the games, of the art, of the pictures, and carvings, and of the songs of the poets. He told of the conquests of the generals, and of the battles of great caged beasts. He told of the games of Grecian children, and of the beauty of the maidens. He told of the household god, and the laws that had governed the people. But mostly he told of old legends that needed retelling. And Dick sat spellbound and listened, and thrilled at the thought that every great newspaper in the world would soon announce his discoveries, the discoveries that had resulted from the wonderful trip of Professor Dale and his son. Suddenly he looked at Persae.

"Say—let's be pals," he said, holding out his hand.

"We shall be," said Persae. Then, looking at Dick's hand, he pondered: "What would you have—my sword?"

"No! Friends shake hands in these times," answered Dick, grasping the fingers of the Grecian.

Persae gripped with Dick for a moment, murmuring, "It is a strange custom."

Then the two sat talking, and each moment Dick learned more and more, until he realized that he, an American school boy, knew more than the most learned of savants of the true life of ancient peoples, and so he said, "Thanks a lot, Persae; come on now and meet the others."

"That I cannot do," was the strange answer.

"Why?"

"If I slept for two thousand years I cannot come back to a strange world. Already I feel the past reaching for me. My friend, I will see you, perhaps, by the River of Darkness, and until then—*vale.*"

Persae seemed to shiver, and then, suddenly, as though he had been cut by an unseen hand, he crumbled to the tiled floor, a heap of finely powdered white dust. Dick closed his eyes for a moment, and when he opened them the room was gone. He was in the corridor, sitting on the dusty floor. Before him, occupying the center of the aisle, was the statue of Persae.

He looked long and wonderingly at the carving, then, leaping to his feet, he started down the corridor and out into the open. And as he went he pondered:

(Continued on Page 307)

A Little Maid of France

By FRIEDA KUHL

Illustrated by Della Taylor

NONETTE danced among the roses in the garden, a dark red rose between small carmine lips, pink and yellow petals from the roses above falling, at times, among the blackness of her curls.

The blue in the eyes of Nonette, the swaying of her blue dress as she danced, and the blueness of the sky showing through the lattice of roses above, mingled gaily with the hues of the flowers and leaves, in a soft symphony of color and light.

There was music in the air—a merry tune that came from beyond the gate.

Then suddenly, the music and the dance stopped, and Nonette skipped through the garden, past the little gate, to where, on the path outside, an old man stood tensely, unseeing eyes towards the north, his violin still poised beneath his chin. The girl gripped the wrinkled hand that held the bow in both her small ones, and turned her eyes in the direction of his blind ones.

"I hear, mignonne," he whispered, "they are coming, coming—" Then, with a passionate gesture, he released his hand, and drew the bow across the strings, in that glorious song of happiness, "Madelon." But Nonette did not dance. Her hands at her throat, dusty curls tumbling over her eyes, she stared towards the north, from whence could be heard, still far, far away, the tramp-tramp of many feet marching in unison—the tramp-tramp of a regiment coming; Paul's regiment.

"Pierre," she said, trembling with emotion, "stop."

He stopped, the raptured look still on his face.

"They are near, now, mignonne. Soon you will see your loved Paul. Ah, Nonette, what a lucky, lucky Paul to have such a sister!" Then in a different tone he asked, "What—what do you see, mignonne? I hear them, and it is wondrous music to my ears—"

"I see them there," breathed the girl, and extended her arms towards the cloud of dust that arose in the distance, and old Pierre reached out a hand until he found hers, and the two stood, their arms outstretched so, and waited.

It was the summer of 1918. For four years now, since she was but twelve, Nonette had prayed for her soldier brother who was fighting in France, and had listened, with sinking heart, at the far-away rumbling of cannons across the border, through long sleepless nights. And now she was to see Paul for a few minutes. His regiment was passing through there, on its way to the enemy's lines. And so, with a song in her heart, Nonette listened to the steady sound of marching that was bringing him nearer and nearer—

And then they came around the bend, and suddenly, they started singing with happy, care-free voices.

And old Pierre, who had sung the song when it had first been made, drew his bow across the strings, and played again, with a happier, lighter tone, in a glorious burst of happiness and thankfulness, and the soldier boys, in their dusty uniforms, came marching on, and on.

It was a happy, happy hour, that was to live with Nonette forever, that in which the little home, with its loveliness of roses, and its little house-keeper bubbling over with joy, welcomed the soldier brother they had not seen for four years. But it was a short hour. And yet, in it, they lived an eternity.

"How you have grown, my Nonette, my Nonette," he kept repeating. And she:

"And you, Paul, and you—" And they would just sit and stare at each other, too happy to speak, yet with the dread of the coming parting enhancing the sacredness of the hour.

And then the time was up.

"I shall write every day, Nonette, *mon ange*. Every day—" And she, clinging to him:

"You are all I have, Paul, come back, oh, come back soon."

His dark face wet with her tears, Paul swore that he would.

The regiment was forming, and he put her from him. She clung to his hand to the last moment, then, pressing something into it, her hands fell listlessly to her side.

He did not look at it for a while. He just kept the hand clenched against him, and it helped to keep the mask of care-freeness on his strong face. But, when they came to a turn, he looked down, and saw, against the brown of his hand, a dusky curl, one of those he had seen tumbling over her face so often, tied with a narrow ribbon of red, white, and blue.

And back in the village, long after they had disappeared, Nonette still stood, waving a small white handkerchief in the last glare of the sunset sky.

* * * * *

A letter came after three days. They were to reach the front that evening. The next day nothing came, nor the next. Nonette shrugged her shoulders in an attempt to be unconcerned. Her heart was heavy as she went to the post-office the day after. There was nothing for her. Each night she prayed, wildly, for a letter, but none came. After two weeks she went to Pierre; Pierre, who had not played his fiddle for many days, because of the sadness in Nonette's voice whenever she spoke to him. Pierre, who sat day after day on the little stone bench before his house, his tattered blue trousers, and the still more tattered coat of captain in a war that was long past, grey with the dust of the summer days.

Nonette came quietly, and sat beside him. His gnarled old hand closed over hers. It was all the comfort he knew how to give.

"Pierre," she murmured, afraid to hear herself say it, "I have heard nothing—nothing—" The old gnarled hand closed a little tighter over the small white one.

Weeks passed, taking summer with them. The roses in Nonette's garden faded, and fell, one by one. There was no happiness there to keep them alive.

Each night, kneeling by the small window looking towards the front, Nonette prayed fiercely, a last lingering hope still in her heart. And outside Pierre's house, on the small stone bench, the old man sat, until the last star, the last of the stars which he could not see, had appeared in the black sky, and prayed with a fervor he had not thought was still in him, for news to gladden the heart of the child he adored.

And from far away, now and then, came the soft, cruel rumbling of cannon, through the blackness of the night.

* * * *

Across the border, where the rumbling of the cannons was much, much louder, and where it was accompanied by blood-red flashes across the sky, Paul lay on the cold ground, his hands tied, and dreamed he was on his way back to Nonette. But he awoke with a start, and remembered that he was a prisoner in the enemy's camp. He stood up stiffly, and paced back and forth in the tiny stone-walled room where he had been thrown. The night, like all the other interminable ones, was terrible. But when the morning star rose, and a little later, the sky, far away, turned to a dull grey, he knew it was almost day, and a small ray of hope crept into his heart. Through the small barred window he saw the German officers giving orders. He understood a word here and there of what they were saying. They were making ready to move on, probably farther and farther away from France, and that last lingering hope died like all the others.

The heavy wooden door swung slowly open, and a shaft of golden light flooded the greyness of the temporary prison. Paul, hatred smoldering in his heart, turned around. Every morning, ever since that first fatal one, Paul had turned so when the gaoler came with food. And the young man who was a mortal enemy, the young German with the proud bearing, and the blue eyes like those of Nonette, had left him, each time, with a bitterness in his heart that was heavy to bear. Paul, his hands untied for the while, ate the food avidly, his eyes fastened on the other, who met his look unflinchingly. Then, when he was through, the Frenchman again held out his arms, hating the touch of the other's hands as they tied his with heavy, biting rope.

But, as he drew away, something fell from the pocket of his tattered red shirt; something black that fell on the stone floor in the path of the first sun-ray. It was the dusky curl that had lain against his heart through the awfulness of the days. And the enemy looked down, saw it, and, seeing the look on the prisoner's face, stooped, and with careful, almost reverent hands, he lifted it up and gave it to the other, who clenched it tightly in his bound hands. And then Paul saw something that brought a strange pain to his heart. For, through the open collar of the enemy's uniform, a small something had tumbled out, attached to a chain. With a strange fascination, he moved a step nearer and stared at it. It was a small round locket, from which smiled a young fair face, a

face like that of the enemy, only that it was framed in a wealth of golden hair, tumbling in curls over her eyes. And then Paul looked up, and saw in the enemy's eyes that which he knew was in his own, and a wonderful look of understanding passed between the two. The love of those two little sisters, who, far away, prayed, prayed for them, each in her own way, in her own country, brought the two brothers into a close bond which they both recognized as sacred.

That day they marched on and on, farther and farther away from France, and Nonette of the dusky curls and the sadness in her heart.

* * * *

Autumn came on suddenly, and everything was a wealth of brown and gold. The leaves were falling slowly in Nonette's garden, but she looked in vain for the buds of the Autumn roses that had come every year like an echo to the glorious beauty of the roses that had passed. This year there were none. There were just the leaves falling, one by one, and when they were fallen, they dried so that when she walked over them they made a sharp, crackling sound that was unlovely in the stillness of the days.

Nonette leaned over the little gate one late Autumn evening, her face buried in her arms. From the other side of the gate, through the twilight, came the soft, plaintive sound of a violin, and it was like the cry of a broken thing; lonely and sad, with a sob running through it. Nonette opened the little gate slowly and went out. The music stopped as Pierre heard her approaching.

He took her hand, and said softly, with the strange tone that had crept into his voice, "Mignonne?"

Then, again, "Mignonne?" The girl bowed her head over his hand.

And so the days passed, and all the people of the little village were quiet and sad, and a strange feeling of expectancy and foreboding hovered over them all.

Then one day a letter came, and Nonette, with it clutched tightly to her heart, ran to old Pierre, who was gazing, with his faded, unseeing eyes, far into nothingness. She sat down beside him and thrust the letter into his hands. He just held it rigidly and said nothing. It was she who first spoke:

"Pierre," she whispered, "could—could it be?"

"Is it—his writing, mignonne?" he asked.

"Yes."

He put the letter into her hands.

"Read it," he said.

She clenched her hands. "I'm afraid—afraid—"

But she opened it, and then a small, faint cry escaped her.

The old man's hand closed tightly over hers, and he whispered, "What? What is it?"

"It's an old letter," she said brokenly, "he—he wrote it long ago—it's been delayed—it's one—one he wrote before the last one I received, and I thought—" Then she laid her head against his shoulder, like a tired child, and said nothing more, only the tears fell, one by one, on the old man's hand, and on the letter, blotting out the words.

After a long while Pierre spoke:

"Be courageous just a little longer, mignonne," he whispered, "I have heard that it is drawing to a close, this terrible war. There is word of an armistice—"

And the next day came the joyous news of the Armistice, and a wild surging hope again rose in Nonette's aching heart.

That night, at dusk, she leaned over the little gate, her eyes looking towards the south, and listened to old Pierre's violin, that was playing for her a song she had never heard before, a song of hope, an old song of France. And then it stopped on a sudden note, and she saw the old man standing rigidly, his violin still poised, his eyes shut. She ran to him and clutched his arm.

"Mignonne," he breathed, "don't you hear? Don't you hear?"

Then she heard. From far away, the wind was bringing bits of song, something louder, then softer, then clear again. It was "Madelon," and it was coming nearer and nearer.

Suddenly, forgetting his blindness, the girl cried out:

"Pierre, look!"

From around a bend in the road, in the same place from which she had seen Paul disappear from sight that day long ago, was coming a small group of men, slowly. Old Pierre, with his old passionate gesture, drew his bow across the strings, and played as he had never played before, that song that was nearest to his heart. And the soldier boys, ten in all, came on with tired footsteps and ragged, dusty uniforms, but a glorious look brightened their grimy faces.

And thus Paul came home to Nonette, who needed him so much.

And the next morning the sun was shining brightly; it was as if summer had come back, and in the garden Nonette found three roses that had bloomed during the night, and had come, so late in the year, when happiness came back to the little garden.

And Nonette danced, under the sun, among the golden brown leaves that fell silently, and a soft yellow petal from the yellow rose above fell softly among her curls and stayed there, and not even the breeze could blow it away.

LET US BE SILENT

By J. B. Wooster

Let us be silent out of respect,
  The old year is taking its flight.
Let us be silent, let us be still,
  The old year is passing tonight.

The old year is passing, weary and worn;
The old year is going, the old year is gone.
All of our gain and all of our loss,
Reaping of wheat or reaping of dross,
Thrilled with advance or chilled with delay,
Sunlight in winter or cold frost in May—
All is now gone, we cannot recall,
Only determine to follow the ball.
Here's one more chance, so raise up your head,
The old year is dying, the old year is dead.

Let us rejoice; let's shout in our glee,
The New Year is born, again we are free.
Gone is all blackness, slates are all white,
Let's be rejoicing—New Year's tonight.

AIN'T HE CUTE?

Arrayed in snow-white pants and vest
And other raiment fair to view,
I stood before my sweetheart Sue,—
The charming creature I loved best.
"Tell me, and does my costume suit?"
I asked the apple of my eye,
And then the charmer made reply—
"Oh, yes, you do look awful cute!"
Although I frequently had heard
My sweetheart vent her pleasure so,
I must confess I did not know
The meaning of that favorite word.

But presently at window side
We stood watching the passing throng,
And soon a donkey came along,
With ears like sails extending wide
And gazing at the doleful brute
My sweetheart gave a merry cry,—
I quote her language with a sigh,—
"O Charlie, ain't he awful cute?"

By Floyd Johnstone.

THE FOLLY OF YOUTH

By THOMAS J. GLYNN

"What's the matter with ya, boy?
  Wantin' t' be older!
  Doncha know yer wishin' yer brightest years away?
Sure, an' ya'll regret it when yer blood is gettin' colder
  An' the night is comin' t' put an end t' day.

"When no more the apples redden just to satisfy *yer* palate,
  When the blackbird's cry no longer is as music to yer ears,
When the bob-white's matin' drummin' has become an irksome mallet,
  An' the quiet o' the swimmin' hole awakens only tears.

"When ya start a-lookin' back'ards to the time when ya were joyous,
  Then ya'll realize how foolish are those words ya just give tongue;
So, come on, an' shout yer loudest, lad, an' keep on actin' boyish,
  Don't be wishin' ya was older; be glad that you are young!"

PADDY FIELDS

Brown bodies gleam 'neath sun hats huge,
  The rice-planters are working in the flooded field.
They wade, and bend to plant the shoots
  That will a golden harvest yield.

In intricate-laid design,
  The rice fields endless lie,
I seem to hear a treble voice
  Raising this song on high.

"Plant the rice! Plant the rice!
  In the springtime bright.
Plant the rice! Plant the rice!
  Green shoots, seek the light.
Grow the rice! Grow the rice!
  Sturdy, straight and tall!
Head the rice! Head the rice!
  Harvest in the fall."

—Audrey Wurdemann.

THE HIGHBROWS' EYEBROWS

By ROSALIE MOORE

Oh, the bushibus pride of the King Shoutabout
Was the bundlesome brows which o'ershadowed the eyes,
These he lowered in wrath and raised in surprise
And held right in the middle to register doubt.

Imagine the state of this King of the Highbrows—
Just think of the war and his roarings galore—
Of his swore and his blore and his snore (and his more)
When his son (and the first one) was born without eyebrows!

He named him Bloonhoozle because of his flaw,
He tried every hair tonic known on his heir,
But the royal inheritance just wasn't there—
So he snubbed him, hubbubed him, and dubbed him a blaw.

"Aha, likewise ho!" cried Bloonhoozle, "Alack!
I will not be blighted and spited and bited—
I'll leave this old burg, to Zoonzoony I'll flighted,
And find two fine eyebrows or never come back."

So off went the prince to the cave of Zoonzoony,
A queer old gazabo, quite stoopy and droopy,
A little bit loopy and soupy and snoopy,
But quite a magician—and not wholly loony.

"I'll help thee get eyebrows," said Zoonzoon quite coy,
"Such a royal rare requisite's hard to secure,
But list, and I'll tell where to get some for sure."
"Yes, sure, indeed, certainly—do," said the boy.

"You go to the Doodad and then straight to Squed,
Then turn down the dustiest road to be had—"
And Zoonzoony whispered the rest to the lad,
For he feared lest his parrot should hear what was said.

The youth started, set forth, hied, and went in a whiff.
He walked, and he stalked, and he squawked on to Squed—
Then he puffed and he bluffed (and his face was quite red)
Till he found him at night on the brow of a cliff.

And then he spoke thus as Zoonzoony had taught:
"See here, you old cliff, you have quite a fine brow
So must have some eyebrows. I want them right now!
Why, on you, they are wasted and useless and naught!"

The cliff was so pleased by this flattering speech,
That it sweetly bestowed both its brows on the lad;
And Bloonhoozle went home, (looking awfully glad)
Also happy, and snappy, and sappy,—and—bleach.

He was welcomed by noises and joyses devout—
His father confessed that those brows were a prize,
Which could be lowered in wrath and raised in surprise,
And held right in the middle to register doubt!

HOLLYHOCKS

Hollyhock's a stately lady,
Growing by the wall.
Comes a rascal wind a-puffing,
And she hardly bends at all.

Hollyhock's by wall protected.
Tho old Boreas may blow,
She stands erect and takes the credit
Like some people that I know.

GOLD AND SILVER FISHES

Gold and silver fishes
In a crystal bowl,
Green and purple castle
Grounded in the shoal.

Gold and silver fishes,
Trailing Spanish shawls,
Glittering pop-eyed ladies,
Gazing thru crystal walls.

THE BLOOM STORM

There's a snowstorm in the orchard
Beneath the cherry trees.
Baby cherries kicking out
Are tickled by honey bees.

Silken blankets flying off
Are covering everything.
What a lovely thing to see!
A bloom storm in the spring!

By AUDREY MAY WURDEMANN

'ROUND THE CORNER

By BETH WENDEL

To live with Dotty Dalton was really quite a task, for nobody could answer the questions that she'd ask. Her "where" and "why" and "tell me" increased from day to day, until her friends and family all tried to run away.

To seek real information deserves the highest praise, but asking just for asking is wasting precious days. She always sought the answer that was not her concern. Affairs of other people she'd pry at every turn.

As dark December lingered, before he limped away, our Dotty Dalton wondered why he refused to stay. Then Grandpa's shiny bald-pate received a little pat. Poor Grandpa had been snoozing, but Dotty said, "That's that!"

"Now where is this year going?" Her shrill voice pounced the words.

"To all past years," said Grandpa. "They live in crowded herds. They argue which year prospered and which year was the best and which crops were the biggest." (Of course he spoke in jest.)

"NOW tell me where's the NEW YEAR," this quizzy girl burst forth.

"He's waiting 'round the corner," said Grandpa slightly wroth.

"He's waiting 'round the corner until the old year goes. What he has in store for us, no living person knows. He may bring every pleasure. He may bring only pain. I hope he stops your questions to rest my poor old brain!"

He tapped his long pipe harshly and jerked the great arm-chair. He saw a fly come sailing and clipped it down mid-air.

"I guess I'd best be going," said Dotty (knowing why!) and Grandpa nodded quickly and said a sharp "Good-bye!"

She closed the front door softly and glanced down toward the street, delighted that the New Year and she were soon to meet!

"'Round the corner, Grandpa said, 'round the corner,' where?" Dotty peered around the house but no New Year was there!

"I guess it's the next corner," she said, then walked that way, but when she reached that corner, just children were at play. So down the street she hurried, a thousand questions set, that she would ask the New Year. Oh, she would find him yet!

Not there! Some other corner! So on and on she walked, seeking every corner where strangers ever stalked. She'd ask about the school work and who the teacher'd be, about examinations and thus avoid a D. She'd ask about the parties and learn whom to invite, and find out just what grown-ups would be downstairs at night. What fun to find the New Year before the girls and boys. He'd tell her all the new games, and name the coming toys!

She reached another corner. How quickly it grew dark! She peered around it swiftly. Not there—but what a lark! She'd ask about the weather and then she'd seem so smart, with rubbers and umbrella before the rain would start! She'd find out from the New Year if measles were her turn, and ask if safety matches would really cause a burn!

On and on went Dotty with her question-asking quest. The answers to her problems, the New Year would know best! The lamp post on the corners now burned a yellow light, for Dotty's search 'round corners had lasted until night!

She soon felt very hungry, for supper time had passed. Her feet were cold and tired. She tried to walk more fast. The most important questions seemed unimportant now, and Dotty didn't wonder "why," "where," "with whom" and "how."

A big policeman saw her and said, "I'll take you home, but this should teach the lesson that children should not roam."

Both Dotty's worried parents stood waiting at the door, and Dotty sadly promised she'd question folks no more. And Grandpa softly chuckled when Dotty told her tale. He knew that this sad lesson was one that would not fail.

Now Dotty asks no questions, and people wonder why she hurries 'round each corner or even races by!

THE WATERMELON

By FLOYD JOHNSTONE

Aged 15

There was a watermelon
Growing on a vine.
And there was a pickaninny
A-watching all the time.

And when that watermelon
Were a-ripening in the sun,
And the stripes along its jacket
Were coming one by one,

That pickaninny hooked it,
And toting it away,
He ate the entire melon,
Within a single day.

He ate the rind and pieces,
And finished it with vim,
And then that watermelon,
Just up and finished him.

COMMUNITY CHEST CAMPAIGN---FEBRUARY 1 to 11, 1927

Little boys who use bad words have to have their mouths washed out at one of the summer vacation camps of the Community Chest. That's just one sort of the all kinds of fun they have. For the first bad word, a soap and a tooth brush is used to get the taste out of the boy's mouth. For the second one, it is soap and red pepper. And the third time he does it castor oil is used.

Out in the woods of California, where the redwoods grow—did you know they are the oldest living things in the world?—the boys and girls of San Francisco go every summer for a glorious vacation. If it were not for the Community Chest, many of them would never know of the beautiful places in California, and would have to stay cooped up in the city all the summer long.

"Make San Francisco the Happiest City in the World"

IS HE HAPPY? O BOY!

A cat to play with, and dogs, and cows, and horses, and a big barn—aren't those things enough to make a kid happy out in the country?

COME TO DINNER

The girls have their good times at the Community Chest camps, too. Here is a Campfire Girl sounding the call to eats.

LIKE THE CIRCUS

Here's a stunt by the "Friendly Indians" at one of the Y. M. C. A. gyms. Boys are taught these tricks at 117 such boys' clubs which are kept up by the Community Chest.

THE HIPPO

On this sheet we have starred with us
The graceful hippopotamus.
His eyes are small, his teeth are long,
His body big, his muscles strong.

He loves the water and the mire.
To cleanliness he don't aspire.
'Twould take a girl a week, I'm sure,
To give the beast a manicure.

There's lots of warts upon his nose
And monstrous nails upon his toes.
His tail is not so very big,
It's small and curled just like a pig.

They say his temper is not sweet,
He's only good when he can eat.
He loves to wallow where it's deep,
But most of all, he loves to sleep.

THE TORTOISE

Now here's a tortoise, silly thing,
Who cannot bark and cannot sing.
Who moves along a modest creep
And when he stops he goes to sleep.

The small boy rides him like a horse,
It's little speed he gets, of course.
He has to give a constant shake
To keep his noble steed awake.

But in the sea, ah, there's a change
So wondrous that it strikes me, strange.
The clumsy, awkward, lazy steed
Develops graceful ease and speed.

But in the ring he's just a poke,
The butt of every foolish joke.
He never hurries, wisely, for
He lives a thousand years or more.

THE JUGGLER

The juggler juggles lots of things,
And to us all a thrill he brings.
He throws them up, but when they fall
He throws them up again; that's all.

He puts a cone upon his nose
And then he strikes a funny pose.
He sings a song and makes a din
And works the cone upon his chin.

He takes an apple and a pick,
A fork is added to the trick,
He juggles them all to and fro,
And suddenly he calls, let's go!

He hurls the fork, the apple, too;
Up goes the knife before he's through;
The twirling fork the apple spears;
In goes the knife—then claps and cheers.

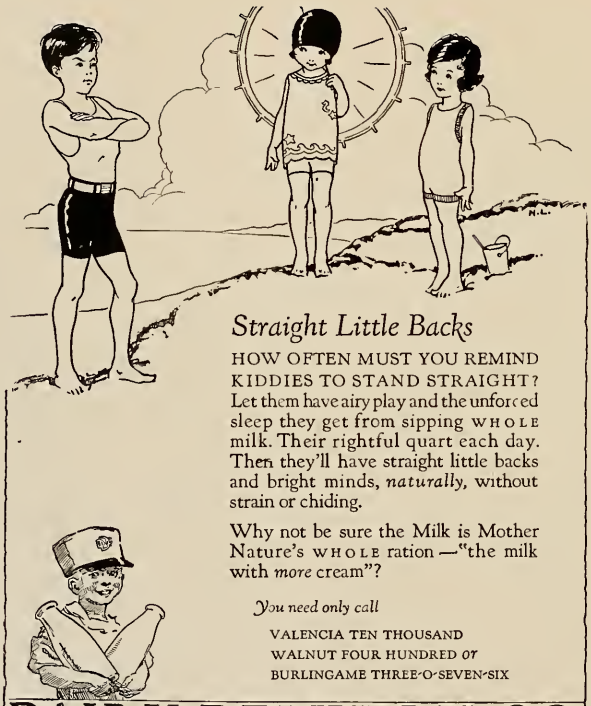
THE SWORD-SWALLOWER

And now we have a clever chap
Who swallows swords without mishap.
He puts a hand above his chin,
Then puts a little dagger in.

He swallows swords, both short and long.
Perhaps I'm right, perhaps I'm wrong,
But I don't think they'd ever fit.
I think I smell a mouse in it.

I have this rule to guide me by:
A clever hand deceives the eye.
But still I watch and never see
Just what the trick can really be.

Perhaps I'm right, perhaps I'm wrong,
And if I am, his throat is strong.
But I don't think they'd ever fit.
I think I smell a mouse in it.



Straight Little Backs

HOW OFTEN MUST YOU REMIND KIDDIES TO STAND STRAIGHT? Let them have airy play and the unforced sleep they get from sipping WHOLE milk. Their rightful quart each day. Then they'll have straight little backs and bright minds, *naturally,* without strain or chiding.

Why not be sure the Milk is Mother Nature's WHOLE ration —"the milk with *more* cream"?

You need only call

VALENCIA TEN THOUSAND
WALNUT FOUR HUNDRED *or*
BURLINGAME THREE-O-SEVEN-SIX

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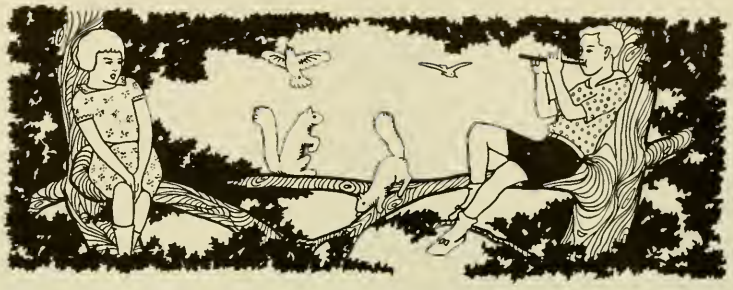

CHUCK-CHUCK

By MARJORIE M. ADAMS

"CHUCK, chuck, chuck, chuckie-chuck!" chattered a small insistent voice outside the tent.

Billy frowned, and pulled the blankets over his head. Then a thought struck him, and he sat up and peered through a crack in the canvas. Yes, it was just as he had suspected. Chuck-Chuck, the camp squirrel—also the camp nuisance, according to Billy's father, and Baptiste, the guide—sat in the very center of the little clearing, flirting his tail and asking in a very loud voice about breakfast.

Chuck-Chuck would have known better than to expect breakfast from the hands of Billy's father or Baptiste, but he knew that Billy was different. From the boy's hand he received scraps of bread, crackers, and even occasional lumps of sugar (which latter delicacy means to a squirrel what candy means to a child) when the others weren't looking. Chuck-Chuck always came forward very quietly and tiptoed away with his prize so that Mr. Southerland and the guide could not see what Billy was doing when he bent on the pretence of tying his boot.

"Chuck, chuck, chuck, chuckie-chuck?"

His squirrelship was getting anxious. The sun was up, and already gilding the tips of the tall trees that fenced the clearing. This was very late in the morning indeed, according to the forest time, although the sleepyheads in the cities would not wake for hours yet. But where was Billy? Where was Baptiste? Not that Chuck-Chuck cared in the least about Baptiste, but until the guide was up, there was no fire, and consequently no breakfast, either for the occupants of the tent or for stray squirrels.

But the whereabouts of Baptiste were suddenly revealed in an unexpected manner. Billy, peering through the crack in the canvas, and squinting his eyes against the sunrise, saw a movement to his left, and then the muzzle of a gun poked itself through the flap in the guide's tent. It drew a bead on the innocent Chuck-Chuck, flirting his tail in the clearing.

Billy shouted. The gun went off with a bang. Mr. Southerland jumped out of bed half asleep, and Chuck-Chuck fled up a tree just in time to escape the bullet.

Mr. Southerland demanded explanations.

"Ah, bah!" exclaimed Baptiste, "I go to shoot at fool squirrel, and fool boy he scare heem away. That squirrel, he is no good. All time he chew holes in food bags. Next time I get heem—you watch!"

"Ah, Dad! Don't let him shoot Chuck-Chuck. He didn't mean to get in the food-bags, but you won't let me feed him, and he's got to EAT, hasn't he?"

The father hid a smile at his son's flushed face and naive argument. He did not care to see the squirrel shot any more than Billy did. Indeed, the whole purpose of their trip into the Canadian woods was to photograph the animals in their native haunts, and not to hunt them to the death. But on the other hand, squirrels in the food bags were not to be tolerated in camp.

"Billy!" his voice was stern. "We cannot have Chuck-Chuck stealing food when we have just enough for the trip. If he does it again, I shall give Baptiste permission to shoot him. But unless he does, he is safe."

"Chuck, chuck, chuck, chuckie-chuck!" Dancing on a limb high above their heads, Chuck-Chuck hurled down insults at Baptiste the guide, and earnest promises to Billy that he would hereafter keep clear of the food-bags.

But if Baptiste was not allowed to shoot Chuck-Chuck, he was nevertheless able to make life exciting for the little animal as long as he stayed near the camp. Twice Billy witnessed the interesting but rather cruel experiment of forcing the squirrel to jump from the topmost limb of a tall tree. Catching Chuck-Chuck asleep on a limb near the ground one day, the guide struck the base

of the tree a terrific blow with the blunt side of his axe. Terrified, the squirrel raced to the topmost limb, and clung there chattering with indignation. Baptiste swung the axe again, causing the tree to shiver at its base and vibrate at the tip with a rapidity that must have been sickening. Again he struck, and Chuck-Chuch launched himself desperately in the air, flattening his body so that it would act as a parachute in the fall. He came down lightly enough considering the height of his leap, but Billy saw that he limped as he fled, cursing the guide in a shrill voice.

After that, Chuck-Chuck kept clear of the camp for several days.

But he followed all the expeditions afield, when Mr. Southerland and Billy crept through the forest on tiptoe with the guide ahead, motioning for silence. Chuck-Chuck did not know quite what it was all about. He saw the men pick out places in the underbrush near deer-run or salt-lick, and snap a queer little box when the animals came by. They never shot—except once when a startled wild-cat sprang at them instead of away—so the squirrel failed to understand the business at all. However, he kept decently still, feeling instinctively that these were times when his chatter would not even be tolerated by Billy.

These expeditions were matters of mixed joy and discomfort for the boy. He was deeply interested in the tiny wood-mice, the huge deer and the busy beavers that they caught with the camera from time to time, but the tortures of sitting still were not to be discounted. After the first hour, no matter how comfortable the place he chose to sit in, there were always ten thousand sticks and pebbles underneath, and Billy's legs had gone to sleep so hard that he feared they would never wake up again.

The drowsy summer days wore on, and the stack of finished plates in the tent piled up higher and higher. Mr. Southerland began to have real hopes of winning the prize of the national camera club to which he belonged, and Billy was working earnestly for first honors in his own kodak club. There was really only one important animal that had not been photographed by either father or son, and that was—a bear. But Baptiste threatened desertion if they went on bear hunting expeditions, and Mr. Southerland was not particularly keen on exposing Billy to danger, so no effort to catch the monarch of the forests in his home was attempted.

Billy consoled himself for the lack of bears by photographing Chuck-Chuck in all imaginable poses. The little squirrel was now quite tame and while he still maintained an armed truce with Baptiste the guide, and a suspicious neutrality with Mr. Southerland, who still frowned when he was fed, and seemed quite ready to blame all depredations on the food-bags on his small furry head, Chuck-Chuck was pretty much at home in camp.

YOUTH ETERNAL

(Spencerian Stanza)

By BETSY ANN WHITNEY

Aged 17

I do believe in frolic and laughter,
I do believe in triumphant delight;
Most of all, I believe in our Master,
And He brightens our souls with a light
And wants us happy; or what for our sight?
So be full of joy, be glad—one and all—
And make it your aim to do what is right.
Help others, give them joy, and you cannot fall,
And you will have what others yearn for—
Youth Eternal.

"Dad," said Billy, on the last day before the breaking up of camp for the return to the city, "let us go out separately today, and see who gets the best picture. Shall we?"

Mr. Southerland considered. There was little danger for the boy in the vicinity of the camp, and besides, he knew how to use his rifle.

"Very well, Billy," he said, "Baptiste shall stay in camp and start to pack up, so that neither of us shall have the advantage of a guide. You go south along the creek, and I will go north, but don't go too far away from camp."

It was an astonished squirrel who watched this division of forces from the tree-tops. Which should he follow? He quickly decided. Billy was his special friend and protector, and it might be he could help him if anything happened.

Picking out a nice comfortable hiding-place half way down the creek bank, some mile and a half from camp, where he commanded the view of a big bend in the creek, Billy sat down to wait.

Above him, perched in the crotch of an overhanging tree, was Chuck-Chuck, not daring to breathe.

The day was warm and sultry. A few berries clung to the bushes in which the boy lay concealed, and these sent down whiffs of perfume as fragrant as flowers. Nothing moved, save an occasional kingfisher darting across the surface of the water. Two hours passed on silent feet. Billy yawned. Where were all the animals in the world? A huge water-rat came out of his hole and sat staring fixedly at Billy. Irritated by his stare, the boy clicked his camera. The rat fell over backward in his haste to escape, and Billy, restored to good humor, reset his instrument.

Plip! Plop! The noise of dripping water from a tiny spring that made its way down the bank of the creek was very soothing. The boy nodded. So did Chuck-Chuck, perched on the branch above. Plip! Plop! It was very hard to keep one's eyes open on such a day. The pair below slowly closed in slumber, but on the branch above the other two eyes kept watch. It would not do for Billy's self-appointed protector to go to sleep, too.

How long afterward it was that a shrill, insistent voice penetrated Billy's slumbers, he never knew. There was a note of warning in it that brought the boy up from sleep against his will, and into a half-dazed consciousness.

"Chuck-chuck, chuck, chuckie-chuck chuck!" shrieked the little voice, and again, "Chuck, chuck, chuck, chuckie-chuck!"

Billy opened his eyes.

They met the startled gaze of a large black bear, who was standing with her two cubs on the spit of sand at

(Continued on Page 298)

Dots and Dashes

By S. B. DICKSON

Illustrated by Cecilia Nelson

CHAPTER VIII

WHAT WENT BEFORE

The secret codes received over radio in the Midway College dormitory having revealed a plot to ruin the Midway football team and to get Freddie O'Neil, star quarterback, to go professional, the boys of Midway start out to clean up the plotters.

Sammy Murk, one of the group, reveals a conversation he has overheard by the conspirators and swears he will not rest until he has tracked them down. Finally, as the time for the big game with St. Dominic approaches, matters quiet down. Then, one day, while the captain and his chum were hiking in the hills, a familiar face appeared before them. Who could it be? Captain Hoxie knew, but he would not tell.

So the days dragged on. And the Saturday of the big game arrived. The mobs poured through the gates of the stadium. Brass bands and bright colors were everywhere. A coin was tossed. A pistol was fired. The game was on.

SAMMY MURK had gone to find "the well dressed, gentlemanly fellow." He dashed from Hoxie's room, and down the steps, three at a time, to the Quad. Hox had inspired him with a new enthusiasm, and a knowledge that he was worth something to himself and his fellows, a knowledge that it was up to him to redeem himself in the eyes of his friends. Three steps at a time he leaped, burst through the door to the Quad and then stopped. All he had to do was to find the "well-dressed, gentlemanly fellow," but where to start? He sat down on a gardener's wheel-barrow, and rubbed his chin. The whole world lay before him with its hundreds of millions of people, and out of those millions he had to find one man whose name he did not know, whose address he did not know, whose business he did not know. All he knew was that one night the fellow had sat in a booth at Goodfellows Grotto.

Sammy grinned, and kicked the gravel. Leaning over he built a little mound of pebbles and then made a speech to it:

"If," he said, "I was a real detective, I would buy myself a magnifying glass and start along on my hands and knees following foot-prints. But I wouldn't know whose foot-prints to follow."

"Hello, Sammy," said a voice, "making mud-pies?"

Murk looked up. Bunk Huggins stood there, with his arms around the shoulders of the Deacon. Bunk wore a dinky little dilapidated derby hat. It had a hole in the crown, and its color was a mixture of sickly green and black and yellow.

"Where d'ja get the hat?" demanded Sammy ignoring Bunk's question. Bunk laughed.

"'Twas this way," he said. "Being Sunday, and a day of rest, we hied us to our good friend Corbin's there to imbibe a root-beer, bubbling with ambrosia-like vanilla ice-cream. As with dignified manner we entered . . ."

". . . . we found the old bird we nabbed last night on the Quad." The Deacon chimed in. "He was asleep in an arm-chair, and his hand was stretched out. So we put a quarter into it, and took the hat and here we are. We're going to raffle it for a dime a ticket. Do you want to take a chance?"

Before he had finished the sentence Sammy had jumped the no-trespass sign on the lawn and was on his way to Corbin's.

In the pool-room he found the old man hunting for his hat. He led him to a booth behind the soda-fountain, and there with pleading and threats, dragged from him what information he could about the man who had sent him to the Quad at midnight with the wallet.

"He almost murdered me when I came back," said William Henderson. "He was madder'n mad. He almost choked me, he did. I ain't been able to breathe proper since."

"What was his name?" demanded Sammy.

"I dunno," mumbled Henderson. "He just choked me and then flung the wallet at me, and walked away madder'n anything."

"Where's the wallet?"

"I flung it away."

"Where? Where?"

"In the garbage-can out in back."

In a flash Sammy was through the back door of the pool-room, and had dumped on the ground a mass of filth from the tin can that stood there. Orange peels, tomato cans, tamale husks and old rags were spread before him. He dug into the mass with his toe, and uncovered the now filthy wallet. Swiftly he ripped it open. It was empty save for a half-dozen neatly engraved business cards. He could not imagine how Frenchy Lafitte could have overlooked them the night before. On them he read:

Henry Arthur Somerville
Investments
3006A Two Hundred and Forty-sixth Ave.
Chicago, Illinois.

He threw the wallet back into the heap, and carefully pocketing the cards, re-entered the pool-room. Corbin sat behind the counter making hamburger sandwiches.

"Do you know a man named Somerville?" Sammy demanded. Corbin eyed him craftily.

"Why do you ask?"

"I found something belonging to him," said Murk.

"Oh."

"Do you know him?"

"Sure."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know, and I don't know why I should tell you if I did know."

Sammy came around the back of the counter, and clutched Corbin's wrists.

"Tommy," he said, "Midway is supporting you, and its up to you to play ball with us. This man Somerville is trying to do the team dirt, and I've got to find him. Where is he?"

Corbin whistled, bit his lip, and said, "He left for Chicago on the 7:15 this morning."

Sammy groaned. A fare to Chicago was at least thirty dollars, and all he had in the world was seventy-five cents. Fate seemed against him. He strolled hopelessly from the pool-room, and down the street to the bank of the river that skirted the village. From a clump of bushes a wisp of white smoke ascended. Around a small fire sat four hoboes eating baked beans out of cans. They grinned at Sammy, and offered him a feed. The boy shook his head.

"Lost your best friend, Sonny, dear?" asked the oldest of the men.

Something seemed to snap in Murk's brain, and he saw clearly.

"No," he said, "but I've got to get out of town."

"Cops?" Sammy nodded.

"Well, don't be hanging around us," said one, "we don't want any cops on our trail."

"Which way you going?" asked Murk.

"To Chi."

"Got tickets?"

"Sure, riding the brakes."

"Take me along?"

The hoboes consulted, and then nodded, and an hour later, Sammy Murk had started out on a journey wild beyond his wildest dreams. Lying cramped on iron bars beneath a freight-car, shivering with horror as the train rattled over bridges, and roared through tunnels; freezing with cold, as the wind shrieked by, not daring to move for fear of losing hold. It was a horrible experience. Never so long as he lived would he forget it. Two hoboes within a few feet of him grinned at his misery, and told jokes and chewed foul tobacco. At a station little more than a water tank they climbed out and Sammy was so stiff that he could hardly stand. Then they were back and on their way again. The agony continued. Night came on, black and dismal. Rain poured on the roof of the car, and streams of soot-blackened water trickled down and all over him. The night seemed endless. Hour after hour dragged by, and Sammy wondered that his hobo friends dared even let themselves doze in

their dangerous horrible position, but doze they did and he crouched, awake all night, and time and time again, lost courage, and wished that he were dead.

But the morning always comes, and morning came with a warm red sunrise that even succeeded in flooding beneath the car. The three strange traveling companions shared a hunk of bread and a can of cold coffee, and Sammy suffered an agony of cramps from the bad food and the cold.

It was late Monday night when the train rattled, stoping and starting and jerking, through the Chicago stockyards. At a crossing one of the hoboes signalled to Sammy and the three jumped off. They found a place to sleep behind a fence, in a vacant lot. And then the youngest of the tramps, the one who called himself "Slim Charley," went out to scout for food. He returned with a squash pie and a bag of bananas. Half starved as he was, Sammy could not keep awake long enough to eat. With a banana clutched in his fist, his head nodded on his chest, and his troubles were forgotten in sleep.

The sun was high in the sky when he awoke. His hobo friends were gone, and he never saw them again. He stood before a mirror in a store window, and combed his hair with his fingers. Then he went into a chop-house, and drank a bottle of warm milk. His blood began to quicken. He glanced at the clock on the wall; the hands pointed to eleven.

Another hour passed before he found 3006A Two Hundred and Forty-sixth Avenue. A large office building met his gaze, and on the register in the entrance he read the name of Henry Arthur Somerville, Room 611.

It hardly seemed possible that he should have succeeded so far, in his mad adventure. Forty-eight hours before he had been in Hoxie's room at Midway, and now . . . .

He entered room 611.

An office girl said: "Yes?"

"I want to see Mr. Somerville," Sammy stammered.

"What's the name?"

"Murk."

The girl pushed a button, spoke into a phone, then she turned to Sammy and said, "What do you want to see him about?"

"It's personal," said Murk.

The girl turned back to the phone, and then told Sammy that Mr. Somerville would not see him unless he would state his business.

"Tell him," said Sammy, "that I'm from Midway College."

She repeated the message. A door behind her opened, and the "well dressed, gentlemanly fellow" of Goodfellows Grotto stood there. He looked at Sammy a moment, and then recognition dawned.

"Miss Smith," he said, "you may go to lunch."

The girl powdered her nose, put on her hat, and left the office.

"Now," said Somerville, "you get out of here, and get out quick."

"Not if I know it," said Sammy.

Somerville strode across the office, and grabbed the boy by the throat. Without a word he shoved him towards the door. But suddenly, Sammy twisted; his right fist flew out, caught the man on the chin, and Somerville sank to the floor.

IX

And meanwhile, back in Midway Town, the weeks passed, and the afternoon of the Big Game had arrived. The gun had been fired; the crowd was on their feet. As the pig-skin was kicked a cloud passed in front of the sun. The mob in the stands shivered. Straight as a bomb-shell the ball rose and fell into the sure arms of Stevenson of St. Dominic. Running in from his own five yard line, with perfect interference tearing on before him, he was downed on his thirty-eight yard line. St Dominic went into a huddle, then flashed back to the ball. It was to be swift football. The ball was passed and went through center in the hands of Slater for two yards. Second down. Huddle. Again through center. A one yard gain and seven to go! Huddle!

"Look out for a forward pass," shouted Morg Lindsey.

The Midwayites were on their toes. "Frenchy" Lafitte's arms were swinging like a pendulum. The St. Dominic quarter had the ball. His arm was raised to throw. The teams spread out. Around the rear of the quarter came Holmes, St. Dominic's half-back. The quarter thrust the ball towards him, as though completing a fake-reverse, then suddenly shooting into the heart of the spread field, plunged fifty-nine yards the length of the field, the ball tucked under his arm, to a touchdown. A touchdown for St. Dominic in the first five minutes of play.

Pandemonium broke loose. The Dominican rooting section were a fighting mob of mad-men. Balloons soared skyward, a thousand horns tooted and were joined by automobile horns beyond the fence. The band played a jumble of discords that mixed with the yells of thousands

(Continued on Page 300)

The Book Cove

Where Directions For Finding New Treasures Are Given

By ALINE KISTLER

Of course you would rather read a book yourself than just read about it, but, sorry to say, all books are not worth reading, not even all those that are printed especially for boys and girls. So each month we will talk about a few of the best books that are published these days. Then you can choose the very kind that you like so that each book you read will add richly to your memory treasure-house.

Perhaps the best of the books that are issued each year in a series are the *"Boy Scout's Year Book"* and *"Blackie's Girl's Annual."*

Those who know the "Boy Scout's Year Book" will like this latest number more than ever for it holds some corking good stories and a lot of interesting articles about "things to do." Perhaps the best thing about this Year Book is that so many of the stories are funny. But, really, it is hard to put the book down because the next page always seems to have something that makes you want to read further.

The Boy Scout's Year Book ($2.50), D. Appleton & Company.

"Blackie's Girl's Annual" is a collection of short stories and articles edited in Glasgow, Scotland. The stories are of girls of Great Britain, but the girls are splendidly human and the stories are so well written that one forgets that the backgrounds are unfamiliar. The Annual is like a great hospitable house under whose roof one meets ever so many interesting girls and hears of fascinating things to do.

Blackie's Girl's Annual ($2.00), Blackie & Son, Glasgow.

If you want a long story and are willing to want to read it to the end without stopping, read Dan Totheroh's "David Hotfoot."

David was a movie star but he was tired of having no time to play like other boys so he ran away. Then things happened. He fell in with a tramp. He met Mother Riley—and Black Benny. Altogether it was an eventful adventure.

Mr. Totheroh knows how to tell a story without unnecessary details. He gives a clear picture of David, one that you will remember a long time.

"David Hotfoot," By Dan Totheroh ($2.00), George H. Doran Co.

When it comes to fairy stories, surely Caroline MacLean's *"The Adventures of Maidilie"* is as charming a tale as one will find in many a month. It is for the younger boys and girls, it is true, but those who are older will rather like the excuse of "reading aloud" to enjoy the story.

It is the same old formula of "once upon a time" and they "lived happily ever after" but the princess is only a little girl who is far too absorbed in her dolls and her adventures in fairyland to even dream of a prince for years after the story ends.

"The Adventures of Maidilie," By Caroline McLean ($2.00), Eugene MacLean, San Francisco.

The four books just mentioned are all included in Joseph Henry Jackson's list of "Fifty Best Children's Books." Surely if the list were extended to more than fifty, one of the first additions would be Neely McCoy's *"The Tale of the Good Cat Jupie."* For Jupie is an altogether lovely cat, with delightfully human qualities—and Jean and Squirrel and Cow and Hen—we like them all.

But, above all, we like the preface. (After all, we are grown up and it is grown-up parents who usually read such a story as "Jupie" to the smaller children.) In it James Stephens has some very interesting things to say about books written for children. About this book in particular, he says, "Mrs. McCoy is wonderfully equipped to write a children's book. If a very nice child could write, this, one feels, is the kind that would result. . . . It is good that children, and better, perhaps, that older people, should now and again come close to a mind of a singular harmlessness on the one side and of a delightful sympathy and kindness on the other. They will meet with a harmless, generous mind in this book."

"The Tale of the Good Cat Jupie," By Neely McCoy ($1.75), Macmillan Co.

A picture of frontier life that you will not forget is given by James Willard Schultz in *"William Jackson, Indian Scout."* William Jackson, one of the greatest of the Indian scouts, served General Custer, Miles and Reno in the Indian wars. He was one of the few who, at the battle of the Little Big Horn, was cut off from Reno's command and escaped being killed. The story of this scout's life is one of the most thrilling books ever written by Mr. Schultz.

"William Jackson, Indian Scout," By Schultz ($1.75), Houghton Mifflin Co.

Galloping

By Marad Serriov

O, I knew a little boy who loved to ride
  And who rode so far away,
He rode so far on his little pony "Tar"
  They could scarce get back that day!
And as he rode along the road
  I could hear him softly say:

t- t- t- t-
e u e u e u e u
G p G p G p G p

  Get-up, get-up and away!

Right at the top of the high, high hill
  They found a spring so sweet,
They stopped to drink without stopping to think,
  'Twas lucky "Tar" was fleet!—
For out of the brush with a dreadful rush
  Came a great big cinnamon bear.

t- t- t- t-
e u e u e u e u
G p G p G p G p

  They galloped away from there!

Down the hill with a sniff and a snort,
  Through the woods so dark and tall,
Into the sun where the white sheep run,
  They rushed without stopping at all.
And the little boy said, as he lifted his head,
  "'Tis exciting, it's true, to roam,
BUT

t- t- t- t-
e u e u e u e u
G p G p G p G p"

  And they galloped softly home.

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We are in quite a predicament this month. Everything is so good on Your Page that we can hardly decide to whom to give the prize. However, Helen Louise Newman and Betty Prell have already won prizes, and we believe Hazel Griffith's little poem about the wild rose is entitled, therefore, to the place of honor.

THE LOST FLAG

By Helen Louise Newman
171 Commonwealth Avenue

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Tommy. In his yard was a large flag-pole, one which was a flag. Every morning at sunrise the flag was raised, and every evening at sunset the flag was lowered.

One evening Tommy came out with his father to lower the flag, but to his surprise there was no flag. Neither did his father know where it was.

That night when he was safe in bed, and all the lights were out, he got dressed and crept out to find the flag.

Near his house was a little cave. Tommy often passed by it, and sometimes he seemed to see little objects moving about inside of it.

Today he stopped there, and peering inside of it he saw some little elves. Each had a red, white or blue sweater.

Tommy crept in on his hands and knees and asked one of the elves if he had seen his flag. They must have known where the flag was, for at this they threw pebbles, stones, and they even went so far as to throw a pair of spectacles after him. Tommy hastened to get out of their way. When he got out he began to examine the pebbles, when he noticed that one of the pebbles had writing on it, which was so small that he could not read it.

Then Tommy discovered the spectacles, and, putting them on, he found he could read the writing on the stone. This is what he read:

"Whosoever is in trouble may call on 'Fairy Queen Advice.' She is situated in the 'Mist Mountain' yonder. To gain admission you must say, 'Fairy, Fairy, open the door, of your advice we need more and more.' Then the door will open."

Tommy looked around, and, sure enough, a short distance away, was a misty shape, which Tommy made out to be a mountain. This was "Mist Mountain." Tommy had never noticed this before, as it was a fairy mountain.

On it were many small blue signs, which seemed to be growing out of little pink mounds. When Tommy reached the foot of the mountain, he discovered that the pink mounds were pink houses, and the signs bore the name of the fairy that occupied that certain house.

Tommy looked around for Fairy Advice's house. At last he found it. The sign on her house was fancy, as she was queen of the "Know 'em Fairies."

Tommy said (remembering the words on the pebble):

"Fairy, fairy, open the door,
Of your advice we need more and more."

Then the door opened and he walked in. He found himself in a beautiful palace. The walls were all hung with gold and silver tapestries which shone brilliantly in the light of the many-colored, fancy shaped lanterns which seemed to be floating around in the air.

As he got further into the palace he heard a maiden singing. He followed the sound and soon he found himself in a beautiful room, and on a diamond throne sat the prettiest fairy queen imaginable.

He went up to her and bowing his best bow he then told her about the lost flag, and asked how to get it back. She smiled as he told his name, and murmured something about earthly names.

Then she proceeded: "First find the cave where the elves live. When you have found it, eat the biscuit marked 'L,' (handing him three biscuits), this will make you small and you will find that you can fit into the cave; then go inside.

"The elves will crowd around you, and when you have counted fifteen of them (for that is their unlucky number) throw down the biscuit marked 'T' and they will turn to stone. If you can snatch all their sweaters off in five minutes, the flag will be yours. But be sure," she warned him, "that there are only fifteen, no more and no less.

"When you get out of the cave, eat the biscuit marked 'S,' and you will resume your proper size.

"When you get home, make a fire with these matches, and," she said, "you find out the rest."

Tommy thanked her and started homeward. Suddenly he remembered

that he had not been told where to make the fire. He ran back and asked Fairy Advice.

"You will get your flag back," she said. "I do that purposely to all who come to me for advice. You are wise, that proves, and you will be sure to remember my instructions."

Then Tommy set out for the second time.

He did as he was told, and got the sweaters. Fairy Advice had said to make a fire at the foot of the flag-pole.

He did so and thick, black smoke arose in the air. Mystic figures arose out of the smoke, and when Tommy looked up there was the flag on the flag-pole.

It was morning by then, so Tommy went in and told his mother and father. His father patted him on the head and said he was a good boy, but he whispered something to his mother about patriotic dreams. Of course we all know that Tommy's adventures were true.

OH!

"Merciful heavens!" cried the girl,
As the wind blew through her hair.
Her locks were shorn,
Her hat was gone,
And the people began to stare.

She turned and she fled,
Tried to cover her head,
As the people but stared the more,
For she was the only bobbed-haired girl
In 1894.

ALICE REINHART.
1755 Jackson Street,
San Francisco, California.

BABY

One little row of ten little toes
To go along with a brand new nose;
Eight new fingers and two new thumbs
That are just as good as sugar plums,
That's Baby!

Two little cheeks to kiss all day,
Two little hands, so in his way;
A brand-new head not very big,
That seems to need a brand-new wig,
It's a sin he wasn't a twin,
Our Baby!

By FLOYD JOHNSTONE.
Aged 15.

MISS WILD ROSE'S PARTY

By HAZEL GRIFFITHS

Aged 13
265 Thrift Street
San Francisco, California

Miss Rose was all a-flutter—
As any one would be,
Who invites the American Beauty
To visit her for tea.

She wrote the invitations
On rose leaves frail and fair,
And sent them to her dearest friends,
Asking that they be there.

She asked the modest Violet,
The shy and sweet Blue Bell,
To come and bring their friends along,
Down to the Ferny Dell.

She engaged the Cricket Orchestra
To play high in a tree,
And asked Mr. Frog to help her,
In passing out the tea.

They drank their tea from Buttercups
Filled up with shiny dew,
With honeycomb and bee-bread,
And wild strawberries, too.

They danced and sang and danced again,
By the light of moon so high,
And then they put their bonnets on
And bade Miss Rose good-bye.

FAIRY REVELRY

Down a little starlit path
That leads to Fairyland,
Beneath the trees and under the sky,
Revels the Fairy Band.

The Fairy Queen and her flower-maids
Are all so dainty and sweet,
That just to get a glimpse of them
Would be a very rare treat.

The moon smiles down so kindly,
And the stars link hand in hand,
And the fairies dance so happily
To music of a cricket band.

Down a little starlit path
That leads to Fairyland,
Beneath the trees and under the sky
Revels the Fairy Band.

By BETTY PRELL, Aged 12.

THE PRINCESS OF THE LAKE

Nuaa was a beautiful princess. She lived in a lake called "The Lake of Wonders" that was as clear as crystal.

Nuaa was also as good as she was beautiful. She helped many people in distress, and only those that were good ever saw her.

Now one day Luti, the lovely daughter of King Mars, was going on a hunt with all of the lords and ladies of her father's kingdom. At dawn they started. A small doe led them a wonderful chase and all were so intent on it, that no one except Jordan, Luti's servant, saw her fall from her horse as he jumped over a fence.

Jordan was beside herself with grief for her mistress Luti was in a swoon. She brought clear water from a lake near by and bathed the unfortunate one's face. Farther and farther away was the sound of horses' hoofs and the baying of the hounds.

But another horse was heard coming swiftly toward the spot where Luti lay with her terrified servant. Out of the shadows on horseback rose a large figure clothed in armour.

The man pushed Jordan aside as he hurriedly dismounted. He picked up the beautiful Luti and carried her away. Luti was over her swoon now and seeing the strange man carrying her, tried to cry out, but only a sound escaped her lips for he had put his hand firmly over her mouth.

Now Luti was indeed frightened and as this strange knight carried her she prayed that she might be delivered from his hands. He was riding by a lake, "The Lake of Wonders," when lo! in answer to her prayers, she saw, rising from the foam the beautiful Nuaa.

Now, as this Knight was evil he could not see the princess Nuaa, he could only feel Luti slipping away from him. He tried to grasp her when lo! she disappeared. She had disappeared for no other reason than that Nuaa was carrying her into the lake.

Down to her beautiful palace princess Nuaa bore the girl where she became an immortal like the princess and lives there to this day.

No one has ever seen her since, but it is said that once a year for one day she may visit her father in the form of a dove.

By ELEANOR LOCKE, Aged 12.

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CHUCK-CHUCK

(Continued from Page 290)

the foot of the bank. One of the cubs was sitting up comically on his haunches, with his small round ears pricked as nearly to a point as round ears could be pricked.

A river of icy chills began to pour itself down Billy's back. The bear shifted uneasily, and one of the cubs whimpered.

"I'm all right as long as I keep still," the boy told himself, "that gun of mine isn't much good against bears." But he had no sooner said the words than the unexpected happened. A large stone, loosened from its place at Billy's foot, rolled down the bank and struck the other cub squarely on his little round stomach. With an agonized "Wah!" of pain and fright the cub folded up in the middle and sat down with a bump.

"Woof!"

Billy saw the outraged mother bear start up the bank. In a hysterical moment he snapped the camera and also started up the bank. He reached the top and went up the nearest tree—which was a foolish thing to do to get away from a bear.

"Chuck, chuck, chuck, chuckie-chuck!" a tiny grey animal, no bigger than a minute, stood in the path of the bear as she charged up the slope.

"Chuck, chuck, chuckie-chuck!"

Irritated, the bear struck at this small apparition. It dodged, and appeared again under his nose.

"Chuckie-chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck!" it shrilled, and executed another skip over the sweep of the big paw.

Billy discovered that he still held the camera in his hands. Aiming it at the strange combatants, he clicked the shutter, at imminent risk of attracting the bear's attention again in spite of all Chuck-Chuck's efforts. But the mother bear had quite forgotten the boy in the tree, and when she found that she could not catch the elusive squirrel, she lost interest in him also, and, calling her cubs, ambled off into the underbrush.

It was a long, long time before Billy slid down the tree and picked up the little gun that had been left behind in the flight. He went back to camp slowly, wondering if he should tell his father about the adventure.

"Well, did you get a good picture?" Mr. Southerland was already back and was taking the films out of his own camera in the dark of the tent.

"Dad," Billy walked slowly into the tent and stood facing him, "I want you to let me take Chuck-Chuck home when we go." And he told about Chuck-Chuck and the bear. Baptiste, the guide, stood listening, and when the recital was over he gave a "humph!" of disbelief and walked away.

"I can't prove it to you now," concluded Billy, "but when we get to the city and get our plates developed, you'll know I wasn't joking."

Mr. Southerland looked keenly into his son's face and then nodded.

"I believe you," he said. "Yes, you can take the squirrel."

* * * * *

In the dim orange glow of a dark-room in Billy's California home, three faces bent over the developing of a set of plates. Some forty had been developed, and there remained only those taken on that last eventful day at camp. Mr. Southerland passed the paper back and forth through the developer. A dim shape began to appear, and grew into the outline of a bear. Then, at the bear's feet appeared a tiny grey squirrel in the act of leaping from under a flashing paw.

"Chuck, chuck, chuckie-chuck!" the original of that picture stirred on Billy's shoulder and seemed as excited as though he recognized the picture for what it was.

"Billy," Mr. Southerland dipped the print into clear water and turned to his son, "there is no doubt about who wins the bet that we made that day. Also, I shall put up your photograph for the national camera club prize. And as for Chuck-chuck——" he put out a repentant hand and scratched the squirrel's ear, to that gentleman's huge delight, "well, as for Chuck-Chuck, he has a home with us as long as he lives."

THE GRASSHOPPER

The grasshopper has the head of a horse,
And he has the kick of a mule,
He dines like a cow, on grass, of course,
But he hasn't much sense as a rule.

When he hops he flies; when he flies, he falls,
And he chitters much like a lawn-mower.
He sits in the garden, or jumps over walls;
But at best he's not much of a goer.

He has this in common with crushed sugar cane:
He spits brown molasses, yon know!
When little chicks eat him, they gain and gain,
By his *leaps and bounds*, how they grow!

In far South America grasshoppers thrive
So fast that they'd eat all the grain,
If farmers allowed it. They trap them alive
In trenches, where millions are slain.

The Indians used to have grasshopper fries,
They tasted a good deal like shrimp;
But My! How your mama would open your eyes
If you ate them—she'd make you feel limp!

—Battell Loomis.

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DOTS AND DASHES

(Continued from Page 293)

of throats, and when the din had quieted down, Red Snow on the Midway bench waved his hands towards the Midway rooters, and said to no one in particular, "Look."

They were a sorry-looking mass of lads, the rooting section of Midway College. An ominous silence hung over their rows. Out in front their yell-leader sprang into the air and kicked his heels together and begged them to shout for Midway. And they shouted. But their sick cheers were drowned beneath the avalanche of racket that came from the Dominicans.

The teams gathered at the goal while St. Dominic tried and failed to convert. The score stood six to nothing in their favor. It was a bad beginning for Midway. None knew it better than Big Morg Lindsey. He eyed Coach "Piffy" Henderson and "Piffy" nodded encouragingly. He eyed Hoxie Hodgkins and Hoxie grinned and winked at "Frenchy" Lafitte, whose set jaws told nothing but determination.

The whistle blew! The ball was kicked again.

Then followed thirty minutes of hard football; neither team giving an inch; neither team succeeding in making their yards more than twice. It was giant against giant and man against man. Once Midway completed a dangerous forward pass and once St. Dominic got away for a dangerous end-run, but was called back and penalized because one of her men was off side. Back and forth the ball swung between the two goal posts and the newspaper men in their corner shook their heads and knew than only a break would win the game for either team. But that six to nothing was written up in great white letters and both teams were playing careful, conservative football. Breaks were unlikely.

The quarter ended and the teams changed goals. Again an iron wall met an iron wall and neither gave. But, though physically matched, St. Dominic's team, its morale strengthened by the score, came up to the scrimmage grinning and the Midwayites were solemn.

Once it looked as though Midway would redeem itself. A long kick to Gaffney of St. Dominic fell through his fingers. In a flash Hoxie was on the ball, and downed fifteen yards from the enemy's goal. First down and

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fifteen yards to the goal line. But St. Dominic held. Second down, eight yards to go. Third down, five yards to go. Fourth down—a forward pass—soaring straight into the hands of Bunk Huggins—straight to Bunk, standing on the goal line with every muscle eager—and then the St. Dominic made a marvelous flying leap, knocked the ball down, and the pass was incomplete.

St. Dominic's ball! And so it went, back and forth, with few thrills, with few gains until the gun announced the end of the half. Score, St. Dominic—six. Midway—nothing.

While the Dominican rooters tore loose again, and the Midwayites cheered each member of their team in unenthusiastic outbursts, "Piffy" Henderson gathered his men in the dressing-room and swore at them in twenty languages. But Hoxie grinned and "Frenchy" smiled, and a twinkle came into the coach's eye.

"Lads," he said, "I can't keep cussing you. I know you are trying. Sure I know it. But you've got to do more than try. You can't let that gang get your goats. You can beat them if you'll buck up and forget those six points. Why, one converted goal will beat them. They're over-confident. Just one goal, men. You've got it in you. Just one."

The team sat, stolid, chilled, morose. Then Hoxie looked at Lafitte and Lafitte looked at "Piffy" and "Piffy" winked.

"Alright," he nodded. "I'll spring it. But don't hurry me."

"What you got up your sleeve," demanded Bunk Huggins.

"Don't hurry me," repeated Henderson.

"Bunk," roared Bunk.

At that Henderson sprang to the back door of the training quarters.

"Men," he announced, "I have something up my sleeve. Something too good to be true. I've held it back to the last minute. Held it back until it was time for you to go on the field. I've got the punch for you that is going to make you win. I've got it—I and Hox and Frenchy, here. But I don't know that you deserve it. I . . . ."

The Midway men were on their feet. Red Snow was opening and closing his fist and the Deacon was pounding his chin with his fist.

"Spring it, for the love of Mike, spring it!" groaned Bunk.

And then, with a long stride, "Piffy" Henderson opened the rear door of the training-room. There, in foot-ball togs, a huge grin on his face, tears of triumph in his eyes, stood Freddie O'Neil.

(To be concluded)

LOHENGRIN

(Continued from Page 271)

peace. But it was not to be. Evil ones have persuaded her to demand my name and rank, a name of which I am well proud. Sire, I am the son of Parsifal, chief guardian of the Grail. My name is Lohengrin."

Then as a murmur broke the silence of the multitude, voices were heard crying from the river bank.

"The swan! The swan! See, he returns!'

Lohengrin held the sobbing Elsa from him.

"It is the summons of Heaven," he said, "I have no other choice. Farewell, beloved, forever."

He raised Elsa to her feet, and she clung to him, sobbing wildly.

"See," he said, "here is my sword, and my ring, and my bugle. They bring victory to all who carry them in battle. Keep them for your brother Godfrey. I bring good news of Godfrey, Elsa. He is alive, and I hoped to bring him to you, if I had been permitted to remain."

"Ah, but you have failed," a voice cried, Ortrud stood there, bitterness and a cruel sneer in her voice. "You have failed, and now I can tell the truth. It was I who made Elsa ask you the forbidden question. It was I who made away with her silly brother. I too know magic, and I have turned him into yonder swan."

The multitude turned, in horror, to where the sad-eyed white swan drifted with the tide. They cried out in horror and only Lohengrin stood calm and silent, then he sank to his knees, and lifted his eyes to heaven, praying silently for aid. And as he prayed, Lo! A shaft of golden white descended from heaven, and down it flooded the snow white dove, the Dove of the Grail. Hastening to the water's edge, Lohengrin released the swan from the boat, and the bird with a flutter of wings disappeared beneath the surface of the water. There, in its place, arose a fair lad, in the armor of Brabant. Lohengrin took his hand, and led him to the king, saying:

"Sire, I bring you Godfrey, the true Duke of Brabant."

The boy Godfrey knelt before King Henry, who raised him and led him to the arms of his sister Elsa.

And as they so stood, Lohengrin slowly made his way to the boat once more, and as he entered it, its chains were seized by the white Dove of the Grail. The beautiful small creature fluttered its wings, and slowly the boat moved, out into the stream, and then swiftly raced with the current. A glory of sunshine enfolded it, and in the midst of the radiance stood the silver knight, his shield beneath his hand, the splendor of his armor glistening like the glory of the sun. And then, slowly, fading, and ever fading, until it could no longer be seen.

And Elsa stood in her brother's arms, as the sun faded; stood and watched, until nothing but memory remained of the dove and the boat and the silver knight of the Grail.

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Correction: In the December issue, commencing with the first line above the portrait of Princess Likelike; the words United States complete the preceeding paragraph. In 1893 the stamps then in use were surcharged Provisional Govt., 1893 and placed on sale May 20, remaining in use until the issue of 1894 appeared in the following denominations: one cent yellow (Arms), two cent brown (View of Honolulu, the capital, on the island of Oahu), five cent rose lake (Statue of Kamehameha I), ten cent yellow green (with star), twelve cent blue (S. S. "Arawa"), and twenty-five cent deep blue(with portrait of President S. B. Dole.) The above cut is the 1882 one cent blue with a portrait of the Princess Likelike and the provisional surcharge.

Every Christmas since 1913, with the exception of one, the Swiss Postal Administration has issued a number of Semi-Postal adhesives called the "Pro Juventute" series. These are sold at five centimes above their face or postal value, the additional amount going to the societies for the protection and care of the children. While these stamps are classed as "semi-postal" issues, they are very attractive and make a beautiful addition to any collection. Only one stamp was issued in 1913, the five cent green with the emblematic figure of Helvetia and the Matterhorn. Owing to the World War none were issued in 1914, but in 1915 a series of two values appeared; the five cent green on buff, and the ten cent red on buff. These pictured a boy from Appenzell on one and a girl from Lucerne on the other. In 1916 three values were issued showing the native costumes of the cantons as follows: three cent violet on buff (Freiburg), five cent green on buff (Bern), and the ten cent red on buff (Vaud). The same idea was carried out in the issue

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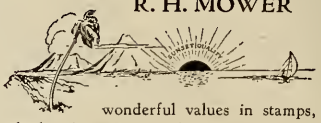

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of 1917 with the exception that the costumes shown were from Valais (three cent), Unterwalden (five cent) and Tessin (ten cent). Commencing with the issue of 1918 the coats of arms of the different cantons are shown, and as they are printed in two and three colors, they make a striking appearance. The following is a partial list: 1918, ten cent red, yellow and black on buff (Uri); fifteen cent violet, red, yellow and black on buff (Geneva). 1919, seven and one-half cent red and grey on cream (Nidwalden; ten cent green and red on cream

(Vaud); (2) fifteen cent red and violet on cream (Obwalden). 1920, seven and one-half cent red and grey on

cream (Schwyz); (1) ten cent blue and red on cream (Zurich); fifteen cent red, blue and violet on cream (Tessin). 1921, red and green on

cream (Valais); (3) twenty cent black, orange, red and violet on cream (Berne). 1922, five cent brown-orange and pale blue (Zug); ten cent sage green and black (Freiburg); twenty cent violet and pale blue (Lucerne). 1923, five cent brown-orange and black (Basle); ten cent sage green, red, black and yellow (Glaris); twenty cent violet, green and red (Neuchatel); 1924, five cent black and lilac (Appenzell); ten cent red and green (Solothurn); twenty cent black, yellow and carmine (Schaffhausen). The forty cent values of the three issues (1921, 1922, 1923) and the thirty cent value of 1924 are all of similar designs, two upright figures with a Swiss cross on a shield between them. In the 1925 series the values are the five cent green, black and violet (St. Gall); ten cent black and green (Appenzell-Ausserrhoden); twenty cent black, blue, yellow and red (Graubunden); and the thirty cent red and blue, with similar design to the thirty and forty cent values listed above called the Federal Arms. There will be a new set issued this year, consisting of four values; five cent, ten cent, twenty cent and thirty cent, but I cannot give you the details as to colors and designs at this time. The three illustrations shown are of the ten cent of 1920, the fifteen cent of 1919, and the twenty cent of 1921. While these issues were for the primary purpose of aiding the children, it appears that the Swiss postal employees also benefited thereby; four and one-half centimes of the additional five going to the Pro Juventute Foundation and one-half centime being given to them. These stamps are usually issued about the first of December and are on sale during that month only, although they are sometimes good for postage for two or three months in the following year.

I am indebted ta Fred J. Melville in "Callectors' Fartnightly" and to Stanley Gibbans' "Stamps of the Whole Warld" 1926 editian and supplements far the infarmatian contained in the abave.

Any member af the Radio Stamp Club may state in this column what they have ta exchange and what they desire in return. Members wha desire ta exchange with thase listed belaw are requested ta place their communicatians in envelapes addressed ta the member in questian, and then enclase in anather one addressed ta Norman Shepard, K. T. A. B., Oakland, Califarnia.

Mrs. I. A. Crocker (R. S. C 340) wants to exchange foreign stamps for United States.

R. S. C. Member 344 wishes members collecting first flight air mail covers to exchange with her. She has some duplicates.

David Q. Weaver (R. S. C. 254) wishes to exchange Hong Kong (King's heads) for New Zealand, Panama, Roumania (portraits) or Soviet Russia.

Al Christopherson (R. S. C. 5) wants to exchange regular postage for precancelled stamps.

THE COWBOY

By Ethel Said Bohna

Today when I played cowboy
I went out on the range,
  The desert range where horny toads abound.
('Twas just our own back garden
With roses and with dahlias.)
  Out on the desert range my steed I found.

I found my steed and roped him,
A bucking pinto pony,
  A pony never touched by human hands.
('Twas just a sawed-off mop-stick
With strings tied on for bridle.)
  I broke him and he followed my commands.

I rode him to the only spring,
The one spring in the desert,
  The one spring where my cattle go to drink.
('Twas just a little damp place
Made by a faucet leaking.)
  My cattle gather 'round the cool spring's brink.

I rounded up my cattle,
My wild-eyed, long-horned cattle,
  Every calf and bawling cow and steer.
('Twas just a bunch of hop-toads,
All cool and fat and warty.)
  I drove them from the desert range to here.

I bunched them up together
And shut them up for branding,
  In the corral to wait for mark and brand.
(On mother's sleeping porch I put them,
A fine corral for cattle.)
  I carried each one in there in my hand.

I got the irons ready,
All red hot for the branding,
  I kept them in the fire burning bright.
('Twas just a red ink bottle
With a paint brush for an iron.)
  I started in to do my branding right.

Then Nursie saw my cattle,
My fine, fat desert cattle
  A-standing in the corner of their pen.
(She called them horrid hop-toads,
Slimy, nasty wart-frogs)
  And she made me drive them to the range again.

And so I lost my cattle,
My cattle all unbranded,
  The cows and little calves and beef steers, too.
And Nursie thinks I'll get warts,
Great bumpy warts all over,
  But oh my, gee! I don't care if I do!

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THE SUCCESSFUL PIRATE

(Continued from Page 274)

once more reviewed my scheme. It was to lie quiet and wait until they got the treasure, for I supposed that was what they were going after, steal it, escape from the boat, and triumphantly return home.

Avery's henchmen put the long boat in the water and manned it with four swarthy pirates, all unarmed, and then the chieftain entered the vessel. We were rowed to shore, but I did not know what happened for I dared not peep again. I felt the boat strike a sandy bottom and heard the men get out. There was the sound of digging, and once I heard a metallic clang as if a spade had hit some hard object. For perhaps ten minutes there was a deep stillness and I was almost tempted to try to get another look, when there was a cry of joy. There was another long pause, and then a curse. I heard footsteps towards the boat and heard someone (it was Avery) loading a gun. The ruffians were returning bearing some heavy object and then the pirate opened the box in which I was hiding. Fortunately it was a dark day, and as I cuddled up against the sides they did not notice me and placed the chest in my retreat.

My enemy told his men something and then I heard the report of two pistols. Avery's pistolets were being used. There was another shot and then another, followed by a sharp scream and the clang of steel. Silence.

Avery rowed back alone, and no one questioned the disappearance of his cutthroats. The long boat was replaced, and we again set sail. That night I examined the contents of the box in the moonlight and found that it contained about 1000 pounds in English money, and 500 pounds of gems. My father's fortune was saved. (You must remember that living was cheaper then than now.)

My supplies were dwindling down, until but three crackers and a pannikin of water remained. I was forced to make another trip to the galley, and much as I dreaded it, there was to be no shirking. I removed my shoes, re-loaded my pistols, and stole cautiously up to the cook's little kingdom. Inside of it were two men, the cook and the first mate, talking.

"Did you hear of the new plan cap'n has figgered out, cookie?" The other replied in the negative and the speaker went on. "Wa-al, it seems that Avery ketched wind of a treasure-ship called the 'Yurkton' or something like that. (I thought that he meant the "Yorktown," an American vessel run by friends of my father's.) Anyway, cap'n tinks that he kin slip in, pose as a trade, and in the nite, keelhaul 'er and make way with her cargo."

"Dat'll mean gude unt plenty yedt for oos, von't it? By der vay, vere is diss tresshure-schippt?" the Dutch cook asked.

"The boat is in Nombre Dios Bay. She's well armed and we'll have to take her by surprise. The bay is about twenty miles from here," he paused and carefully spat. "What you goin' to do with your loot when you retire?"

I had heard enough and then carefully took two loaves of bread, some dozen pieces of biscuit, and a small keg

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The pirate chief says: "Let's start the New Year right. . . . . "

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of water. Thus burdened I made my way back to my retreat, with an idea in my head. Why not make a raft, put my treasure on it, slip away in the night when the ship was anchored at Nombre Dios Bay, and warn the merchants? The plot seemed feasible enough, and I decided to try it. By this time I had reached my shelter and clambered into it. I ate some of my food, and drank half of the water. I wasn't going to stay any longer—why not be wasteful?

I slept long and hard that night and was awakened by the slap—slap of the ripples against the buccaneer craft's side. I rubbed my eyes, ate some more bread and water and looked up. Yes, we were in the bay. I recognized it by the pictures that had hung in my father's home. Once more I lay down in the long boat and took stock of my equipment. Both pistols were in good shape, and I had plenty of shot and powder. My sword had been rusted by the spray, however. Again I stood up and walked out upon the deck into the shelter of the cabin. Then I took survey of the scene around me.

It was a bright moonlight night, and the bay was bathed in silver. The houses on the shore were lighted up in a way that I had never seen; ever window seemed to have its illumination. The ripples that had wakened me were almost gone now, and I thought that I had never seen clearer, smoother water. To the seaward was a black hulk, that I took to be the merchant ship. Only the night lights could be seen on it. I looked up. The stars seemed to be much closer, and gave me a feeling of comfort, as I gazed upwards. Next, I peered at the masthead and found that the naval flag of Great Britain had supplanted the Jolly Roger—part of their ruse.

Then I removed my shoes and all unnecessary clothing and rolled it up in a little wad, after filling all the pockets of my coat with the gems. My watercask also was filled to the brim with gold and jewels. I put all of this on one of the cannons, and set off to find some means of conveyance. For a good half hour I hunted without success and was finally returning when just the thing caught my eye. Chips had been fixing the door of the cabin, but had not quite finished the job and when night fell had left his tools and object of his work near the long boat. (I thought of the blue-bird story.) Quietly I lowered the door into the water, and threw my belongings down upon it, and finally sprang down myself.

I negotiated the trip in safety and made one of the members of the nightwatch on the "Yorktown" hear me. I was raised aboard with my precious belongings and quickly unfolded my warning to the Captain. Preparations were made accordingly and at four bells we detected signs of life on the "Duke." When we observed her drawing near, a whole broadside was fired at the pirate, and then volleyed away again and again. The buccaneer immediately tacked off and I never saw her again.

The "Yorktown" was sailing for Bristol and took me along. In twelve days the wharves and quays of my dear home town were in sight and I need not add that my heart leaped with joy as I beheld it. In two hours we were docked and I, with a man and a trundle to carry my gains, returned to the house of my birth. The door

was open and I rushed in to greet my father. He was sitting at the library table puffing his pipe in a pensive mood, but when he heard my glad voice he hurled the pipe from him.

"Timmy, my boy, is it really you?" he called and then enfolded me in his arms.

With the little sum I had gained the firm of Dawson, Ltd. again regained "its feet," and took an active part in maritime commerce. Of Avery, the "Successful Pirate," we heard no more until 1712, when the glad news that he had died in Ireland was received. His name meant nothing for he died penniless, having had his entire fortune swindled away by land pirates. Often in my father's many jovial moods the name is revived, for my father's favorite pet-name for me is the "Little Successful Pirate."

THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE

(Continued from Page 278)

"It may have been only a dream, but if it was, I learned more from that dream than from any other thing in my life."

Tingling with the joy of knowledge, he reached the sunshine, and cried to the group below him: "Dad, oh dad, come quickly and see what I've discovered."

Back he led them, over the path he had come, back through the beautiful aisles and corridors, back past the beautifully tinted walls, and through the marble columns to the statue of Persae, the lad of Greece.

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"Red" Rugg's Rhymes

By THOMAS J. GLYNN

I.

INTRODUCING MYSELF

My name is Peter Rugg, but all
The kids in our town allus call
Me Red, just 'cause my hair's like that,
An' it fits together sorta pat.
The kids say Rugg is not so sweet,
'Cause they all say I can't be beat.
But I ain't quite so sure o' that
'Cause there's been times when I have sat
Me down with cushions underneath,
Cause,—I says this between my teeth—
There's times when I have got my licks
From Pa, an' even Ma,—with sticks.
I s'pose that I deserved 'em, too,
But I don't think *that* when they're due.
I'm twelve years old. "It's just the age,"
Says Ma, "when boys can make you rage."
She says I keep her nerves unstrung,—
But strings too tight will break, kerplung!
Leas' the strings on my ole banjo did,
" 'Cause they was strung too tight," says Sid,
"You shoulda left them all unstrung
An' then they wouldn't break, kerplung!"
(Sid, he's the kid I got it from
For my old skates an' a stick o' gum.)
So that's why it may be just as fine
That Ma is unstrung most the time.

II.

"MISTER"

Sure, I got a dog! I do' know his make.
He's a bird of a dog, though, an' no mistake.
I calls him Mister cause his hair sticks out
Just like pa's beard when he's got the gout.
('Cause then pa never shaves hisself
An' his beard sticks out like a pantry shelf.)
He's sorta red with spots o' black
An' a little white line down his back.
He's got a funny, homely face
An' I would know him any place
Because his legs is sorta bowed
Just like the front ones on a toad.
He's got a bark that's deep and gruff,
It scares most everybody enough.
But he'd not bite 'em, less p'rhaps
Someone should try to give me raps.
Why, even pa or ma can't clout
Me when ole Mister's round about.
The way I got him was——One day
I saw a kid, down gas-house way,
What had a little pup, an' he
Was treatin' it as mean's could be.
I didn't stop to ask him: "Why?"
I sailed right in an' punched his eye.
An' I sure gave him quite a fight,—
When I got through he was a sight,—
Ya bet he gave that dog t' me,
An'—just t' make it straight, y' see—
I gave him an old knife I had.
An' then he said that he was glad
To lose the dog 'cause it was mean.
But that kid didn't use his bean
'Cause it was Mister that I got,
An' I'll say that he's worth a lot
T' me. An' he ain't mean a bit—
If fellas know just when t' quit
A-teasin' him. Because he's just
A dog, an' I may hope t' bust
If any dog will ever bite
The hand that pet an' fed him—*right*.

WHAT SHALL WE READ?

Christmas time is Book-time, and when we start out and see all of the hundreds of tempting things displayed on the book shelves, we are likely to have to make our selection because we like a title, or the color of a binding, unless we can find some good friend who really knows what is good, and is willing to help us.

We have found such a friend in Joseph Henry Jackson, Literary Editor of Sunset Magazine. He has selected what he feels to be the fifty best books for boys and girls published in 1926. There are twenty-five books for boys and girls of 12 years and over, and twenty-five for the younger ones. Mr. Jackson discussed these books over KGO during Children's Book Week, November 8 to 13, and now he has given us permission to reprint the list for you. He has marked with a star the books that he particularly likes. We think a man who could read enough children's books in a year to select fifty of the best, must be very good and brave, and so we say: "Thank you, Mr. Joseph Henry Jackson, Literary Editor of Sunset Magazine."

Books for Older Children

***"Stories from the Arabian Nights," retold by Lawrence Housman. (Doran, $3.50)**
The pictures by Edmund Dulac are especially beautiful. Up to fourteen or fifteen years.

****"The Child's Map of the Ancient World." (John Day, $1.50)**
A beautiful and fascinating map. Ideal for children up to fourteen or fifteen.

"David Goes to Greenland," by David Putnam. (Putnam, $1.75)
The second book of true adventure by thirteen-year-old David Burney Putnam, this one covering his trip with an expedition to the far north.

"The Boy Scouts' Year Book," Mathiews. (Appleton, $2.50)
An annual publication, better than ever this year.

"Black Arrow," Stevenson. (Scribner, $2.50)
A new edition with Wyeth illustrations.

"Lorna Doone," Blackmore. (Milton Bradley, $2.50)
Illustrated by photographs from the motion picture, with Madge Bellamy.

***"The Cruise of the Cachalot," Bullen. (Dodd, Mead, $3.50)**
With Mead Schaeffer pictures, in a new edition.

"Robinson Crusoe." Defoe. (Scribner, $2.50)
The most handsome edition yet, with pictures by N. C. Wyeth.

"Hans Brinker," Dodge. (Scribner, $2.50)
A beautifully made edition of the classic.

****"The Bright Face of Danger," Sublette. (Little, Brown, $2.00)**
A rousing yarn of Virginia and the Bacon Rebellion, by the winner of the Hawes prize in 1924.

"Highroads of Peril," Bill. (Little, Brown, $2.00)
An exciting story of adventure in the days of Napoleon.

"The Boys' Life of Barnum," Root. (Harper, $1.75)
Interesting and humorous bits about the greatest of all circus men.

"Beloved Acres," Hamlin. (Century, $1.75)
A California story of an unusually clever girl.

"Barbara Winthrop at Camp," Broughall. (Page, $1.75)
A wholesome story for girls about twelve or thirteen.

"Heroes of the Air," Fraser. (Crowell, $2.00)
The thrilling story of aviation to date.

***"The Dark Frigate," Hawes. (Atlantic, $2.00)**
Plenty of adventure and splendidly written. A classic.

***"The Log of a Timber Cruiser," Samson. (Duffield, $2.50)**
A true account of timber cruising in the wilderness of the Southwest.

"Deric in Mesa Verde," Nusbaum. (Putnam, $1.25)
A twelve-year-old boy tells his own story of his life in Mesa Verde National Park.

***"The Blue Castle," Montgomery. (Stokes, $2.00)**
The search of a girl for happiness, by the author of "Anne of Green Gables."

"The Hammon Twins," Jones. (Century, $1.75)
The Freshman adventures of a pair of twin sisters.

"A Year at Miss Austin's," Bridgman. (Century, $1.75)
A boarding-school story for girls.

"Blackie's Girls' Annual." (Blackie & Son, $2.50)
A British annual of girls' stories, articles and pictures.

"The Mutineers," Hawes. (Atlantic, $2.00)
Not a new story, but so good a sea-classic that it must be included.

"David Hotfoot," Dan Totheroh. (Doran, $2.50)
Adventures on the open road by the author of "Wild Birds."

***"Prester John," Buchan. (Doran, $2.50)**
A new edition, with pictures by Henry Pitz.

"On to Oregon," Morrow. (Morrow, $1.75)
Honore Willsie Morrow has done a fine job of this story of pioneer achievement.

Books for Younger Children

"Doctor Doolittle's Caravan," Hugh Lofting. (Stokes, $2.50)
Another of the Doctor Doolittle series so popular in the last few years.

***"Pinocchio," Collodi. (Macmillan,$5.00)**
The Italian classic in a handsome illustrated edition.

"A Child's Garden of Verses," Stevenson. (Scribner, $2.50)
A charming new edition with pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith.

"Peter Pan and Wendy," Barrie. (Scribner, $2.50)
Retold for "littlest" children, by Mary Byron.

***"The Seven Voyages of Sinbad the Sailor." (McBride, $2.00)**
Retold by Hulme Beaman and illustrated in color.

"Hansel and Gretel." (Doran, $5.00)
A new edition with pictures by Kay Neilsen, famous children's artist.

"The Hungry Tiger of Oz," Thompson. (Reilly & Lee, $1.60)
Still another of the familiar Oz stories.

***Winnie-the-Pooh," Milne. (Dutton, $2.00)**
By the author of "When We Were Very Young," which is enough.

"Mother Goose," illustrated by Arthur Rackham. (Century, $3.50)
The Rackham pictures make almost a new Mother Goose of this.

"Skitter Cat and Little Boy," Youmans. (Bobbs, Merrill, $1.50)
An ideal reading-aloud book for little children.

"Pudding Lane People," Addington. (Little, Brown, $2.00)
Adventures of the Mother Goose People in Pudding Lane.

***"Number Four, Joy Street." Various contributors. (Appleton, $2.50)**
Original contributions from Barrie, Lofting, de la Mare and many others.

"The Treasure Ship," edited by Lady Cynthia Asquith. (Scribner, $2.50)
Almost identical with the "Joy Street" book and quite as good.

***"Shen of the Sea," Chrisman. (Dutton, $2.50)**
Chinese stories for children, which won the Newberry Prize Medal for 1925.

"In Blue Bird Time," Donaldson. (Milton Bradley, $1.75)
American Indian stories for children.

****"A Child's Map of the Ancient World." (John Day, $.50)**
The finest thing of its kind ever printed. A fascinating possession for any child.

"Just-so Stories," Kipling. (Doubleday, Page, $2.50)
A classic and always good.

"Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens," Barrie. (Scribner, $2.50)
The first narrative of Peter Pan, who is later the Peter of Never-Never Land.

"The Adventures of Maidilie," Maclean. (Maclean, $2.00)
The story of a little princess and some of her strange adventures.

"Maida's Little School," Irwin. (Viking Press, $1.50)
Another of the Maida books by Inez Haynes Irwin, who can write for children.

"The Little Wooden Doll," Bianco. (Macmillan, $1.00)
A little wooden doll who was forgotten by her friends and rescued by the mice.

"The Children's Year Book," Summers. (Stoll, Edwards, $.75)
A book of seasons in prose, verse and pictures for little children.

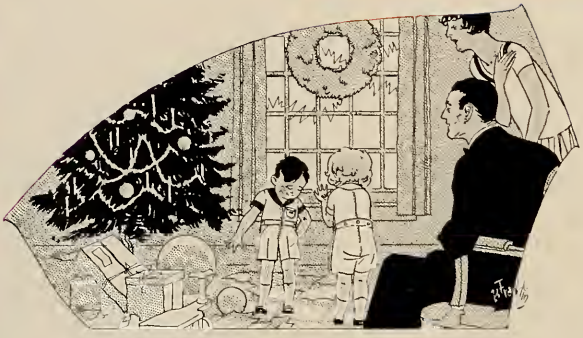
***"Bubbleloon," Stokely. (Doran, $3.00)**
How Betty Jane blew a bubble and sailed off in it to the Land of Long Ago and many other strange places.

"The Little Boy Who Lived on the Hill," Annie Laurie. (Fitzgerald, $2.00)
A story for very little children.

"The Captain of the Clothespins," Sherman. (Little, Brown, $1.00)
A fanciful tale of household articles which come to life.

Just in time for Christmas!

An ideal Christmas Gift!



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The TREASURE CHEST

. FOR BOYS and GIRLS .

VOL. I
NUMBER 9

FEBRUARY, 1927

$2.50 per year
.25 per copy

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

When the ground-hog sticks his funny little nose out of the earth, and looks around for shadows, and doesn't find any, and knows that spring is here, then we are glad as glad can be. For when the first daphne-flower comes, and there are tiny buds on the Japanese quince bush, and the tulips are beginning to shove their sword-like foliage out of the brown earth, we are just like the ground-hog. We do like the Springtime, and when Spring is here we decide that it is certainly the nicest time of the year. Of course, when Indian Summer comes, that is very nice too, and Autumn is beautiful, and Winter is very interesting and Summer is just brimful to overflowing with good time. So we like all the year.

But then, there is something about ground hog time and Springtime that makes us want to be up and doing. We like to make new plans in the Spring, and draw new pictures, and find new pirates' caves, and bake potatoes in the sand-lot, and plant radishes in the garden, and do many, many other things that one does not do in the Winter.

And today is ground-hog day, and we have made many new plans. In the first place, we have lit up the gray sky on our cover with a flush of sunshine, because it is Spring. Then, to be nice to everybody, we have changed our publication date to the middle of the month, so that the printer will not have to rush so much, and that is the reason that the Treasure Chest is late for February.

Next, we have finished with Dots and Dashes, and we breath an editorial sigh of relief. For the next month we have a new serial for you, a perfectly splendid story about girls, but the boys will like it. It is written by an extra nice girl-person, and we will tell you about her next month when the story begins, so be sure to watch for it.

We are a very clever editor. We have discovered another poet, and his name is Jack Mail, and he doesn't look at all like a poet. He has a broad boy grin on his face, and looks like he would be better behind a baseball bat than behind a poet's pen. But just turn to Page 323, and tell us if you do not think we are clever at having discovered him.

Then, there is another boy. His name is Kenneth Callahan, and you all know his Treasure Chest drawings. Well, one day Kenneth came in and told us about the wild trip he had made to San Francisco in a wild tin Lizzie, and we laughed and laughed and laughed, and Kenneth said, "Alright, if you think it is so funny, I'll write a story about it for you." And so, next month, we are going to hear about the Terrible Trip of the Tin Can.

Now, before the editor puts his magazine to bed, there is one other thing we want to tell you about. That is, to tell you about again. We offered a prize, some months ago, for the best story written by high-school boys and girls, and we got some good stories, but they were not the kind that boys and girls like to read. You could tell that they were written just to please the English teachers. So now we repeat our offer.

In March, we will give a prize of ten dollars for the best story written by a high school boy or girl. And there will be another ten dollar prize in April and another each month afterwards as long as we receive good stories. And that's that.

For The Kiddies

Give them a wonderful present they can enjoy all year—one they can't break, tear up, or wear out. One that will be conducive to building up their health and happiness—and incidentally put them on the road to independence by making them an owner of desirable land.

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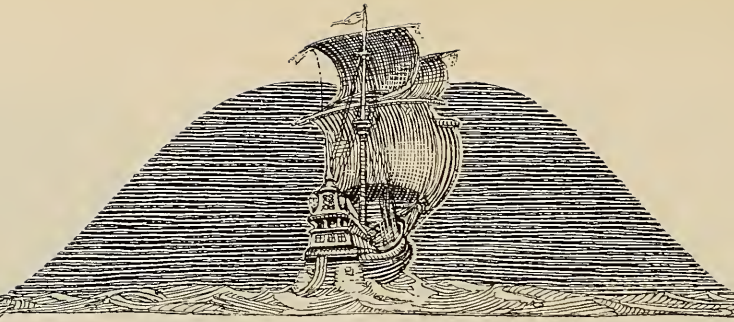
Hullo, Girls and Boys!

Brother Bob, broadcasting from Station KTAB, has another surprise for you. He has always wanted to take his boys and girls out into real honest-to-goodness snow. He wants to build a snow-man high as the moon, and a snow-fort, and have a snowball battle, and skate on the ice, and tumble, and get up again. So he has arranged with Peck-Judah Company for a special tourist excursion train, which will leave San Francisco on February 11 and return February 14 in time for school Monday morning. The rates are going to be especially low, and everybody is going to live right on the train until it gets to Truckee, which is right in the middle of the snow-world.

Brother Bob hopes that many of the Treasure Chest girls and boys will be able to come with him, because it is going to be a wonderful, wonderful time.



THE TREASURE CHEST

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We shall be glad to consider manuscripts available for publication. Same will be paid for at current rates. All manuscripts must be written on one side of paper, and if their return is desired, must be accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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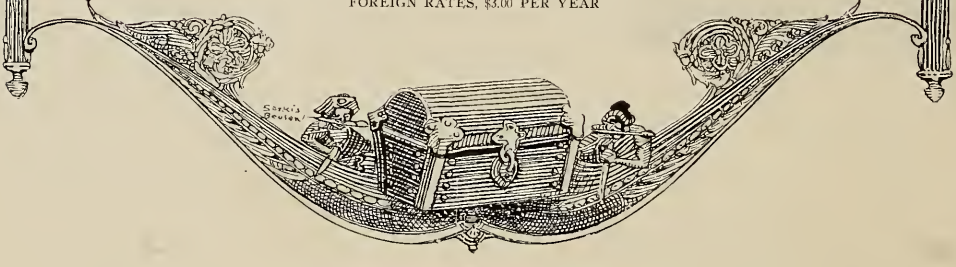

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Della Taylor

TANNHAUSER

Retold by S. B. DICKSON

JOYFUL years were the lot of the mortals during the time in which the Gods dwelt in Valhalla. There, in the home of the immortals, love reigned, and the queen of love was called Venus, and she was worshipped throughout the world. But, as shadows began to darken the home of the Gods, the mortals became fickle, and turned against Venus, and laughed at love, and would have no more of it.

Then it came to pass that the Goddess of Love grew sad, and then revengeful, and she vowed that instead of the true and pure affection that she had given to mankind she would send to them selfish love, one that would bring to them jealously and heartache. And, as she made her vow, she became a witch, instead of a Goddess, and departed from the land of the Immortals. High on the mountains of Germany she made her home in a cave and there she waited for the sons of the men to come and she would keep them prisoner in the darkness of the mountain called the Venusberg. No sunlight came to them there, and the light of stars never reached them. But, the cave glowed with a strange rose-hued light, and rose-hued clouds drifted about them, and through the clouds danced the wild strange spirits of Venusberg.

Now, on a long and weary day, as the witch Venus stood at the entrance of her cave, she saw a young knight approaching. The witch knew all things. She knew that this was Tannhauser, a minstrel, one of the tribe of wandering musicians who traveled from court to court. A tribe beloved by all people. Tannhauser was one of the favorite minstrels at the castle of Wartburg, and his wonderful music had won him many prizes, and a wealth of love. Above all, he was the favorite minstrel of Elizabeth, the niece of the king.

With all his popularity Tannhauser was not happy. He loved Princess Elizabeth, and he loved his music, but his triumphs in the court had come to him too easily. He wanted to get for himself a higher and more difficult goal, one that would be surrounded by obstacles.

The great world beyond the castle called to him, and so he bade farewell to the young princess, and to his friends, and set out across the mountains with his harp in his hand.

For many days and nights he traveled, down through the valleys and up into the highest mountains, and finally, as he walked, a great rock swung open before him, and he saw a dimly lighted cavern, revealed as if by magic. There stood a wonderfully beautiful maiden. A soft light surrounded her, and a soft, kind expression on her lips and in her eyes hid the heart of the witch. For it was Venus, waiting to lead more mortals into her trap of sorrow and trouble.

As in a dream, the young knight approached her, and as he entered the cavern the great stone closed behind him. Then all his past life became dim. He forgot the songs that he had sung, forgot his love for Elizabeth, and became subject of the Venusberg realm.

Venus led him far into the depths of her mysterious land, and as they went the scene before them became more and more beautiful. There lay a beautiful deep blue lake, and its waves made music like the singing of the wind through the strings of a harp. Out on the water swam beautiful mermaids, and elves and sprites and queer little elfin-like fairy-folk danced upon the shore.

And so, Tannhauser became a dweller in the land of Venus, and remained there for a year that seemed to pass like an hour. All thought or memory of his past life was dead, and he felt that he had found true happiness.

But a change came. Little by little he realized that he had been bewitched, and he again began to long for new worlds to conquer out beyond. The witch knew this, and found new and wonderful ways in which to entertain him. She planned tournaments for him, and contests of song, where music was heard more beautiful than had ever been known in the land of the mortals. And Tannhauser made a song for Venus. He sang of the happiness of his life, and even as he sang his words changed and he told of his longing to be on his way.

The witch became infuriated, but hid her rage with soft words and insincere smiles. She asked him where he wanted to go, and asked if he did not have all happiness in her realm.

Tannhauser shook his head. "I want only freedom," he said sadly. "I do not know where I will go, but I must seek new worlds and new wonders. I will never forget you, and I will always sing your praises. But permit me to go."

Then the rage of Venus burst forth. She placed a curse upon him, telling him that men would all turn from him because he had lived in the court of the witch of love. And she told him that he would return to her some day, pleading for her mercy. She waved her arm, and the scene before Tannhauser faded. The grotto was no more, but the knight found himself on a hillside. Bright sunshine warmed the fields of grass, and the many colored wild flowers. Far below him was Wartburg Castle. There, in the heart of the great oaks, dwelt Elizabeth, his love of other days.

As Tannhauser gazed upon the beautiful scene he heard the song drifting through the trees, of a band of pilgrims traveling to their shrine. The sadness of their words and the loveliness of their song aroused in him a longing for the better things of life, and he fell upon his knees and prayed for guidance.

Then the loud cry of hunting horns rang out. A string of hunting dogs dashed into the open, followed by the king and his huntsmen. He welcomed Tannhauser back to Wartburg Castle, back to the circle of his many friends. His chum, Wolfram, greeted him, as did many others, and happiness reigned in the court.

That night was the time set for the annual contest of the minstrels and singers, and they came from many miles around, and Wartburg Castle resounded with the thrill of happy voices and of merry songs. Then it was that the king announced that the winner of the contest should be rewarded with anything he might ask of the king, even to the hand of the Princess Elizabeth herself.

The minstrels and singers gathered in the great hall of the castle. The pages of the king announced that the subject of the song to be sung would be "Love." Wolfram von Eschenbach, the good friend of Tannhauser, was first to try his skill. Softly brushing the strings of his harp he sang of true love and of the nobility of mankind, and when he had finished the audience shouted their applause. But only Tannhauser sat silently, and as he listened to the song of love, memories came to him of Venus and her witcheries. When Wolfram had finished, Tannhauser sprang to his feet. The audience again became still as he commenced to sing. He gazed far out beyond the faces that thronged the hall. He saw Venusberg again, with its dancing elves and mischievous sprites. He saw Venus, surrounded by the glow of rosy light, and the grotto and the depths of darkness, and of this he sang, and forgot Elizabeth and true love. An uneasy tremor ran through the audience as he sang. Horror was on every face, and all hearts were chilled. Then arose one of the minstrels, who denounced Tannhauser, saying that this was a false love, and an insult to knighthood. And so speaking he challenged Tannhauser to combat. But before the latter could reply, Wolfram arose again. With sorrow in his voice he rebuked his friend for singing as he had, and pleaded with him to know the nobility of men and the trueness of love.

But again Tannhauser interrupted him. He sang of Venus, of the wonders of the Venusberg, and the audience fell back in horror. Then their horror turned to rage, and they would have fallen upon the knight and slain him where he stood. But as they rushed toward him, a figure robed in white came and stood between them and Tannuser, her white hands clasped beseechingly before her. It was the Princess Elizabeth. She had heard the song of her chosen minstrel, and was torn between dismay and love.

"Stop," she commanded. "He must live until he has been purified of his sins."

She turned to the king and pleaded with him to give her lover another chance, and Tannhauser knelt before her, penitent, with tears streaming from his eyes.

The king raised his hand and spoke, saying: "One path is open to Tannhauser. Today a wandering band of pilgrims are traveling towards their shrine. Go with them, and pray as you go, seeking forgiveness, and return again to us when your soul has been cleansed."

As the king spoke, the doors of the castle slowly opened, and from the fields and the hills above came the soft, melodious song of the pilgrims. Tannhauser bowed his head, and, sinking to his knees, kissed the hem of the white robe of Princess Elizabeth. Then, springing to his feet, he saluted his king and dashed through the door.

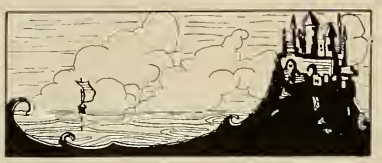
* * * *

Then it was that a year faded away. Autumn came, carpeting the earth with soft, russet-hued leaves. And Winter came, and all the world was blanketed in snow, and the heart of the Princess Elizabeth was cold with longing. And Winter died, and a new year was born, and all the world was colored with the first flowers of Spring, and the first green on the hillside.

Eagerly the knights and courtiers at the castle of Wartburg awaited the return of the pilgrim band and of their friend Tannhauser. Day after day the Princess Elizabeth stood at the turn of the road and gazed in the direction from which she knew they would some day, some time, come. She kneeled there and prayed that Tannhauser's love would be purified, and that he would return to her. Then a day came when, as she stood leaning against a great tree, and gazing far into the distance, Wolfram came, and, greeting her, told her that the hermit Peter had said that it was time for the pilgrims to return.

"God grant that they may," cried Elizabeth, and even as she spoke a soft, solemn music was wafted to them from the valley far below, and it came closer and closer, and became the chant of the pilgrims. Around the turn of the hill they came, walking slowly, with bowed heads, and in all their number there was no sign of Tannhauser.

Then Elizabeth wept in Wolfram's arms, and cried



THE ROADS OF BETHANY

The little roads of Bethany go winding
down and down,
So dusty-hued and wandering, like
travelers cloaked in brown.
They stretch their length in sunshine,
and hump their backs 'neath rain,
But in the age-old starlight is when
they seem to change
Back to the days when Jesus trod, and
passing, blest this way,
Hallowed the little winding roads that
lead from Bethany.
All shimmering in the holy light, they
lie, a beckoning maze,
While listening stars cease winking,
and stare thru silver haze.

—Audrey Wurdemann.

that her knight would never return, and she then and there vowed that if Tannhauser's sins might be forgiven she'd dedicate her life to the service of the church; then slowly she turned away, and Wolfram watched her white form fading through the avenue of trees. The warm Autumn sun sank, and twilight settled over the forest, and the evening star arose above the brow of the hills. A soft glow kindled the carpet of leaves. The crunching of footsteps was heard and a form appeared, tattered and worn and weary. It was Tannhauser, and Wolfram cried out to him and asked whither he was bound.

As in a dream, Tannhauser gazed ahead, and whispered: "Show me the way to the Venusberg. I have lost my road."

Wolfram remonstrated with him, begging him to turn away from the evil places, and to return to his friends. But Tannhauser told him that when the pilgrims had come to the shrine and begged forgiveness, and had confessed their sins, he had confessed that he had spent a year at the Venusberg. Then all turned from him, and forgiveness was forbidden him.

"And so," spoke Tannhauser, " I remembered that the witch of the grotto told me that when all men turned from me, I should return to the Venusberg, and she would be waiting. There, and there alone, may I find refuge."

"Do not go," cried Wolfram, "you are throwing away the last chance of salvation. A life of good awaits you if you'll only embrace the opportunity to do good, and to understand self-sacrifice." He hesitated and continued: "There is one who waits for you, Tannhauser, with love in her heart, and prayers on her lips. You must return to her."

"It is too late," groaned the unhappy wanderer, "I am unworthy. Only Venusberg is left to me."

He raised his voice and called upon the witch of the mountains, and begged her to aid him. And, even as he spoke, the blackness of the night was dispelled, and a rosy glow swept the forest. Strange, beautiful figures danced through the trees, calling him to follow them. The glow of flame became a broad, rose-hued path that reached to a crevice on the side of the hill, and there, surrounded by flames, stood Venus, beautiful and irresistible.

"Farewell forever," cried Tannhauser. "I go."

But Wolfram, his friend, reached forth his hand, crying: "No. Even while the evil one tempts you on, there is another who prays that your soul be saved. See, Tannhauser, Elizabeth comes."

With bowed head, he pointed along the forest road, and there came a procession, slowly walking, while soft music played, and soft voices sang. They came, these forms of night, bearing the lifeless form of Elizabeth.

And then it was as though a mask had been snatched from his eyes. Tannhauser fell to his knees, weeping, and cried: "Elizabeth, dear love, have pity, and save me from the powers of the evil one."

As though by magic, the rose-hued lights of the Venusberg disappeared, and Tannhauser sank to his knees beside the still form of his loved one. "Dear Saint in heaven," he wept, "pray for me."

Then a cry burst from the lips of the gathered throng.

"A miracle, a miracle!" they shouted.

For Tannhauser's tattered garments had fallen from him, and he kneeled there clad in raiments of white. A soft light glowed about his face, and from it had fled all expression of sin and evil. He kneeled with his head cradled in the arm of the princess, and the multitude slowly filed away into the forest and knew that forgiveness had come to Tannhauser, the singer of songs.

DANCER IN THE CHECKERED SHADE

Swift green fire that runs thru the forest,
Weaving thru the tree trunks an emerald thread of song—
Of the sun you are part,
Of winds that seek out wood-scents,
Of the rustling of wild things,
Of the bright flash of wings.
I know that you are no mortal
Weaving fire-patterns in the checkered shade,
For your feet leave no print.
—You move
To the changing rhythm of youth.

AUDREY WURDEMANN.

A STALL IN ALGIERS

In a sunny street stands a little shop
Where Kalot, the merchant, vends ware,
On his head is a turban, marvelous large,
He is tall, and amazingly spare.

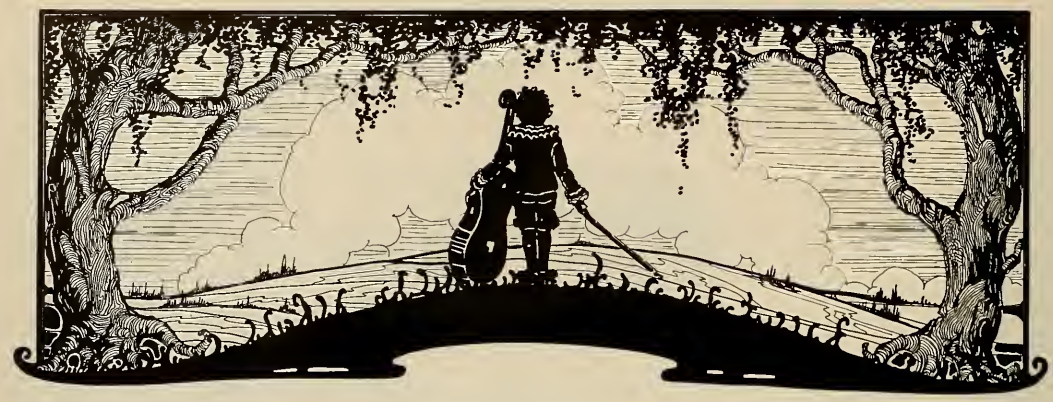
In his stall are a nation's strangest of knicknacks,
And things that are useful, no doubt.
There are sandals and saddles and beads and bright baubles,
One never could sort them all out.

While he haggles for prices, the strangest of lore
Falls from his withered old lips;
Bits of philosophy, worthy of Aristotle,
With prices of baubles do slip.

"When one is in doubt, pray for guidance," he says,
As he quotes you the price of a rug.
"May the blessing of Allah be with you," he says,
When from you the price he has dug.

Oh, never forget, when to Algiers you go,
To find the old shop of Kalot.
You'll see a great deal that you haven't before,
But, beware! It will cost you a lot!

—AUDREY WURDEMANN.



JAN *A Story of Vienna*

By FRIEDA KUHL

Illustrated by Della Taylor

JAN drew the bow across the strings of his cello, and looked out across the vast sea of faces in the great audience before him. The Opera House became suddenly very quiet. The boy looked down at his instrument, and played on. The notes came rapidly, one after another, in the hard concerto. Jan thought of the pride on the face of his little professor at the Conservatory when he had said to him: "Perfect! You have done well." Had he done well? Jan did not know. It had been very easy for him to learn the difficult thing, just as it was simple for him to learn anything on his beloved cello, but . . . and then there was his mother, working hour after hour at those fine laces, that brought the money they needed so much. She was back in the wings now, praying that he might be a great success . . . But Jan, deep inside of him, knew that he was just playing, playing because he had to, and that he was not putting his heart into the music. He knew, within himself, that he was not a success. Suddenly he raised his eyes, deep, soft brown eyes, and looked out again into the audience, up at the boxes that skirted the balcony. He recalled, vaguely, that there, in the middle box, was to be the Archduke, and his lady, come to hear his music. His eyes wandered over the other boxes. Here and there, in the soft, dim light, bright jewels flashed and glittered. It seemed to Jan as if they took all the other light away, to reflect it on themselves. His eyes still on them, he finished the concerto. It ended on a sharp, jarring chord.

Very vaguely he heard the applause, as he hurried back to where, wrapped in a black shawl, a woman, with soft brown eyes like his own, awaited him.

"You did well, my Jan," she whispered, but he did not answer. He just shut his lips tightly, and looked away. Then his little professor came up, rubbing his hands, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

"It was good," he said, his small head bobbing up and down. "Good, very good . . . Just that last chord . . . what happened in that last chord?" But Jan said nothing. He could not say what he felt.

And then it was time to go on again. This time Jan felt it was worse. He could not put his heart into it. Always, as he played, there glittered before him the flashing jewels in the boxes that skirted the balcony, and always he felt that he could not tell all those strange people the things that were in his heart. His fingers moved mechanically, and, somehow, they seemed like something apart from him, that he could not control. And there was a strange something that ached terribly within him; a strange pain caused by all the beautiful things that were in his heart, and that wanted to be put into music, but Jan could not let them come out. All those strange faces, and those cold, hard things that sparkled up there, would not let the beauty be put into his music.

He was glad when it was over, and, his hand clutched tightly in that of his mother, and the cello that was almost bigger than him under his arm, they passed, almost unnoticed, through the throng. As they went through the great doors, he heard someone say: "Didn't you just adore him? And such a little thing . . . . ." And someone else: "He's wonderful . . . not much feeling . . ."

He welcomed the cool Vienna breeze on his face, as they walked home, through the endless streets. They could not afford to take the trolley, yet it was far, very far, from the gay Opera House down to the end of the endless Mariahilfer street of the ugly, dirty houses. Jan could not remember when he had not lived in Maria-

hilfer street, but his mother had told him of wonderful days when they had lived in the country, in a little white and green house with a tiny garden in front. It had become a part of Jan, that little white and green house, and he longed passionately for it. He dreamed of playing all day in the little garden, and of pouring out all his heart into the songs of the flowers, and of the trees, and perhaps a song of the deep river, into which he could put all the passion of the sea.

They walked on, to where the street became narrower and dirtier, then up three flights of stairs, into the little room that had been their home these many years.

Jan said nothing for a long while, then, at last. "Mother," he murmured, "Mother, I . . . I shall never be a great musician."

Her face became white. "Hush," she said, "don't say that, Jan."

"But Mother," he continued, "I know it. I . . . somehow I couldn't play for those people . . . at first I didn't know what it was, but now I know."

He was silent for some time, and his eyes were far away. He clutched his mother's hand in both of his. He continued,"It's just . . . just that I can't play inside, like that. It seemed so . . . so shut in, as if they were holding me there—all those people—making me play for them, when I didn't want to." He stopped again.

Then: "Mother, you understand, don't you?" he whispered.

"Yes, dear, I understand."

"There are so many things I feel, here," and he pressed his mother's hand over his heart, "that I must tell to somebody, with my cello, but . . . but not inside, like that . . . like that . . . ."

"I know, Jan. Maybe, some day, soon, when we have enough money, we'll buy a little house out in the country, with a garden. Then you can be out, all day, Jan . ."

He smiled. "It seemed so big, that check they gave me, tonight! If there are many, many concerts, maybe, in a year, we'll have enough."

Followed hours and hours of practice, and many, many lessons and a few more concerts. Each time the check was a little smaller. There was talk of another prodigy, a boy cellist who could play much better than Jan.

"Bah," said the little professor to Jan one late summer night when he was playing, "Bah! He's good! This Koellner! Good, yes, but no technique! You, you . . . ." His excitement was always carrying him away. "Why your technique is wonderful, wonderful, only . . ."

"I know," said Jan.

"A little more feeling, eh?"

Jan nodded, and turned his head away.

The manager spoke to him after the concert, and his face was grave.

"I don't know what's the matter, but you are losing out . . . you're losing out . . . " He repeated it slowly, emphatically. Jan stood before him, straight, his face expressionless, one little hand clenched at his side, the other holding the big cello closely, very closely, to him.

"Well, sir?" he said.

"I'm sorry," continued the other brusquely, "we have had to decide that there are to be no more concerts"—then added "of yours."

Jan's face became pale. His eyes became very bright. He held out his hand.

"Good-bye," he said brokenly, and turned away to where his mother waited for him. But, just as he was going out, the manager called: "Wait!"

Jan turned back blindly.

"Well, sir?" he said.

The other stared at him a moment, his small black eyes squinted speculatively.

"The competition is next month."

Jan's heart stood still, then it began beating so fast and loud that he thought it would choke him. The competition next month! For years Jan had looked forward to the day in which he would be eligible to enter the great Conservatory contest, which awarded the prize to the best boy cellist in Vienna. A few months ago—a very short while ago, it seemed—he had been sure he could win. But now!

"It is to be—to be—here?" he asked in a choking voice.

"Of course," said the other, then added, "Where else would you have it?"

The man went on: "This year the prize is bigger. Five thousand crowns!" He said it slowly, enunciating every syllable. "And besides that, Eberheardt has offered to give the winner free lessons for an indefinite period of time . . . "

Eberheardt! Jan had dreamed, oh, how passionately, of some day becoming a pupil of Eberheardt, the great master.

Jan a pupil of Eberheardt . . . before him, in a queer, blurred way, he saw the face of the old master. He was the same as in the picture that hung over Jan's little cot . . . the one in the silver frame . . and then, there seemed to be a great cello before him. It faded slowly, slowly, into a little white and green house, in a flower garden, which crumbled before his eyes . . . then Jan sank in a heap upon the floor.

* * * *

Dark, cheerless days followed. There were no more lessons. All the money Jan

had made from the concerts had gone to pay the conservatory bills. It had been many weeks since Jan's mother had sold a piece of lace. There was little money for food.

Jan did not touch his cello. It stood against a corner, and dust had settled on its battered case. Jan just sat, day after day, his face white and drawn, and looked out of the little window, away over the endless roofs toward the country. He seldom spoke. Once in a while his long, white fingers would close, then open again, as if wanting to hold the beloved instrument once more. But he never looked at it. And his mother, working day after day over the soft, fine laces, watched the hard, bitter look creep into his eyes.

Three weeks passed. The competition was but a week away.

Then one night Jan looked for a long, long while at the cello standing so alone against the wall, and his eyes filled with tears.

And his mother, seeing it, said softly: "Play, Jan. Play something for me."

But he just shook his head.

The week passed. The evening of the competition, Jan's mother came back, tired and worn after a long day in which she had tramped the streets trying to sell her laces, but she brought them all back with her.

"Mother," Jan whispered, "didn't . . . you sell any?" She shook her head. She took a few coins from her purse and counted them. Without speaking, Jan knew that they were the last.

"Mother," he said, "I'll . . . I'll enter the competition."

She stood still, and looked at him. There was a hard, set look in his small white face.

"But, Jan," she murmured, "Jan you haven't practiced . . . and . . . it's in the . . . Opera House . . ."

"Yes. It's in the Opera House . . . oh, mother, it . . . if they could hear me outside, some place, out . . . out in the country, where there are flowers . . . " His voice was soft, hushed " . . . and trees, and the sound of a river . . . " he smiled. "I could play, there."

"But the Opera House?"

"I can try," he said. Then, "We had better go."

"But Jan," said his mother, "you haven't practiced . . "

They went. Jan held his cello very closely to him as they walked up Mariahilfer street, to where the streets became lighter, and wider, to the great Opera House.

It was early, and not many were there. He went backstage. Five or six boys were waiting, each with his cello. Jan recognized Koellner, in a new suit and a red tie. He had a big head and thick lips.

And then the little professor came, seemingly from nowhere, wringing his hands and mumbling: "There is no competition . . . Eberheardt . . . "

The boy Koellner ran up to him.

"What is it? What is it you are telling us?"

The little professor looked at them all with his mouth open for awhile, then he said:

"The master is sick, and cannot come. And he was to be the main judge. There is no competition."

The boys looked at each other, not quite understanding.

Then one of the back doors opened and the manager came in.

"There will be a competition," he said with a disgusted grin on his face, "it will be tomorrow."

"But . . . . but Eberheardt?" said one.

"Wait till you hear," he said. "The Conservatory Competition, if you please, will be out in the country, in an open-air theatre." He turned on his heels and slammed the door after him.

Koellner and one of the others, red in the face, followed him.

But Jan stayed. His heart racing with happiness, he listened with all attention to the little professor as he gave his instructions. Then he went out to his mother, and he told her about it, in a queer, hoarse voice, as they walked towards Mariahilfer street.

* * * *

It took them all of the few coins that were left for the suburban trolley that took them out into the open country. And Jan's heart was singing with happiness. The thought came to him as they rode, the fresh air bringing a flush of color into his wan cheeks, that he had not touched his cello for a month, but that did not worry him. It seemed that almost any obstacle was passable now that he was out in the country of which he had dreamed so much. And often, here and there, they passed little white houses with small gardens in front.

There was already a crowd as they arrived. All the other boys were there, a disgusted look on their faces. Jan remembered them all, from the Conservatory, and he nodded to them. The opera manager was there, and he wondered at the courage of this boy who had failed so surely and still wanted to try for the great competition. Down in front, in a wheel-chair, sat the master, the great Eberheardt, his long, white hair moving gently as the wind played with it. Jan looked at him, fascinated.

And then it began. Jan had been told he was last.

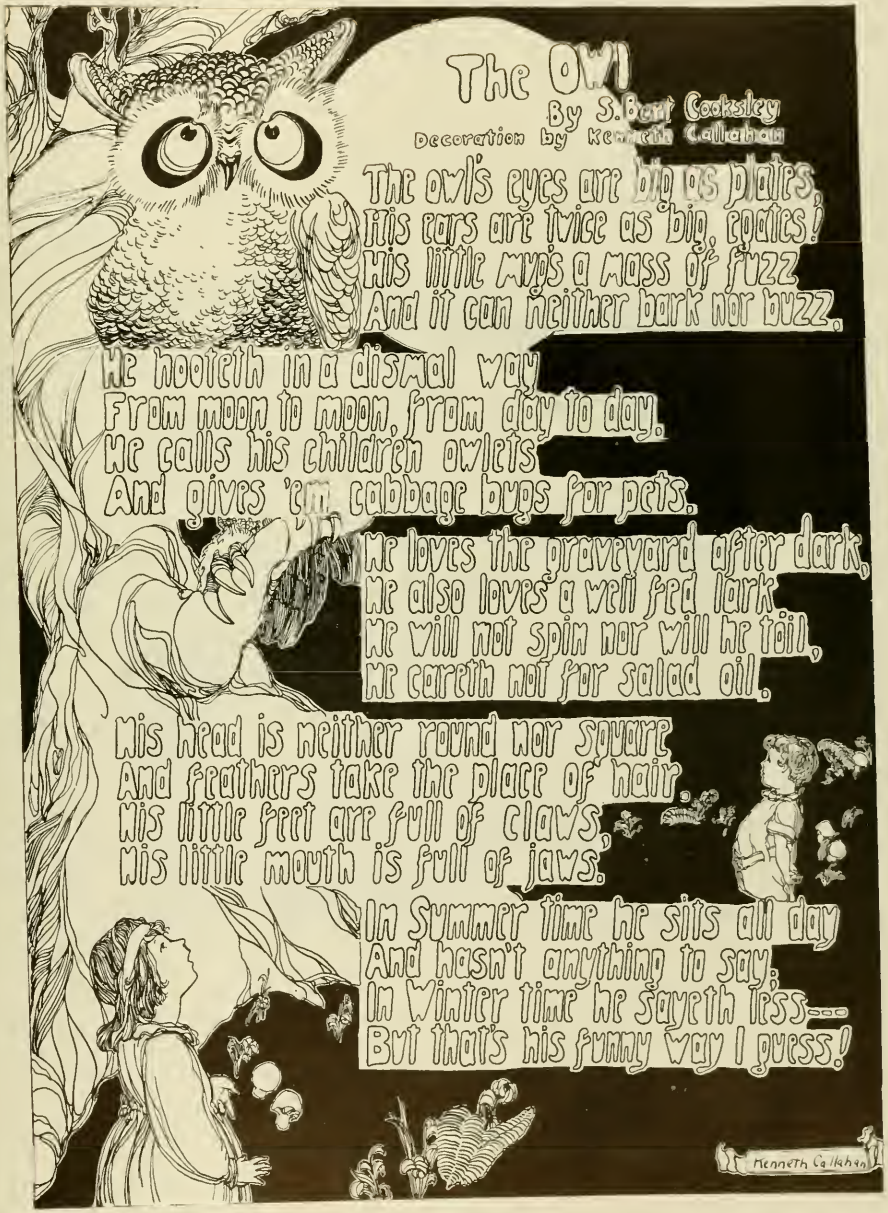
A little boy with great blue eyes and yellow curls was first. He played rather well, thought Jan, but he was very much afraid. The next one was older, and he had an assured air about him that was condemning. And so

(Continued on Page 339)

THE MOONLIGHT ELVES

By Thomas J. Glynn

I lie awake upon my bed
And watch the stars wink overhead.
And as I watch come skipping down
The little elves of Moonlight Town.
They join their hands and dance about,
And gayly sing, and loudly shout.
They rough my hair and tickle and tease,
And leap about with every breeze.
They scatter dream-dust in my eyes,
Then point at me and shout: "Surprise."
A cloud across the moon is blown,
And, lo! the Moonlight elves have flown.
And heavier each eyelid grows,
As come my dreams and sweet repose.


The Owl
By S. Burt Cocksley
Decoration by Kenneth Callahan
The owl's eyes are big as plates,
His ears are twice as big, gosh!
His little mug's a mass of fuzz
And it can neither bark nor buzz.
He hooteth in a dismal way
From moon to moon, from day to day.
He calls his children owlets
And gives 'em cabbage bugs for pets.
He loves the graveyard after dark,
He also loves a well fed lark
He will not spin nor will he toil,
He careth not for salad oil.
His head is neither round nor square
And feathers take the place of hair.
His little feet are full of claws,
His little mouth is full of jaws.
In Summer time he sits all day
And hasn't anything to say;
In Winter time he sayeth less...
But that's his funny way I guess!
Kenneth Callahan

Percival Reaches Out

By JOHN B. WOOSTER

Illustrated by Kenneth Callahan

PERCIVAL HARGREVE BHUNTLET had always been a sweet, lovely boy. People liked him, that is, women did. Men and boys somehow passed Percival by. Perhaps the ladies saw the stalwart heart that beat beneath his velvet Fauntleroy jacket. Men do not see those things. He was tall and well put together, but beyond that he did not look much like a human being. Percival Hargreve Bhuntlet was almost twelve years old, but — Percival Hargreve wore a Fauntleroy suit. His hair was bobbed. He wore glasses with large shell frames. He spoke with a cultured accent. He called his mother, Mothah, deah. He had never called his father Dad. He called him Fathaw. He took a bawth every evening.

Now, Percival Bhuntlet was, notwithstanding the kindly and close attention of his parents, not a happy boy. In school he was the butt of every joke. After school, he was again the target for a little while—and then he was ignored.

"Mothaw, deah" had told Percival not to play with those rough boys. And she told him never to fight with them. And, above all, never to allow them to teach him the frightful language that the awful little creatures used.

"Fathaw" sometimes would look at Percival and slowly shake his head. Sometimes he openly stated his disapproval.

"For heaven's sake, Kate, give the kid a chance to grow up real. It was bad enough for you to wish the name Percival on him, without making him live up to it."

Mrs. Bhuntlet touched the tiny tear that quivered at the corner of her eye, with a tiny lace handkerchief, and replied: "Herbert, I'm raising a gentleman; you pay attention to your office and I will worry about your home. Our son is charming. Everyone says so."

That generally ended it. But now it was Percival's twelfth birthday, and Percival (they never called him Percy) was in revolt. Don't think for a minute that it was open revolt. If you had ever seen Mrs. Bhuntlet you would understand that no one could openly revolt before her. But as she was fastening a small lace collar on his sweet velvet suit, he caught his reflection in the mirror.

"Mothaw, deah," he whined. "I soon must lay aside this childish dress. Already I'm reaching for greater things."

"What do you mean, Percival?"

"Well, I'm growing up, and I can't always wear pretty little clothes like these."

"Do you mean you don't like these lovely clothes?"

"Oh yes, I'm used to them, but the boys say that I'm too big to dress like a child movie star."

"Too big? Do you not think, Percival, that I am the best judge of that? When the time comes for a change, it will be done."

"Yes, mothaw, deah. But do change me soon; and I want my hair cut, too."

"Your hair cut! Oh, no, mother couldn't stand that. You have such beautiful hair."

" . . . but there is so much of it."

"This is the fate of mothers," remarked Mrs. Bhuntlet to the ceiling, in her most dramatic style, "You would rob me of my child, my baby."

"But I'm not a baby."

"You are to me."

"That's just it. I want to be a man. Can't I dress like one just once?"

"Certainly not."

'Please, mothaw, deah," whimpered Percival Hargreve.

Mrs. Bhuntlet groaned, and fished around her eye for another tear, and hurriedly left the room to change her clothes for the birthday party. And Percival sank hopelessly into a chair.

"This is dreadful," he said, to no one in particular. "It is worse than dreadful. It is impossible. Here I am, twelve years old, and I've never had any fun. Every time I try to make mothaw let me play she suggests something I don't like. Today is my birthday, and mothaw is giving me a party, and I'm the only kid that's going to attend it. There's going to be my music teacher, and my French coach, and my singing teacher, and a lot of mother's friends, and they'll make me sing. And everyone will run their fingers through my hair and tell me how they'd like to have it. I wish they had it. Then more school tomorrow, and I will be teased and taunted by the boys, and I haven't got a friend in the whole world, and I wish I was a newsboy, or a train engineer, or something. I wish I could think of something to do." But he couldn't.

The party was a great success. Everyone thought so but Percival. But Percival couldn't say what he thought, and Percival's father didn't say what he thought. While Mrs. Bhuntlet was telling the guests how sweet Percival was when he learned to walk, the boy edged slowly to his father. He tugged at the man's sleeve, and said: "Fathaw, beside all the other nice presents you gave me, may I have something I really want?"

"What is it?"

"A dollar."

The father looked at his son for a moment, and raised his eyebrows. Then he hopefully lowered his voice.

"What do you want a dollar for?"

"A surprise."

"For whom do you want it?"

"Everybody. Really, fathaw, you'll make me awfully happy if you'll give me a dollar without telling mothaw."

Mr. Bhuntlet grunted, and handed his son a crisp dollar bill.

"Thank you, fathaw, deah," said Percival.

His father looked at him, then suddenly frowned, and left the room.

That night Percival lay in his bed, staring wide-eyed at the ceiling, shivering.

"I'm going to do it; I'm going to do it; I'm going to do it," he told himself over and over again.

* * * *

School drew to a close the next day, and nothing worse had befallen Percival than being a target for a few spit balls until after school. When the bell rang, with a sick little dread tugging at his heart, Percival started through the door. The gang was formed in a circle waiting for him.

"Here he comes," they shouted.

" . . . mother's little white lamb . . . "

" . . . let's take his books . . . "

" . . . let's rub his face in the mud . . . "

One boy, larger than the others, blocked his way. Percival approached, then said: "Please let me pass."

"Make me."

A humble little shrug acknowledged that Percival could not make him. His tormentor seized upon his beautiful red windsor tie.

"Gimme this."

"Please don't muss it," begged Percival. "Mothaw will be frightfully angry if you do."

"Blah!" The boy ripped the tie from about Percival's neck. Then something happened. Afterwards, Percival could not tell what it was.

But a voice inside of him said, "Now." His manicured fingers clenched. His fists suddenly doubled, and shot out. The nose of the larger boy bumped into it. Wack! The other fist landed in the ample depths of the fellow's stomach. The force knocked him from his feet. He sat up crying, and made no move to rejoin the fray.

The God of War now kindled Percival's veins. He faced the remaining boys.

"Now listen," he said, "I wear these clothes because my mothaw wants me to, but all you fellows have been unkind to me, so I really must chastise you."

"Say, big boy, do you mean you will fight all of us?"

"I'll try," obliged Percival.

Percival Hargreve hit somebody, and somebody hit Percival Hargreve. Then another face loomed before him and he hit it. Then he staggered and was down, with the mob on top of him. Biff! Bang! Wham! A cloud of dust settled over the conflict and hid the worst of the slaughter. For twenty minutes the uproar continued, punctuated by various boys emerging from the fray, nursing an eye, a nose, an ear or the place where a tooth used to be. Then . . . as suddenly as it had started, it was over. The dust settled. Perched upon the chest of a boy as large as himself, sat Percival Hargreve Bhuntlet.

"Will you do as I request?" asked Percival.

"No."

ANIMALS

One rainy day, just for a lark,
I jumped and stamped on my new Noah's ark;
I crushed an elephant, smashed the gnu,
And snapped a camel clean in two.

I finished the wolf without half tryin',
The wild hyena and roaring lion;
I knocked down Ham and Japheth, too,
And cracked the legs of the kangaroo.

I finished, besides, two pigs and a donkey,
A polar bear, opossum, and monkey;
Also the lions, tigers, and cats,
And dromedaries and little rats.

There wasn't a thing that didn't feel
Sooner or later the weight o' my heel;
I felt as grand as grand could be,
But oh, the whipping my mammy gave me!

—Floyd Johnstone.

"Please," begged Percival, driving a few punches into the other chest.

"Can I have mine back?"

"No, keep still."

There was silence, then the vanquished foe admitted his defeat.

"Now you come with me," ordered Percival as he rose and surveyed the wreck of his pretty little suit.

"Where?"

"Come on."

"Can I have mine back?"

"Come on."

"I won't till you promise to give me mine back."

"Come on," said Percival, clenching his fist.

"Oh, alright," said the vanquished boy as he trudged after his conqueror.....

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Bhuntlet sat on the porch resting, enjoying one of the quiet moments of their day together.

"I can't understand what is keeping Percival," the mother worried.

"Leave the kid alone,". grunted the father, "he'll come home."

"But he has to practice his piano, and he has a singing lesson tonight."

"Why don't you let the kid have a little fun?"

"I don't understand you, Herbert. Fun?"

"Oh, let him be regular. When I was his age, I was out fighting the whole neighborhood."

"You must have been very ill-bred."

"Eh!" said Mr. Bhuntlet.

"You must have been very ill-bred."

Mr. Bhunlet did not hear her. "Great jumping Jehosophat!" he exclaimed.

His wife followed his gaze. Her mouth opened wide as she saw the picture coming up the walk.

There came a parade, and Percival Hargreve Bhuntlet led the march. But such a Percival! He was clothed in a neat pair of brown knickers. He wore a regular shirt, with a regular four-in-hand tie. A neat brown sweater adorned the upper half of him. His hair—his beautiful, beautiful hair—was cut short, and parted on one side. One eye boasted a dark blue circle. For the first time in his life, or at least since he started to school, he was without glasses. He walked to the foot of the stairs, and stopped.

"Percival," sobbed his mother, "who cut your hair?"

"The barber."

Mrs. Bhuntlet gazed in horror at Mr. Bhuntlet. Mr. Bhuntlet was waving his arms and gesticulating. "Look," he roared.

She looked, and words failed her. The last of the vanquished enemies was slinking into the garden. Both his eyes were black. And he wore the Fauntleroy suit that had so recently adorned her son.

"Listen, Dad," pleaded Percival, " the boys have teased me every day about my being a sissy, so I had to beat them all up. I did it, and they have made me the leader of their gang. Dad, won't you buy me some regular suits?"

The father gazed at the lad, and stuttered, and could find no words, but finally he wiggled his finger, and Percival followed him into the house, and up the stairs. His father closed the door.

"I suppose I should give you a lecture," he said, "but I'm not going to. It's not fair to your mother, but I am proud of you. Shake!"

Their hands met in a firm clasp, then Mrs. Bhuntlet's voice was heard calling them; "Herbert, it's time for Percival's lesson."

"Tell the teacher," commanded Mr. Bhuntlet, "that Percival—that Percy—uh! That the boy isn't singing any more. He will not have any time. He's the leader of the gang now."

The man and the boy clasped hands again. Percival felt the glory of the conqueror. He needed an expression that would tell of his joy. He found it. He thrust his hands into his pockets, and uttered it.

"Hot dog!" He gasped, "everything is hunky-dory now!"

MORNING

At seven o'clock in the morning,
  The dew yet gleams in the grass,
The blue-gray lake in the foothills
  Is one great gleaming mass.
The sun shines through a hazy
  Half-revealing light
That make the mountains dream-like
  And hides the hills from sight.
Before, behind, all 'round me
  The morning choir sings,
While from a dewy cobweb
  A lazy spider swings.
How lovely is the morning
  Before our work's begun,
When everything of nature
  Lies sparkling in the sun.

ELIZABETH BAKER.

LIFE

Life is short and each day that one sees
Means one day less to live; and every life
Is but a mote in the great lasting strife
That has gone on since unknown centuries.
As one looks at the past and tries to read
The meaning of this short time that we spend
Upon this earth: "What does it all portend?"
One asks: "What good is there in all, what need
To suffer trials and endure such grief,
To strive to reach a goal and never gain;
What need that every one should suffer pain
While waiting for eternities relief?"
  But if to someone happiness you've brought,
  You've struggled well and have not lived for naught.

ELIZABETH BAKER.

Introducing

JACK MAIL

JAPANESE MORNING

. . . . And then the solitary bird
Flew near the stalks of tall bamboo.
Its wings were drenched with early dew
And laughing silver bells were heard.

The sky was like an ancient print,
That thru the years had faded grown.
The purple Iris were half blown
There in the pool of purple tint.

The still scene opened like a fan,
The bird flew swiftly to the wood,
And then at once I understood
That it was morning in Japan.

NYMPH SONGS

A giant tree to give me shade,
The fleeting breeze to be my fan,
Red flowers in the orange glade,
There shall I wait to dance with Pan.

My lips shall be stained crimson fine,
I'll tie my hair with rainbow links,
My feet in silver sandals shine,
As I wait there to hear his syrinx.

I'll crash my cymbals as I sing
My song of joy, my gay, wild song;
And then I'll dance a whirling ring,
And laughing Pan shall dance along.

THE CLOTHES LINE

How the clothes flap on the line.
A bright red skirt caught by the wind
Like a scarlet balloon blown up.
And now the lemon-tinted stockings fly,
Kicking
Like the lovely yellow legs of some happy dancer.
Many linen towels.
How white,
Like the garments of a nun.
A pin is loosed from a dark blue waist.
It drops gracefully
As the dark blue night
Drops upon the day.

What a contrast to the gray roof:
Bright clothes
Flapping on the line.

GARDEN NEAR A FENCE

A Dahlia red as Satan's horns,
A lovely rose with lovely thorns,
Bright Marigolds and Fuchsias grew
Near the fence where the sun looked thru.

DAWN COMES

When the dawn comes
I shall walk
To the side of the cliff
And wait.

For you said
It would be dawn
When you came.

Dawn comes . . . .
But you forget.
Or was it another dawn
By another cliff?

A CLOUD, A TREE

Like a giant Marigold
The sun is glowing;
And the thin, white ribbons of clouds
Are lightly blown
Across arched heavens.

High upon a purple hill
A tree is swaying
Gracefully . . . .
A swinging pendant on an amethyst jewel.

I, too, am lightly blown thru vast blue space
And swayed
By the autumn breeze,
For my soul is a cloud,
My heart a tree.

PETER

By **Marjorie M. Adams**

Illustrated by Della Taylor

"PAT, me man," said Mrs. Brannagan, coming into the kitchen with an apronful of fresh-laid eggs, "somebuddy's been into the chicken house again. There's two of me best laying hens that's gone."

"The divil they are!" Sergeant Patrick Brannagan of the detective force sat up with a professional gleam in his eye, "and how long since?"

"How do ye think I know? retorted his spouse. "They wuz there this morning, an' thin they wasn't. Try now and put some of your marrrrvelous powers of observation t' work on the case, and I'll make ye some of that chocolate pudding ye like so well, if you find thim."

Ten-year-old Peter Brannagan, tracing on the floor the complications of a weird mechanism composed of strings, spools, and an old tin can, which would some day—if all went well—become a steam engine, looked up from his work.

"Mebbe—" he began.

"Hould your tongue," said Sergeant Patrick Brannagan, "I'm thinkin'."

He lit a pipe to help him in his thoughts, and through the spiral wreaths of smoke his blue eyes narrowed at the wall. Who could it have been? A vision of the Sanders boy, stoop-shouldered and furtive, sliding along the street with bag or suitcase in hand, appeared. There were also the Dodd twins, a boy and girl of mischievous turn of mind, who sometimes made collections of school pencils and erasers, but had never been known to take anything more serious. There was, of course, the possibility of hoboes. Also—there was Sammy Johnson. Sergeant Brannagan arose and put on his coat and vest, the latter adorned with a large silver star which seemed to blink in surprise at being put to work on its owner's day off duty.

"Make me thot pudding, Mary darlint," he said. "Ye shall have your hens."

Peter put aside his steam engine, dusted off his hands, arose and followed his father from the house.

* * * *

The first nickname that Peter Brannagan ever gained at school was "Slow-Poke." While other children skipped through their studies, reciting readily under the teacher's eye—though oftentimes from "cribs"—Peter floundered hopelessly in the web of the opening lines. His round moon-face shone with perspiration and effort. His hands opened and shut with pure embarrassment as the children snickered and laughed, and the teacher waited patiently for him to reach the end of the recitation.

"I don't know it yet," he would say after each failure, "but I *will!*"

This was literally true. Throughout the term he lagged four lessons behind, but when the review work came, and old ground was covered again in preparation for examinations, Peter was in his element. Answers came straight and true, if still a bit slowly, and the examinations meant to him no hurried re-learning of things half read and undigested, but the putting to use, for the first time, of facts just understood. He finished each term well in the forefront of the class—a thing which the rest forgot in the joy of renewed teasing when study began again. But in those final examination papers lay the secret of the teacher's patience with Peter. They were the proof of something which Mr. Markham had felt inwardly for one memorable day that had brought shame and embarrassment to Peter.

It had been an arithmetic lesson. Quick addition was the work at hand, and Mr. Markham had reeled off a list of numbers to be put down on paper and added up, the first one through to shout his answer.

"Seven-eighteen-four-six—" pencils were scratching busily, "—one-seven-eleven."

There was a flurry of addition, then a girl spoke up.

"Fifty-five!"

"Wrong."

"Forty-nine!" It was Harry Mulford speaking.

"Wrong!"

"Fifty-four."

"Right!"

Little Maisie Anderson, of the black curls and serious eyes, had been the first to get the answer.

The arithmetic books were put away, and the history books brought out. Half way through a lesson on the battle of Waterloo, an exultant voice sounded from the back of the room.

"Fifty-four!" Peter Brannagan had finished his addition.

There was a roar of laughter from the class, but Mr. Markham had looked at Peter with a queer little light in his eyes.

"Right!" he said, without the flicker of a smile.

* * * *

Peter stared after his father walking away down the street, with a frown between his eyes. He had had something which he wanted to say to his father, and it was highly important. Should he go after him? He considered the matter. No; on second thought it might not be best. Once he had followed his father to police headquarters, and, having made inquiries there, would have pursued the matter further, only that a burly policeman caught him by the seat of his small trousers as he started off.

"And where are ye going now?" he demanded.

"To my father," said Peter. "He left his lunch at home, and I found it."

"Yer father is busy capturin' two of the harrrrdest-boiled crooks in the country," said his captor, "and he can't be bothered with the likes of you. Thot is, unless ye're wantin' to take a chance on stopping lead?"

"That I'm not," said Peter slowly, "not for the sake of a lunch basket."

"Go home, then," said the policeman, releasing him.

Remembering this, and other incidents, Peter abandoned his plan, and had turned back to the house when a voice hailed him from the porch next door.

"Hey, Slow-Poke, whatcha doing?"

"Nothing."

"Come over and play marbles, then," invited the other, tossing a handful of bright, new "taws" into the air and catching them again. "We can play in the back yard."

"All right."

Together they ran around the house and into the back yard, where a smooth and level patch of ground made an excellent field for marbles. The game soon ran high in excitement, and both boys unconsciously edged over toward the vegetable patch. A long shot caused one of the marbles—a lovely red one—to roll off among the vegetables. Peter followed it on hands and knees, until his eyes came level with a large cabbage plant, the leaves of which were torn and half-eaten.

He stared at it in silence.

"Does your mother keep chickens?"

"No," said the other. "Never mind about chickens. Come on back here and finish the game."

But Peter had risen to his feet and started off.

"See you later," he called over his shoulder, "I've got something to do."

In the rear of the Brannagan house a path led to the enclosed shed where Mrs. Brannagan kept her chickens at night. Peter unfastened the wire latch and stepped inside.

The long afternoon wore away, and Mrs. Brannagan came to her door from time to time, shading her eyes with a work-gnarled hand and looking up and down the quiet little street.

"What in hivin's name can those two be doin'?" she demanded of the cat that came purring to her feet, "and it goin' on to supper time!" The cat offered no answer except another purr, and Mrs. Brannagan stooped down to give it a hasty pat before re-entering the house. She was a busy woman.

It was a pitiful, cringing figure that came stumbling into the Brannagan's yard an hour later, its collar gripped firmly in Sergeant Brannagan's huge official hand. In the middle of the yard the sergeant seized his victim, and, turning him upside down without ceremony, proceeded to shake him. A shower of small coins, watches, knives, fountain pens and other objects, all obviously stolen, fell to the ground.

"Ye're a fine sight," said Brannagan, surveying the collection, "an' I wuz your father I'd tan yer trousers so ye couldn't sit down for a month. Where did ye get all that?"

"Mis' Brannagan!" cried the terrified negro boy, honest to gawsh, I——"

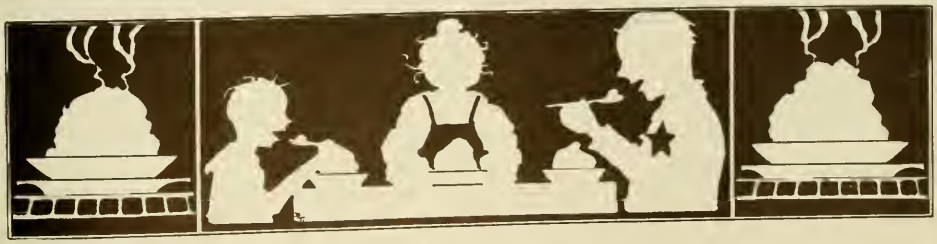
"Niver mind yer lies," said the sergeant, "what I want right now is those hens. We'll forget about the rest of this, for the prisent, if you'll take me to the chicken house and show me every step of the way you took from here to your home, for I want the evidence clearly in mind for future reference. You're headed for the reform school, Sammy Johnson."

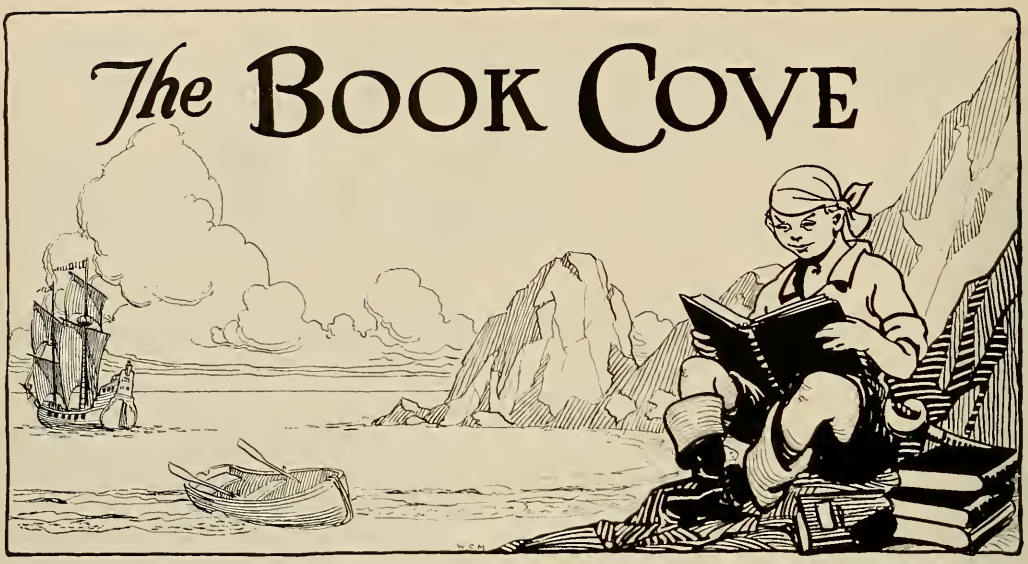
"Mis' Brannagan!" pleaded the boy, "I——"

"Hould yer tongue. Forward, march!"

At the entrance to the chicken house they paused. Sammy was weeping hysterically, the sergeant breathing hard. It was nearly dusk, and a few sleepy "cheeps" from the coops behind came to their ears. Then there

(Continued on Page 341)





Where Directions for Finding New Treasures Are Given

By ALINE KISTLER

THE first book to come into the Cove this month is *"Prester John,"* by John Buchan. What great adventure it is! It is the sort of book that you older boys and girls will enjoy, for what one of you is there who does not like a swiftly moving story of adventure in the heart of Africa.

The story starts in Scotland when David Crawford, who tells the tale, is quite a small boy. And because he then happened to see something meant for no living person, he learned the secret of a great African leader. This secret gave him the key to a critical situation that arose years later when he was employed at an outpost trading station in Africa. What happened then, and the consequences, make a wonderfully fascinating story.

"Prester John" is written in a style reminiscent of "Treasure Island." There is the same unshackled action with quick, direct movement. It holds one's interest from the first to the last page.

"Prester John," Buchan—$2.50, Doran.

"Judy's Perfect Year," by Ethel Hume Bennett, is for girls, so the boys can skip these paragraphs. In fact, you had better not read them because I can see you wrinkle up your noses and say, "Humph, one of those boarding school books." All right for you. You have your books that are just as uninteresting to girls as their books are to you. Maybe you have already met Judy Benson in one of the two earlier books about her. If you have not, girls, you will like her from the start, as soon as you open the book and plunge into the new school year at York. The book fairly bubbles with young girl enthusiasm and older people may think it exaggerated. But I do not believe it is. I remember when everything looked the way it does to Judy.

You will find Judy a dandy girl. She came a little closer to her ideal than most of us ever do, but she is not a prig. I hope you like her as much as I did.

"Judy's Perfect Year," Bennett — $1.75, Houghton Mifflin.

Perhaps you already know and like the stories of *"The Alhambra,"* by Washington Irving. Whether you do, or don't, you will have good fun reading the tales of that palace of mystery and splendor as they have been selected and rearranged by Mabel Williams. This book is one of Macmillan's Children's Classics and is recommended especially for boys and girls from twelve to fifteen years old. The quaint silhouettes and other illustrations by Warwick Goble carry out the glamor that surrounds Irving's tales.

"The Alhambra," Irving—$1.75, Macmillan.

How glad I was when a copy of *"The Hungry Tiger of Oz"* arrived! But, to tell the truth, I was both glad and a little bit afraid. You see, I have not read an Oz book for some time, and, though I wanted to get hold of this newest one, I was a little afraid that it might not be so good as the old ones. Then I wondered if Ruth Plumly Thompson, who has undertaken to continue the

series, would have quite the charm of Frank L. Baum.

As soon as the book came, I started to read it, and, if you won't tell any one who might think I was setting you a bad example, I'll confess that I did not stop until it was finished. And that was not until long after any reasonable, proper bed time.

What funny, fine people those Oz folks are! And these new ones, the Vegetable Man, the Airman, Prince Evered, Irashi, Ippity and the Down Towners—what queer creatures they are, but how entertaining!

If you have never read an Oz book, you must lose no time in doing so. No matter how old you are, or how much you think you know, you have missed something if you don't know the land of Oz and the funny things that happen there. If you have read other Oz books, you will want to read this one, too, for it is equal to or better than any Frank L. Baum ever wrote after "The Wizard of Oz."

"The Hungry Tiger of Oz," Baum-Thompson—$2.50, Reilly & Lee.

A really good fairy story is a splendid find and when one finds a book that contains nine lovely fairy tales and a number of good poems by ten different poets, surely one has a right to be glad. When *"Number Four, Joy Street"* arrived in the Cove, one look at the names on the jacket convinced me that it is an out-of-the-ordinary book—for among the authors are Walter de la Mare, Lord Dunsany, Hillaire Belloc, Laurence Housman, Compton Mackenzie, Mabel Marlowe, Goeffry Vickers and Valerie Carrick.

I wish I could tell you about each of the stories and poems in the book. Perhaps it is best, though, for you to read them and decide for yourself which you like best. The stories are all well written and, though some of the poems seem sort of silly to me, maybe you will like them.

"Number Four, Joy Street,"—$2.50, Appleton.

"Is the Little Blue Man real or is he paper?" asked Beppino.

"No one knows better than I do," replied Maria, "for I made him, myself. A work of art is always real."

I have quoted the book itself to tell you about the hero of Giuseppe Faniciulli's *"The Little Blue Man,"* which has been translated from the Italian by May Sweet. The life story of this little marionette is a fanciful thing such as you would like to read to little sister or little brother. The Little Blue Man has strange experiences in Cricketopolis and Cyclamenland and, because of his "three kind deeds" that brought him the "three miraculous recipes," he is able to make everyone around him happy as he travels along. I wonder if you will like the end with which the Little Blue Man had to be content?

"The Little Blue Man," Faniciulli—$1.75, Houghton, Mifflin.

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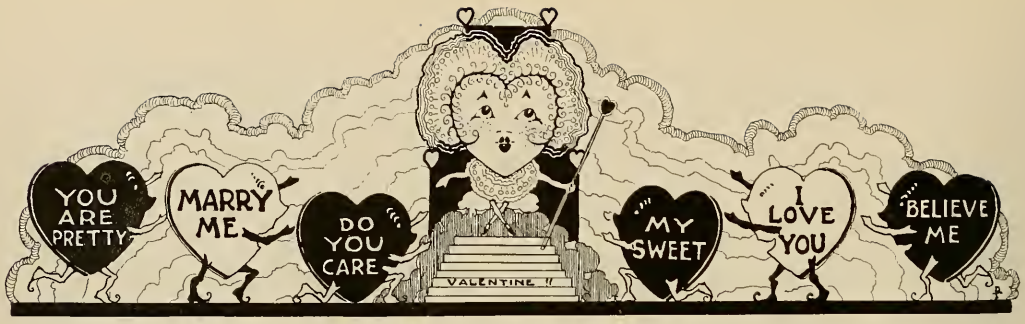


VALENTINE

Written by BETH WENDEL

A play in one act to be given at your Valentine party.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

VALENTINE.....*The Queen of Hearts*
LOLYPOP.....*The Prime Minister*
PRINCE CHOCOLATE ROLL
RED HEART
THE SIX MOTTOES
.....*Suitors of Valentine*

Scene—Valentine's Throne Room.

Prime Minister Lolypop—Really, Valentine, you must marry very soon. The Land of Hearts needs a king. Prince Chocolate Roll and Six Mottoes all seek your hand.

Valentine—Prince Chocolate is too fat and I am tired of hearing the Mottoes say the same thing over and over again.

Prime Minister Lolypop—For a thousand years the Queens of Heart have married Chocolate Rolls or Mottoes. Why, your own father was a Motto.

Valentine—Mottoes have changed, Lolypop.

Prime Minister Lolypop—I believe you have some secret love. One of the Mottoes told me that you have walked outside the garden gate every evening—and not alone.

Valentine—Yes, it is true. Every evening I meet my true love, Red Heart.

Prime Minister—You must never see him again! He is a bandit! If he enters the Palace gates he will be killed by the Mottoes. Enough of this nonsense! The Mottoes and Prince Chocolate Roll await your presence.

Valentine—Let them wait! Oh, tell them to come in. They will stay around here until I see them!

Prime Minister Lolypop rings a bell.

Enter Prince Chocolate Roll and The Six Mottoes. They all bow.

Prince Chocolate Roll—My Sweet!
Valentine—My lemon!
First Motto—I Love You.
Valentine—I don't love you!
Second Motto—Believe Me!
Valentine—I won't.
Third Motto—Do You Care?
Valentine—Not at all.
Fourth Motto—Marry Me?
Valentine—Certainly not!
Fifth Motto—You Are Pretty.
Valentine—You are a fright.
Sixth Motto—Kiss Me.
Valentine—I'll slap your face.

Prime Minister Lolypop—Gentlemen, Valentine has confessed to me that she loves Red Heart the bandit. She will never marry any of you while he lives. Every evening she meets him outside the Palace gates. Hide behind the bushes until he comes, then kill him!

All the Mottoes—We will! (They rush out).

Prince Chocolate Heart—I'll finish him! (follows the Mottoes).

Valentine—I will save him! (jumps down from the throne).

Prime Minister Lolypop (stopping her)—You cannot go! He has stolen from the Mottoes for years.

Valentine—The Mottoes have only words to steal and my Red Heart needed a few of them to tell me that he loved me. He will never steal from them again. People do not use Mottoes after they're married.

Prime Minister Lolypop—He stole from Prince Chocolate Heart, too!

Valentine—Just a little sugar to help win me. People don't have to be sweet after they're married.

Prime Minister Lolypop—Your argument comes too late. By this time your Red Heart is cut into a thousand pieces.

Valentine—Then the Land of Hearts will have no king! I will not be married to the Mottoes or to that fat Prince Chocolate Roll! I will spend my life drawing Red Hearts pierced by a golden bow! I will have you banished to the Land of Stoves, where you will melt into a sticky lump! O Red Heart! Red Heart! Come to me! I will be your Valentine!

Red Heart (enters, breathing hard)—Valentine!

Valentine—Red Heart! (They embrace).

Prime Minister Lolypop—Where are the Mottoes and Prince Chocolate Roll?

Red Heart—Gone forever. Fortunately I took my pet pig walking with me tonight. When the Mottoes and Prince Chocolate Roll attacked me, he ate them all in seven gulps.

Valentine—Hurrah!

Prime Minister Lolypop—My poor friends; murdered by a bandit's pig!

Red Heart—I admit that I stole from the Mottoes, but I will use the stolen goods now for the last time. My Sweet! I Love You! Believe Me! Do You Care? Marry Me? Kiss Me! There! Never Again!

Valentine—My King—King Red Heart.

Prime Minister Lolypop—This is terrible.

Valentine—The Land of Stoves for you.

Prime Minister Lolypop—Mercy, Your Majesty.

Red Heart—Don't banish him, Valentine. It will be nice to have Lolypop around on birthdays and anniversaries and holidays.

Valentine—Very well, he may stay if he doesn't bother us. He is really a valuable man at times. In fact, I may miss the Mottoes and even fat Prince Chocolate Roll.

Red Heart—Never, with your Red Heart here.

Valentine—Well, I hope not.

[THE END]

QUESTIONHEIRESS

By ROSALIE MOORE

"Ah, eenie me! Oh, minee-mo!
I cannot stand thou's chatter,"
Her wise and woozy mother said—
"I know what helps this matter:

"I'll tell a fable, strange and mange,
Which answers all the quizzes
That little girls could ever thunk—
So whist, hist, list, and squizzes!

Now Mother Woozy had a child
Named Lily-Silly-Shaddy,
(The "Lily" part was after Ma—
The "Silly" part for Daddy.)

Now Lily-Sil was willy-nil,
And shrilly and digestion—
She drove her mother chilly-squill
With rilly pilly question.

"Oh, Mater, Mother, Ma?" she'd squawk,
"Who makes you make the be-wed?
And if my kitty's ears are green,
How can a book be rea-wed?"

"Oh, Matermotherma," she'd yelp,
"Why don't you buy two bee-wees?
What does a woolly wormey want?
And what does make three flea-wees?"

"A year and twenty days ago,
There lived inside a tractor,
A lovely, lavish, ravish king
Who made his son an actor;

"This king, ('twas thirty years ago),
To see his son's debut,
Invited all his loppy realm
To 'oh,' and 'ah,' and 'oo.'

"So all the floppy, moppy court
(In three and fifty hours)
Were at the play with scrapes and drapes,
And many wilting flowers.

"But son he acted awfully—
He acted like a squall—
He acted up, and acted down,
And wouldn't act a-tall!

" 'I'd rather eat nice skoodle pies,'
Said he, 'I will not do it!'
'Get lost within your part,' said Pa,
'And then you'll soon be through it.'

"He did as bade (oh, woe!) the part
That prince, he lost him in it—
And no one in that weeping realm
Has found him to this minute!

"The tale is ended, done and through—
'Twas full of facts and zildses—
But holds a mighty, moony, morle
For wild and spilded childses;

"I know it's cured your foolish fault,"
Said Mother with a sigh-yi—
And little Lily-Sil looked up,
"But Mamamother—why-yi?"

Dots and Dashes

By S. B. DICKSON
Illustrated by Cecilia Nelson

THE CONCLUSION
CHAPTER X

"HERE they come!"

St. Dominic's thousand rooters arose as a man. Bright colored caps were flung into the air. Bright colored paper was torn into shreds and a rain of lurid confetti settled over the shoulders of the mob. A thousand throats shrieked, two thousand arms waved and above all the uproar of the Dominican band echoed back into the Midway hills. Out on to the field dashed the eleven, looking as fresh and ready for battle as they had before the first half. Their captain grinned as he trotted past the Midway bleachers and saw row upon row of disheartened faces.

Then came the Midwayites! Came the second team in a dog trot to its place on the bench, and the rooters of Midway arose and gave three rousing cheers that sounded, said Bunk Huggins, like the college yell of a correspondence school. Came the first team, and again the rooters arose and politely cheered and their yell leader groaned and pleaded with them to make some noise. They cheered again, a little louder, and the cheer dwindled away to a falsetto that brought a laugh to the ranks of the rivals.

The teams lined up. St. Dominic kicked, the ball spiraled towards the sun, and then, like an arrow, arced towards the ready arms of a Midwayite. And then, a thousand Midway hearts stood still, a thousand pairs of eyes could hardly believe what they saw, a low murmur ran from the first row to the top row and became a cry of amazement, a cry that mounted into an uproarious, triumphant roar, a roar that shook the very hills of Midway. For there, legs spread, muscles tense, arms ready, and with a grin on his face that threatened to split his head from ear to ear, stood Freddie O'Neil!

Where did he come from? What mad twist of fate had brought him into the game at the psychological moment? Of course they had seen his name in the line-up. But that had meant nothing. Line-ups were printed to be changed. They had never dreamed of luck such as this. But there was no time to think of it now. The game was on, and Midway's fight was ahead of them. Freddie, slippery as an eel, cut diagonally across the field, the ball firm in his outthrust hand. He was down on Midway's thirty-five yard line.

"Snap into it," roared Hoxie.

"Signal," shouted Freddie.

Out of the scrim emerged Snow, who went around the left end for a four-yard gain.

"Signal!" shouted Freddie. The Midway eleven spread out like a fan.

"Look out for a pass," cried the Dominican captain. Freddie took the ball, raised his arm as though to pass, and then suddenly darted forward through eleven Dominicans standing with their mouths open, too stunned by the turn that events had taken to know where they were at. Freddie ran twenty yards, and turned to grin at the Midway bleachers, and stumbled and fell, with the Dominican team piled on top of him.

"Signal!" Again the Midwayites spread; again Freddie stepped back to pass—and passed, twenty-two yards, to Hoxie.

"Signal!" Straight through the line of the demoralized Dominicans plunged Big Morg Lindsey to a first down six yards from the Dominican goal.

"Signal!" Straight to the heart of the line they plunged again, and the Dominican rooters roared, "Hold that line!" And the Midwayites shrieked, "We want a touchdown!" Straight to the heart of the line they plunged, and then stopped. Second down! Six yards to go!

"Signal!" You could have heard a pin drop. A fox terrier yelping behind the bleachers sounded like a fog horn. Again Hoxie and his men pounded the Dominican line, and again the line held. Third down! Five yards to go!

"Signal!" It looked as if they were again going to attack that stone wall of Dominican backs. But where was the ball? Freddie had passed it to Frenchy Lafitte. Frenchy was racing towards the north bleachers, the Dominicans after him. And then a woman shrieked, a gasp swept the side lines, and out from nowhere, the ball under his arm, that everlasting grin threatening to crack his face, came Freddie O'Neil.

And when the noise had stopped for a moment, and it was possible to hear one's self think, the score stood St. Dominic's 6, Midway 6. The teams lined up at the goal. One more point if the goal was converted, and then Midway would feel the battle half won. But something slipped, the ball hit the goal post and bounced back, and the score stood 6 to 6.

Followed twenty minutes of hard fighting, of fast football, and careful football, and now the ball threatened the Midway goal, and now it seemed sure that Midway would score again. But always the defending teams stood their ground, both sides afraid to open up, neither side willing to take a chance. It was straight football, and only a break could win for either side. Ten minutes to play, and the rival rooters rooted for victory. Eight minutes! Six minutes! Up in the top row of the Midway bleachers Tommy Smead had bitten his fingernails to the quick. Five minutes to play! Mary Ann Smithers, yell leader of the Dominican Rah-Rah Girls, had torn to shreds a new velour hat and every other hat she could lay her hands on. Four minutes to play! And then, in a flash, it was all over. Out of the scrimmage had come Freddie's tousled head, and his grinning face. He passed the ball to Hoxie, who came around back of him. Hoxie ran horizontally across the field and threw it to Freddie and with eleven men who seemed to be ten thousand men, pounding the ground after him, Freddie tore across the goal line, and the game was won. The goal was converted. The score: Midway 13, St. Dominic 6.

Down they came from the bleachers, a thousand triumphant students, joy in their hearts, and they stood with bared heads and sparkling eyes while St. Dominic's sang its Swan Song. Then, as the Midway serpentine formed and went racing wildly through the goal posts, Frenchy Lafitte emerged from the training quarters, and followed by Hoxie and Freddie O'Neil, led the way to Hoxie's room.

* * * * *

Chapter XI

They sat in the quiet of the evening, Frenchy and the little quarter-back who had led the team to victory, and Freddie told of his experiences from the time he had been smuggled away by the men in his room, when Hoxie had been knocked out, and of his imprisonment in the small room in back of Deutsch's delicatessen store.

"To think," laughed Hoxie, "that you were not more than a half mile from this room all the time."

"Yes," nodded Freddie, "but I was some prisoner. Oh they didn't rough me, and they fed me pretty well, but they wouldn't even let me stick my head out of the window when I wanted fresh air. Then, every time I would glance at the radio they would get suspicious, and in the beginning they kept me tied to a chair when I was alone."

"I still can't figure," Hoxie interrupted, "what was behind the plot. Why all the mystery? Why the secret codes? Why the wallet that somebody was to get on the Quad at midnight? Why so much battle, murder and sudden death over a football game?"

"There is just one person who is going to be able to answer that," said Frenchy Lafitte, "and goodness knows what has happened to him."

"Sammy Murk?" muttered the other two.

"Sammy Murk," nodded Foots, and then, even before the name was out of his mouth, come as though at the call of his name, the door opened, and Sammy Murk stood before them.

Stood—or rather leaned, one hand clung to a heavy cane, one leg sagged. One of Sammy's eyes looked as though it had been used for a door-mat, and his chin had a decoration of cotton and plaster. He limped to the center of the room, and waved his free hand at the group, and they stood with open mouths and waited for him to speak.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello," they answered.

"How's everything?" he demanded.

Frenchy laughed at Hoxie, and Hoxie winked at Freddie, and Freddie grinned and said, "We won!"

"Yes, I know it," said Sammy.

"Were you at the game?"

"Uh, uh."

"In the bleachers?"

"No."

"Where?"

"Under the bleachers."

"Under the which?"

"Under the bleachers."

"What were you doing there?"

"Sitting on a man."

"What were you sitting on him for?"

"So he wouldn't get away."

"Where is he?"

"Here," said Sammy Murk. He opened the door and in marched Bunk Huggins and Red Snow and Morg Lindsey and a half dozen more, and between them they pushed and dragged the well dressed stranger. Everybody tried to talk at once. Nobody said anything important, but the well dressed stranger stood with his arms folded, and was silent. Then, out of the uproar, came Hoxie's voice, shouting: "Gang, pipe down or get out!" The bunch scattered to the corners of the room, and Hoxie turned to Murk. "What's it all about, Sammy?" he demanded.

"Ask him," said Sam. Hoxie looked at the stranger. The man glared and refused to talk.

"Come on, Sammy," said Foots, "tell us your story."

Murk walked around the room, his hands thrust into his coat pockets.

"I got his address," he said, "from Corbin. His name is Somerville—Henry Arthur Somerville. He lives in Chicago. I had to go to Chicago, and so I went."

"Where'd you get the money?" demanded Hoxie.

"I rode the brakes," Sammy laughed.

"Bunk!" growled Bunk Huggins.

Frenchy glared at him and said: "Go ahead, Sammy."

"I got to Chicago and found this bird and went to his office, and he wouldn't see me at first. But when I sent him word where I was from, he saw me all right, and he told me to beat it. But I wouldn't."

"Bunk," sneered Bunk Huggins. Frenchy hit him over the head with a pillow, and he subsided into the Morris chair.

"He sailed into me," said Sammy, "and I sailed into him, and I guess he got the worst of it."

"Bu—" Before Huggins could get the word out of his mouth he was buried beneath a dozen cushions.

"Anyway," continued Sammy, "I was afraid I had killed him. The floor hit the back of his head with an awful wang, and, you see, we were alone in the office. It was lunch time. He lay there ages, and I poured water all over his nice white collar and down his neck, and brought him to, and when he was just weak enough to be able to wobble across the office I butted him into his chair . . . ."

"Bunk," said Bunk.

" . . . . I butted him into his chair, and he was too weak to fight, and I tied him in the chair with some drapery rope, swell ones that were hanging on his curtains and then I told him that if he didn't tell me what all the dirt was about I was going to turn him over to the police."

The Midwayites were breathless. It hardly seemed possible that weak little, grinning little, fat little Sammy Murk should have had so much nerve. Frenchy Lafitte knew Sammy's nerve.

"Go on, Sam," he said.

"He refused to talk at first. But then he told me a wild cock-and-bull story about somebody or other having schemed the whole thing to get him into trouble, and he didn't know anything about the plot, that he didn't know anything about the radio messages, in fact, that he didn't know anything about anything. And then, suddenly, as I rubbered around his office, I saw a photograph hanging on the wall, and then everything was as clear as mud."

"Who was the photograph of?" shouted Foots.

"Do you remember, in our Freshman year, a bird named Clarence Montifort Somerville?"

No one in the room seemed to remember the name.

"Well, I do," said Sammy. "You know, I've been here a couple of years longer than most of you fellows.

"Clarence Montifort Somerville was one of the sweetest young things who ever showed his nose on the Midway campus. He really was a darling. Used to polish his nails so that they shone like Frenchy's nose, wore the most beautiful ties in the world, regular rainbows, had oodles and gobs of money. We knew he did; he told us so. He came into Midway and expected to buy himself a gold crown and gold throne and make a regular little

king of himself. But he didn't take. In fact, the operation wasn't a success at all.

"I don't think I'll ever forget the first time he showed up at the Junior Prom. He walked in with his dance card in his hand, and . . . . "

"I remember," said Red Snow. "He stood at the door and waited for the girls to come and ask him for a dance. And we framed him. We made a bunch of the girls do it. They begged him to dance with them, and then when he went around to claim his dances, they all told him that he must be mistaken . . . . "

"Anyway," continued Sammy, "he didn't make much of a hit his first month at Midway, so he came to a bunch of us and asked us what was wrong with him, and I remember we told him that there was nothing particularly wrong with him, although his face could be improved. He got mad at that, and almost cried, and we roughed him all over the campus.

"Then he decided that he'd have to be a regular fellow if he was going to make good, so he came out for football practice. He showed up the first day, in golf pants and a gorgeous blazer, and by the time we got through with him he looked like a worn out football. We used him for a battering ram, and we used his stomach to protect our heads from the ground, and all in all football didn't make much of a hit with him. Finally, he never showed up at training, and when it came time to pick the team, he was, of course, left out in the cold. That got him mad. Then things began to happen.

"His father wrote to Piffy Henderson that his son was not receiving the athletic advantages that he had a right to expect of Midway. Piffy wrote back that if he did not like Midway he could quit. Then the old man wrote again that he would take the matter up with the faculty, and that letter did not get answered at all. Then the father came out here from Chicago—this is the bird, here—and came down to the football field when we were at practice, with his darling Clarence under his arm, and he said that Clarence was going to play football, or he'd know the reason why.

"He found out the reason, all right," Sammy laughed. "We told him to get off the field and take his baby boy with him, and when he refused, we picked up the two of them and threw them over the fence. That was the last we ever saw of the Somervilles, but Piffy did get a letter a month later from this bird, saying that some day he was going to make Midway suffer for the way it had treated him and his darling boy."

Sammy paused.

"Let's murder him," shouted Morg Lindsey.

"Bunk," groaned Bunk Huggins.

"Go easy, fellows," chipped in Frenchy Lafitte, "the man apparently is crazy. Here he has gone and concocted a plot wild enough and complicated enough for an old-fashioned melodrama, just to avenge an insult to his son. The man MUST be crazy. I can see the whole thing. First, he gets favorable odds for St. Dominic's, then, as he has lots of money to spend, and doesn't care how he spends it, he tries to buy off our stars to go professional; he gets a bunch of cheap sports to kidnap Freddie; he starts all sorts of mysterious radio messages, that in the long run don't mean anything at all; he even lays himself open to charges of assault and battery, with intent to kill, just because he's clean batty, and, finally . . . . "

" . . . . and finally he's accomplished nothing more than a sore head and an upset of all his plans," said Hox. "What'll we do with him?"

"Let's throw him in the Quad fountain," suggested Tom Jones.

"Let's hang him by his neck from the goal post," recommended Red Snow.

"Bunk," sneered Bunk Huggins.

Then Morg Lindsey took charge.

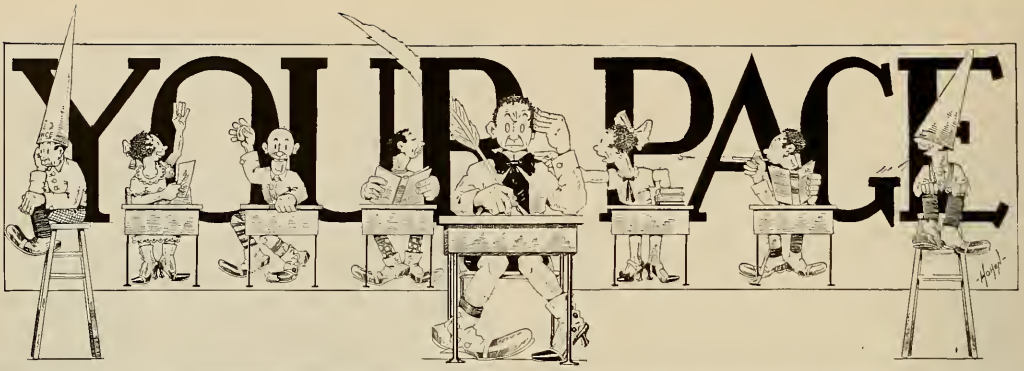
"Bunk," he said, "if ever, as long as you live, you say that word again, we are going to take you and cut out your liver and feed it to the canary birds, that is, if they eat liver. And we're going to cut your head off and give your brains to the bow-wows—if you have any brains. And then we're going to . . . . "

"Bunk," said Bunk Huggins.

And then the fight started. Pillows flew, books flew, someone smashed the electric light bulb, and darkness flew. Someone lifted someone else and sat him on the keys of the piano. Someone screamed, someone flashed a pocket electric light, someone else brought new electric light bulbs, and then, when order was restored, Bunk Huggins was seated tied in the Morris chair, his head buried in a pillow-slip.

"Where's his Nibs?" demanded Sammy Murk.

(Continued on Page 340)



Your page has become four pages this month, and we still have many, many stories left over and no space in which to print them. But they will all be used, and we want you to keep on writing them for us. Now tell us, don't you think it is truly wonderful for a little girl, just eight years old, to have written such a splendid story as Beautiful Margaretta, and such a fine poem as Where Little Boys Play. We are very glad to be able to give the prize this month to little June Oppen.

BEAUTIFUL MARGARETTA

It was Autumn. The broad landscape was dotted with small cottages. In the distance sparkled the blue river white with foam. It was far in the Swiss Alps and its peaks were covered with snow. The sun was just rising and the sky was colored with red, gold, silver and purple. It was a sight to behold. Out of one of the cottages ran a little girl. Her name was Margaretta. She called her dog Zitoe. He was a baby police-dog. "Come, we must be going to the Baths. 'Tis late, mayhap five-fifteen." As to how she looked. Her hair was dark black in thick braids, her eyebrows the same dark texture, her eyes a steel bold, laughing friendly blue like the river over yonder. Her complexion pure white, her cheeks lovely red, rather flushed, her small rosebud mouth and red smiling lips, her graceful swaying body, keeping time to the wind. As she ran, many stopped and gazed, astonished at her beauty. When she at last got there, she had just time to jump in the baths and out. By this time the sun was up and the blue sky reflected beautifully on the pure white snow. Margaretta could tell by the sun that it was due time to help her mother with the day's work. Was it that late already? Was the sun wrong or were her eyes? Yes, it was sad but true. She must and she went, that graceful, swaying body again as fleet as the deer. Away she ran. I should rather say flew over the hills, with Zitoe at her heels barking gleefully. When they at last got there, Margaretta's mother was standing on the doorstep looking at the sun to see what time it was, with a duster in her hand looking like a little house-wife should look. She indeed looked very much like Margaretta. Running up to her, Margaretta kissed her again and again, with lovely words; and then helped her mother with the day's work. How happy mother and child looked running around together like two busy ants. If you have ever watched them, you will have noticed how busy they are. First Margaretta and her mother washed and dried the dishes, cleared the table, made the beds, tidied the rooms, then dusted them. And so the days, years, months, weeks passed. Twenty years over hilltops of time and now there is her Margaretta going to the baths with her. And when we look back twenty years, the now mother once the little Margaretta. And now there is a little Margaretta just like the long ago one who now has her hair done up in a knob and now she too wears long dresses like her mother in long, long ago forgotten years, far over the hilltops of time. And let us leave them in their little cottage round that happy fire-place, that too happy family, once little Margaretta, where snow is always in those happy Alps of Switzerland.

—June Oppen

WHERE LITTLE BOYS PLAY

Over the mountain,
Over dale,
Over hill,
Far into the meadow
Where little boys play.

Down a silent little path
We pry into starlit nooks,
And at play we see
Elves and fairies, too.

Look, they're having a dance
With little courtiers
Jumping about.
How pretty.
And as the dance begins
They shoo us away—
That's where little boys play.

June Oppen.

Aged 8.

THE LARNS

By June Davis

Laurence Larns, otherwise known as Laurie, yawned as he looked at the clock. It was seven o'clock on the twenty-fourth of December. Laurie looked at his twin sister Lucille, known as Lucy, who was still asleep.

"We don't have to get up until half past seven," he said to himself.

At fifteen minutes past seven Lucy woke up. Laurie got into her bed and they played different games for awhile.

Laurie and Lucy are the eight year old twins of the Larns family. Besides Laurie and Lucy is Elizabeth or Betty who is three years old. There is one nurse for the three children called Miss Murn.

Miss Murn came into the room to help the children dress. As they were dressing Lucy said, "Don't you think it would be nice to give the Kellers a party? They are rather poor and cannot have a very nice dinner."

"That would be lovely," said Laurie. "Just think of giving them a party."

Laurie and Lucy, very enthusiastic over the thought of a party, hurried down to breakfast to tell their mother and father of their plan.

"Mother," said Lucy, "could we have a party to-morrow for the Kellers?"

"Why, it is rather late to ask," said Mrs. Larns. "You may go over to the Keller's cottage and ask them if they can come. I will get some things for them if they can come."

There were ten Kellers, not counting Mr. and Mrs. Keller. William two, Bessie four, Richard and Mary five, Francis seven, Donald ten, Mervin twelve, Peter thirteen, Clare fifteen, and Herbert seventeen.

Laurie and Lucy went to the Keller's cottage to ask them if they would come. The Kellers gladly accepted the invitation. Bashful Herbert did not want to go but he was persuaded and finally said he would come.

Laurie and Lucy went home and found their mother playing with Betty while Mr. Larns had gone to business. On finding that the Kellers would come, Mrs. Larns immediately went to a store to get some toys.

That night Laurie and Lucy went to bed very much excited. They were to have a party.

The next morning after emptying the contents of their stockings all over the bed they went into the living room to look at the Christmas tree and then went into the dining room to have breakfast. After breakfast they went into the living room where under the glittering Christmas tree were many presents. They played with their toys until lunch time. After a small lunch they got dressed for the party, which was really going to be dinner, and then played until finally the Kellers came. They were dressed in their best which was not very good.

Santa Claus came with two presents for everybody. The younger children then played with their toys while the older ones talked or watched the children play. There were games and prizes for the winners.

At six o'clock they went into the dining room where there was a small Christmas tree in the center of a large table. At each place there was a small toy suitable to who it was given to and the older people, instead of toys, had something more useful. The place marks were Santa Clauses and Christmas trees. The dinner consisted of soup, salad, turkey, peas, sweet potatoes, ice cream and cake. At eight o'clock when they went home they all said they had a lovely time.

That night as Laurie and Lucy went to bed they said, "This has been the best day of the year." That was because they made others happy.

MARIE

A naughty little girl is Marie,
As from this poem you shall see.
She is a very mischievous fun-loving child;
And if she were to do as she wanted
She'd certainly want to be wild.
She takes from her mother, rouge and such things
And also many bracelets and rings.
Though Miss Manning the nurse
Tries her best to do well,
She just has to give up when Marie starts to yell.
Trying to make that girl good
Is more than anyone who knows her would.

RESOLUTIONS

By Margaret Burgh

It was January third, and Mary Joan had quite forgotton the slip of paper beginning "I resolve" that lay in her bureau drawer. So when mother called, "Mary Joan, please come in and set the table," Mary Joan called back, "Alright," and then climbed back to the top of the hill, to fly down, screaming and yelling with delight. When she did go in for supper, Mary Joan was thoroughly mad.

"Gosh, just when I'm having most fun, I've got to come in," she muttered, drawing her lips up in a little knot and slamming the closet door with a resounding bang. "Oh, shut up," she hissed to Bob who was laughing at her. She wrinkled up her little nose and shot out her pink tongue. "I don't care," she shrieked stamping vigorously. "Everybody around here is mean."

"Mary Joan," commanded Mr. Whitfield, "go to your room."

"Please don't hurt her," sobbed Mrs. Whitfield.

Mary Joan sulked to her room, where she threw herself on the bed with such force that the long-suffering springs shrieked appealingly. She kicked and thumped and finally burst into tears.

"Too bad; all broken," Mary Joan heard someone sigh, and turning she saw a tiny fairy sitting on her pincushion. The fairy was playing reflectively with one of her long black curls. As Mary Joan turned she looked up and eyed Mary Joan reproachfully. Her little silvered slippered feet beat a faint tip-to against the pins stuck in the cushion.

"Is it any of your business?" snapped Mary Joan. If she had not been so angry, Mary Joan might have taken a little precaution in talking to a fairy, but Mary Joan was very angry.

"Ah, yes, it is some of my business," smiled the tiny creature, smoothing her fluffy red dress over her knees, "for I am the Guardian of Broken Resolutions."

Mary Joan looked at the fairy with interested eyes. "Where do you live?" she finally asked.

"Come, and I'll show you." And before Mary Joan could object, the fairy had taken hold of her hand and out they flew, above the clouds.

Soon a bright spot appeared, and, as they drew nearer, Mary Joan discovered this to be a gilded castle, covered with many tiny bright mirrors.

The fairy led Mary Joan into a small room which was lined with books, all dust-covered, except two. The fairy took one of these down and turned several pages. At last she looked up and studied Mary Joan. "Come."

They entered a little room, all warm and cosy. At one end a bright fire snapped and crackled. A cosy arm chair held out inviting arms. All around the sides of the room were

glass cases which resembled those in an aquarium. Mary Joan stepped to the first one and looked in. There were two tiny wax figures resembling Mary Joan and her mother. The mother called and the little girl came happily skipping to her. The mother's face wore a happy, peaceful look, quite different from the one of sorrow and care that Mrs. Whitfield wore. The next held images of Bob and Mary Joan. They were contentedly working a puzzle. Mary Joan blushed and turned hastily away, hoping that the fairy would not see the guilty look. But the fairy was busily poking the fire.

Mary Joan ran to the armchair and settled herself. The fairy turned. "Would you like to see your resolution?" she asked.

"Yes," exclaimed Mary Joan, bounding up and skipping about. The fairy turned a knob and in hobbled Mary Joan's resolutions. Their bodies were yard sticks. For heads they had round, flat things, about the size and shape of a dollar. "Not much room for brains," began Mary Joan, but checked herself hastily, remembering that they were her own resolutions. Their legs and arms looked and wobbled like rubber. Some were on crutches; some had their arms in slings; while others were in wheel chairs. All looked ominously at Mary Joan.

"What's the matter with them?" gulped Mary Joan.

"They're broken," said the fairy solemnly.

The resolutions had gathered in a corner and now, surprisingly quick for their infirmities, they formed a circle around Mary Joan. Each held in his hand a glittering, shining dagger!

"Oh, Guardian, I'll be good—please—oh, help! Oh! Oh!" Mary Joan gave a long, shrill scream and tumbled right into her mother's arms.

"Oh, I'll be good," she sobbed. The last thing she remembered was a kiss.

* * * *

It was January third, one year later, but Mary Joan had not forgotten the slip of paper beginning "I resolve," so when mother called, "Mary Joan, please come in and set the table," Mary Joan smiled back and skipped from the porch.

"Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding," chimed the old clock.

"Good night, mother." And Mary Joan kissed her mother.

"Hello," a familiar voice exclaimed, and turning, Mary Joan saw the Guardian sitting on the pin cushion.

"Hello," returned Mary Joan.

"I've been asked by your resolutions to present this," and the fairy held out a shining silver star.

"Oh, me?" and Mary Joan held out the star.

"Yes." And without another word the fairy flew out of the window.

And if you don't believe this story, you ask Mary Joan and she'll show you the star.

THE FAIRY PARADE

Once I saw some fairies,
Sailing through the air;
In tiny little bubbles,
With golden horses there.

The King and Queen they led them,
The nobles went behind,
And then the lords and ladies
All followed in a line.

By Eleanor Locke, Aged 12.

THE BAG OF GOLD

By Lois Joseph
Aged 11

There once lived a little girl named Margaret. She was only eight years old when my story begins. She was not very poor and at the same time not very rich.

In Margaret's house there had been a sickness which had attacked her father and brother, and it became so bad that the two died.

Margaret and her mother then moved to the little town of Grass Valley, in California.

Margaret used to always dream about finding a purse filled with gold. She would then take the money to her mother and they would be rich for the rest of their days. She would then awaken with a start and run to her mother and tell her her dreams. Poor child! When she found her dream wasn't true she would cry and cry.

Now, one day when Margaret was walking through the woods, as was her favorite pastime, if not dreaming, she happened to see a "darling little squirrel," as she called it, scamper past her. She followed it to a small opening. There the squirrel went into a hole not far away, and, to Margaret's great surprise, the squirrel came back, and he had in his mouth a large bag. He bounded in front of her and dropped the bag at her feet. Margaret was struck dumb with amazement, but before she could utter a word, the squirrel disappeared. Without waiting another minute, she grabbed the bag up and was on her way home.

When she got home she found her mother in the kitchen. She handed her the bag and then waited to see what the bag contained.

Her mother at last, after questioning her, opened the bag, and, to their great amazement, it was filled with gold.

They were very thankful and happy. But they would have been happier if they could have found the kind little squirrel that had given the gold to them.

But, anyway, Margaret's dream came true at last.

The Limerick Man has gone on a vacation, but he wrote us that he forgot to send us the limerick asked for by Henry Tomasini of Petaluma. Here it is: Henry says he likes "bad" limericks.

A Petaluman young fellow named Henry
From his window gazed on a vast hennery.
He ate chicken saute
At least four times a day
And thus did the hennery feed Henry.

THE WILD ANIMAL

By Weymouth Simpson

Jacques was just six years old when his father, mother, and sister Marie moved from Nancy to Bordeaux. In Bordeaux they bought, with almost their last cent, a cute adobe cottage covered with bean vines and also a small adjoining farm. One day Marie and Jacques were walking by the Rhone when they heard a loud groan like this: "Grrrrrrrr, grrrrrrrr." They both stopped short. Marie, who was about six years older than Jacques said:

"Oh! I am sure it is Jean Val Jean, a French bandit."

But little Jacques reassured her it was only a wild animal caught in a trap. So the children crept slowly towards the sound—and what should they see but a very funny looking animal like this (see separate sheet for animal) caught in a trap.

"Jacques," shouted Marie, "run home and get papa," so little Jacques sped in the direction of the cottage.

Well, there isn't much more to say, but finally they found out it was a very valuable African animal escaped from an artist's studio who was painting him for exhibit. As the animal was only loaned to him he gave Marie and Jacques a fabulous sum for it.

So from French peasants they grew to be one of the wealthiest families in France.

A STORY

By Cicely Skurton

(Aged 13)

"I wonder who it'll be—a big, sissy boy, girl, man, or who?"

These were the thoughts of Jimmie as he lay comfortably at his ease on an old couch in "The Cave"—a dugout by the pond; cool and not very dry, but still it was comfort to Jimmie this hot day.

"Well, it's no use wondering. Guess I'll trot over and see."

Jimmie, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, had heard that the old tumble-down shack of a house across the bridge was going to be occupied by some people. Who could it be?

Ever since Eddie, who lived a mile down the road, had gone to the city, Jimmie wanted someone to play with, so, unconsciously, he hoped that a boy would move in the house across the bridge.

Jimmie got up, stretched out his lazy body,and gathered enough energy to hike up the road and across the bridge. The road was steep and gravelly, and although the distance was short, it seemed to Jimmie he would never come to the bridge. Jimmie did not enjoy the hike, but curiosity urged him on.

A cool breeze tempted him to turn back and take a swim.

Still he plodded on and on; it seemed that he would never get there.

When Jimmie came to the house it was as quiet as usual. The only difference was that a home-like feeling was around it.

The boards were down, the house was painted, and the windows were washed and had curtains on them.

Jimmie peeked inside. Everything was in order, much to his surprise, and the house was furnished poorly but cleanly. Jimmie half expected everything to be in disorder.

He knocked at the door, then remembered there was a door-bell.

Well, it was not too late. The door opened, and a voice said: "Hello! I guess you are one of our neighbors. Come in!" Jimmie entered, but, try as hard as he could, he could see no one. The lady (it sounded like one) told him to sit down, and she would send Edwin, her son, out to him.

Soon he heard footsteps and a voice, but, as before, he could not see anyone. He said nothing, however, and soon Edwin and Jimmie were good friends.

They were playing games, when suddenly Jimmie heard a crash.

Jimmie jumped. To his surprise he found that he was in "The Cave!" He blinked, unable to believe his eyes. There stood a boy, grinning.

"Found your place," he said. "Your ma sent me here."

Jimmie stood up, asked the boy his name, and sat down dumfounded. Soon he was himself, but he had a funny feeling he couldn't explain.

Next day Jimmie went over to Edwin's house. Everything was the same as described before, except for the fact that he could see the people.

Jimmie half expected the crash. Instead, Edwin's mother told him his mother wanted him.

Jimmie was unable to convince himself that he had only dreamt it the first time, for a long time.

For a long time Jimmie was unable to convince himself that he had only dreamt it the first time.

Soon he was in bed dreaming—who knows what—to be awakened next morning to new pleasures and maybe other funny experiences.

AWAKENED

What a bleak night to be out in; the wind was driving the rain against me and, wrapped up as I was, it was not long before I was wet through. My way led past an old cemetery. The burial of the dead had long ago stopped there owing to the fact that it was filled and the growing population had voiced its disapproval. The whole place gave one the creeps; tombstones fallen to one side, others broken off; iron railings and gates rusty, some of them swinging in the wind; stunted trees waving their boughs and sighing, and those houses that some people built to put the earthly remains of their departed in, and the little church with the windows all out, and the door hanging by one hinge, ready to fall with the next gust of wind. I pictured to myself the mourners; so many of them that had stood in that little chapel and had followed the remains to its last resting place, and the service at the grave, and the turning away of sorrowing hearts to go back to their homes with a dull ache and a cold world; and I wondered if they, too, were all gone. What was that I saw moving over there? I am sure I saw something move right near the little church. Ah! I knew I was not mistaken; there is somebody moving over there. Who is it? What do you suppose is going on over there? Why is that barbed wire, running around the top of the fence, cut? What was that noise? I can hear somebody talking. I wonder what is going on? What is that bell ringing for? Surely it's not the little bell in the steeple ringing? There it goes again. Oh! it's my alarm clock. Ha! Ha!

George Stevenson.

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WHITE THROATED SWALLOW

White throated swallow,
You dance in the sky,
Pirouette on a wing-point,
And waltz slowly by.

Then, like a dart,
You swoop, swift as fire,
And there you sit, resting,
High perched on a wire.

AUDREY MAY WURDEMANN

THE FAMOUS ANT-EATER—MR. TAPIR, OF S. A.

By BATTELL LOOMIS

I said to Molly:
Go get a piece of paper
And I'll try to cut a caper
With a talk about a tapir
'Til ½ past 2.
His lids slid open,
So he slipt down a slopin'
Limb and went a-lopin'
With his eyes of blue.

And I told Molly:
His nose was longish, I know,
Like an effelunt or rhino;
But he wasn't an albino
'Cause his eyes, I said,
Were blue—and every white
Furnishes a kid with fright
For their eyes is red!

Then I informed Molly:
But he easily was an eater
Who thought that ants were sweeter
Than a scone or skunk or skeeter—
His tongue un-curled
With a most pronouncing ripple
When he found an ant-hill tipple,
And he shouted, "Hey youse pipple,
I'll eat your world!"

Here I explained to Molly:
He was talking to the anteys
While a-lickin' off their panties
For to gobble up the banties,
And great aunts, too!
The Worker ants—he ate 'em,
The Fighter ants—he ate 'em,
The Drones and Queen—he ate 'em
Nor never stopt to chew!

Now I related to Molly:
This tapir then felt rummy:
For, a-ticklin of his tummy
Were a million ants, all gummy;
But the Queen wasn't dead!
So he clencht a branch upside down,
And on his nails he lied down
To let his stomach slide down
To tickle of his head.

Whereupon I instructed Molly:
So that is why you'll see him
(Sh'd you ever chance to tree him)
Dangle-toed. To free him
By ½ past 2,
You'll have to get some ant-paste
And spill it to him slant-faced
To kill that black Queen ant baste
Who won't turn to glue.
"Much obliged," said Molly.

JAN

(Continued from Page 318)

on down the line. There were two that were good; the others were just fair. One was very bad. The great Eberheardt just sat and looked at them out of weary, expressionless eyes. Jan's eyes never left him. Then Koellner went on the platform, and with his first note everyone was still. He played beautifully. With closed eyes, and fingers closed passionately around the cello, he sent out such lovely notes that Jan was breathless, and, for the first time, fear gripped his heart—the fear of failure. And then it was his turn. The crowd was still applauding for the other as he stepped on the platform. He looked down. He saw that people looked at him disinterestedly, almost pityingly. He looked at the master. The old man was still in the same position, his eyes half closed.

Jan drew his bow across the strings. His fingers, unused to playing for a long month, seemed stiff, and would not respond. A cold fear gripped his heart. He was failing. He looked down at his mother, sitting just below him, near the master. She was gazing at him, tears pouring down her cheeks. And then he looked up. Out, past the people, great trees arose against the sky. They were dark, beautiful trees. On the other side was a little white and green house with a garden in front. And from far, far away, the wind brought the faint sound of a river flowing toward the sea. And then something happened. Something seemed to snap within Jan, and his fingers seemed as a part of his heart, because they moved in time with its beating. From the selection he had been playing, he changed into something else, something no one there had ever heard before. But it was like a song of the wind as it played in the trees, and there crept into it a low, sad strain that vibrated through it like a thing all alone. Then the music became softer, more gentle, and Jan's mother knew that he was playing that for her. She looked around her and saw that many people were crying. The master, Eberheardt, was sitting up, his hands clenched at his sides.

And Jan played on. It became sad again, and bitter, and it was like the song of a thing that had been hurt and was telling someone of it. Then, suddenly, the music seemed to rise higher, on a different plane, and it became soft, like the faint sound of the river far away that flowed out to sea. Then it ended on a long, faint note that seemed to echo back from far away long after he had finished.

Amid the deafening applause, Jan felt himself carried down over the heads of the people, down towards the master. And Eberheardt, the great one, was saying: "Let me talk to him . . . bring him to me . . . let me talk to the boy . . . "

But then, when Jan was standing before him, he said nothing. He just clutched Jan's shoulders tightly, until it hurt, and stared at him, tears pouring from his eyes.

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At last he looked up, high up towards the sky, and murmured: "Oh, the joy of teaching one like this!"

Jan said nothing. He just held his mother's hand tightly with one of his, and the other clutched his beloved cello. And his eyes were soft and shining, and to his ears came the far away sound of the river as it flowed away to sea.

DOTS AND DASHES

(Continued from Page 333)

His Nibs was gone. Henry Arthur Somerville had taken advantage of the fight to disappear. Unexpectedly as he had arrived, he went, and never was seen again on the campus of Midway college. The crowd in Hoxie's room growled and complained, and Hoxie ordered them out.

"Take Bunk," he said, "and throw him in the fountain. It'll do him good."

They took him, struggling and groaning, and as the roaring crowd disappeared down the corridor, his voice could be heard crying over the uproar: "Bunk, bunk, bunk!"

And then quiet and peace settled over the room. Hoxie sat in the Morris chair, his chin in his hands, his elbows on his knees, his eyes closed. Frenchy Lafitte lay on the couch, his right leg up in the air, his hands behind his head. And at the window stood Sammy Murk, gazing into the night, as it settled over the campus of Midway College. From far off came voices, rich, happy voices of the college boys singing "I Love You, Alma Mater." Somewhere a ukulele was being strummed, and a cheering group crossed the Quad and disappeared into the blackness.

"It's a wonderful thing, college is," said Frenchy Lafitte. "One finds out in college what fellows are really made of. We've about come to the end of our college days, and I don't like to think of it. Friends like you, Hoxie, and Sammy, and the Deacon, and all the rest, are what makes life worth while. There's no place in college for plots and melodrama and underhand jealousies."

He got up and crossed the room and stood with his hands on Sammy Murk's shoulders, and Sammy looked out into the darkness and knew that life was going to be a richer experience from now on. Then Hoxie came and stood by them and said: "I wonder what's ahead of us? I don't really want to know, but I do wonder."

Foots shrugged, and smiled. Foots always was a philosopher. He crossed the room and sat at the piano and played. He played "I Love You, Alma Mater" and Schubert's "Serenade," and "Red Hot Mama," and the "Swanee River." And as he played the Midwayites came drifting back into the room, quietly, and quietly perched themselves on cushions and chairs, and on the floor. And the door opened and Bunk Huggins stood there, dripping from head to toe. He grinned and shook the water from him. "Bunk," he said.

And Frenchy Lafitte played on.

[The End]

PETER

(Continued from Page 325)

set the cowering boy free suddenly and leaped through the doorway. Sammy heard an exclamation and a scuffle, and Brannagan reappeared, dragging another figure in his wake. A flashlight gleamed.

"Peter!"

"Sure," said Peter. He blinked in the flashlight's glow, and raised one arm to protect his eyes. A chicken, alive but helpless, was in his hand; another in the other hand. His father gasped.

"What—? Why—? Where—?"

"Under the wall," said Peter. "Come in and I'll show you."

In the dead silence the elder Brannagan followed his son. Over his shoulder, the rolling whites of the negro boy's eyes gleamed like candle points. After a few steps Peter stopped.

"Do you want me to show you how they went, every step of the way?"

"Av coorse!"

"Give me the flashlight, then."

The boy got down on all fours, and swung the cylinder back and forth. The wavering beam of light came to rest upon a hole the size of a man's body, under a corner of the wall. Long, thin scratches in the soft earth showed where the mischievous hens, adventure-bound, had made their getaway. Peter wriggled through the hole, his father following with a grunt. They were in the neighbor's yard. Brannagan stood up, a thought flashing through his mind.

"But how do ye know that somebuddy didn't make that hole?"

Peter pointed silently downward with the flashlight.

Two sets of chicken-tracks, slightly blurred but distinct, emerged from the hole and led away into the vegetable garden. There, torn cabbage leaves and ruined lettuce told their story, as did a small dust-wallow such as chickens like to rest in after a full meal.

"All right," said the sergeant, "let's go back."

Emerging head-first from the hole, Sergeant Patrick Brannagan looked up into the face of his irate spouse, standing with her arms akimbo.

"And is it crazy you've gone?" she demanded, "with and supper waitin', and yerself pawing around on all fours like a dandelion? Phwat's the meaning of this foolishness?"

Brannagan opened his mouth to defend himself when his wife's attention was drawn to a second head emerging from the hole. Very slowly and carefully Peter got to his feet and held out the two chickens to his mother.

"Here's your hens, Mom," he said, "I found 'em."

* * * *

From behind a mountainous dish of chocolate pudding that evening Peter Brannagan looked across at his father, a slow smile illuminating his freckled face.

"Mom, what does Pop look at my pudding for, huh?"

"Hould your tongue," said Sergeant Patrick Brannagan pensively, "I'm thinkin'."

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By NORMAN SHEPARD

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Most countries are now members of the Union, which retains permanent headquarters at Berne, and meetings are held every five years so that international postal regulations may be revised and amended as required.

In the year 1900 Switzerland issued a series of three values to commemorate the twenty-fifth year of this organization; five cent gray green; ten cent carmine rose and twenty-five cent

blue. These were re-engraved and issued in the same colors and the same values. The re-engraved stamps have the figures of value lined instead of in solid colors.

In 1924 Sweeden issued two series of fifteen values each; the first to commemorate the eighth Universal Postal Union Congress and the second the fifteenth anniversary of the U. P. U. The values and the colors are identical in both sets. There are two designs for each issue, the ore values in the first series showing four towers (the new City Hall, two churches and

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the Royal Palace) and the kronen values a portrait of King Gustav.

In the second series the ore values show a horsemen, mounted, and an

aeroplane the kronen values a bird on the wing with a letter in its mouth.

How many other countries, since 1874, have issued stamps in commemoration of the Universal Postal Union.

There is such an increased demand for information regarding precancelled stamps that Treasure Chest will have a column devoted to this subject commencing with this issue. The following notes are written by Al Christopherson (R. S. C. No. 5) and a specialist in the 2c black Harding issues. Ask any question that you wish regarding precancels and they will be answer through this column.

PRECANCELLED STAMPS AS A HOBBY

It is only of late years that the Precancel collector has come to the front. There are so many different ways that it is hard to enumerate them all. You may specialize in 13c "Apple Greens" or 2c "Black Hardings" not to mention the many Commemorative stamps that have been issued in the past couple or three years—there seems to no limit to the Precancel Stamp for the Specialists.

Precancels are a source of enjoyment for both young and old, and there is just as much to them as to any other stamp collector.

What is a Precancelled Stamp? This is the question that one often hears. A Precancelled Stamp has the name of the city where it was sent from between two horizontal lines or bars. Except in coils you have the vertical lines. A Precancelled Stamp is cancelled before used, therefore the cancellation does not show on any part of the package or envelope to which it is placed.

Sometimes the printer forgets himself—or his mind is on some fishing trip—and he feeds a sheet of stamps in up-side-down; this is what makes the inverts, and printing it twice, the doubles. As this don't happen very often you can readily understand why they are more valuable. There is no end to the printer's mistakes—double normals—double inverts—one each way—and then he also prints them on the back for good measure.

Many precancel collectors save only one state, and it sure makes a nice collection to see some of them as each city is complete. The best way to save these is to get acquainted with some "nice" shipping clerk, and then your collection will grow quickly. You may also exchange with others. A good reliable dealer is also a help.

Best wishes for the precancel hobby and A Happy New Year to you all.

FIGHTING FIRE

By Billy G. Catling

(Aged 8)

In a certain city there was a very good fire department. The chief of the fire department had a very good dog named Spot. One day when they were sitting down reading the papers, one of the men said:

"There aren't many fires these days."

Chief Young answered: "No; there . . . "

Just then the whistle blew. Spot was with them, and he jumped in back. They rode as fast as they could, with the bell ringing. Clang! Clang! Clang!

The fire was at a twelve-story apartment. Lots of policemen were there to keep the mob back. Chief Young hollered: "Men, a lady and baby are up on the eighth story." Two men went up. The best one went first.

He handed the baby to him. Then he started to take the lady down. Before he could reach the window, a flame shot by the window and it caught on fire. His partner saw that they could not get out, so he called: "Turn the water up at the eighth story window." The man went up and helped, but they finally got out. The doctor was waiting for them. When they got down, the doctor listened to see if she was smothered. When he was through, he said with sadness, "Too late; dead." They all felt very sad. Spot saw a little puppy up at the fifth story. Spot went up where he was, but he could not get him down. Spot ran down and pulled on one of the firemen's coat. Then he ran back and forth excitedly. The fireman stood still for a while, but then he followed. They came to where the puppy was. The fireman carried him down safely. Soon the fire was out and some of the building had fallen down. Chief Young said: "Here is another of our adopted babies. I think I will take this baby home to my wife, Mildred."

Fifteen years passed. The adopted girl became a big girl. One afternoon she was visiting a girl friend in an apartment. A lady who lived in the story above was cooking on her oil stove. She left it burning and went over to her cupboard to get something, when somehow the oil stove caught on fire. A man happened to be walking along on the sidewalk, when he saw the apartment on fire. He ran to blow the whistle, but it wouldn't blow. He ran to the fire department and told them where the fire was. They went very fast. Every man searched every room to see if anybody was there. The best man happened to run in the room that Chief Young's adopted daughter and her friend were in. He saved the two and many others. Every one was saved, and the fire put out. The next day Chief Young and the fireman who saved Mary, the adopted girl, came to the house. Mary and Chief Young's wife were there. After a while Mary and the young fireman were married, and Chief Young gave John, his friend, $1000 to start in with.

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AMERICAN ALPINES

By Edward S. Bromfield

It seemed that I had just gotten into bed when Cleo awakened me. Cleo is the Swiss guide, you know. Father is an ardent fisherman and always takes me with him on his trips. I had a week's vacation and father and I left at once for Fallen Leaf Lake. That's right next to Tahoe. We arrived Sunday afternoon and were placed in a little cottage overlooking the lake.

Monday at dawn father and I were up and fishing. The scenery is really beautiful, and if you arise as early as we did you will see the early morning mists arising from the water, you will see the great red sun make its appearance and hear the chirping of the birds as they awaken to a new day. But most wonderful of all you will see the very colors of the lake change. In early morning it is all a dull grey, then when the sun rises the far end of the lake seems a sea of molten gold. Once the sun is really up the water becomes a beautiful blue, that changes shades every minute, and right below where we were fishing it was such a strange light blue that it makes you realize how deep those waters really are.

Father never uses anything but a fly or a spinner, but I am content to use bait; I'm more sure of it. Well, we fished all morning and while I caught two good fish that were about three pounds each, father only caught one lone trout, and that was much smaller than either of mine.

"Jimmy, we're going up in the mountains to find some real fast lake fishing," father told me.

"That will be fine, dad," I answered, but I did not know just what dad had up his sleeve. Dad and I went to bed at nine that night, right after dad had made his arrangements with Cleo.

But it seemed that I had just gotten into bed when Cleo awakened me. It was three o'clock, he cheerfully told me. A little later dad and I were dressed and we went to get a bite of breakfast at the inn. Then we went out and found Cleo waiting with all of our stuff packed on a little burro. We three walked and the burro had to carry the load. That made it good.

After about ten minutes we were picking our way up a trail beneath great trees, and a full moon made everything stand out in a beautiful kind of base relief. Only the moon does some funny things in the mountains. The trail seemed white and the shadows seemed so black that I was always afraid that there might be some wild animals hiding in back of them.

We had been climbing for a little time when we shifted off of the big trail and took a very steep trail up the mountain, and if I ever met a hard trail to climb, that Tamarack Trail up Angora Mountain is it.

Now we climbed for about an hour before dad would let me even rest. He said that I would get stiff if I sat down, but I didn't tell him that I was stiff walking up. When we did rest we were at the top of the trail. There was a little snow about, and I was going to eat some, but dad would not let me. He said that it would make me sick. All that I could do was to put a little water in my mouth and gargle it.

BOYS and GIRLS!

The pirate chief says: "Let's start the New Year right. . . . . "

We want everybody to be happy, and the Treasure Chest is full of happiness. So we think it will be a splendid idea to send it to our friends.

On rainy Winter days before the log fire, and on Summer days out in the fields, there is nothing nicer than good stories for company.

Treasure Chest has some wonderful plans for 1927, and the pirate chief says that every boy and girl who subscribes to it is going to have twelve months of joy.

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The view up there was wonderful. On one side we could see Fallen Leaf Lake, shimmering in the moonlight, and then down below us, on the same side, there was Grass Lake and Alpine Lake. On the other side was the big Echo lake. And away off beyond Fallen Leaf we we could see Tahoe.

Well, we started again, and soon were hitting a nice even pace. About two hours later we were scaling the biggest snow bank you ever saw. Under the snow was packed ice, and it sure was hard going. Even the mule slipped and skidded all over, and the snow got into my boots and froze until I was afraid that my toes were coming off.

Then we arrived at our camping spot. It was Lost Lake. There was a great bank of snow on three sides of the lake, and as soon as we had gotten our lines unpacked dad and I went out on the snow. Well, by the time that dad got the flies fixed the sun was up and the fun began.

I never had such fishing in my whole life. As fast as I would get my line in the water, I would have a bite. Big eastern trout they were, and, believe me, they were good.

About half an hour later Cleo had a good camp fire going and there was the appetizing odor of crisp bacon in the air, so, as each of us almost had the limit, anyway, we reeled in and sat under the great trees to rest. And after a minute Cleo called us to breakfast, and man, oh man, it was good!

DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE WOOD

Soft is the sigh of the brook and the wind in the trees
Whispering age-old tales of years gone by,
Dreaming of days that are past and of those to come—
Deep in the heart of the wood where shadows lie,
Where stillness reigns and all is peace, I come.
Nothing I see at first, but only hear
The plaintive song of a gliding stream whose banks
Are green with springy moss and trailing vine;
So slow it moves that scarce a ripple shows
Upon its face upturned to heaven's blue;
And deep within its darkest shadows flit
The sunbeams dancing through the leafy dome.
The trees stand reaching toward the sky
A host of suppliants mutely worshipping.
The light is soft and dim as in a church
And seems to stream through high-built windows down
Upon the strange-laid pattern of the woodland floor,
And silence flows like organ music through
The dimness and the peace until it fills
The empty air with voices singing praise
That swell the winds with throbbing, pulsing joy.

ELIZABETH BAKER.

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San Francisco, California

The Odyssey of Jimmy's Car

By JOHN B. WOOSTER

Now Jimmy got a much used Ford,
A sadly battered thing,
Which rattled when it was in low
With sharp, asthmatic ring.

Some other fellow tired of it
And sold it for a song,
And Jimmy got the tattered wreck
For which he'd hoped so long.

Now Jimmy also had a pal,
And Robert was his name,
To share a half of Jimmy's joy
And also share his blame.

What Jimmy wished, why, Robert wished;
They shared their everything;
And so they both were wild with joy
With the asthmatic thing.

And so they both pooled all their funds
And started out one morn.
They vowed the Ford would shine like new
Before another dawn.

Then back they came with lots of things,
Enough to tire a saint;
Some tools, some oils, some brushes long,
And lots and lots of paint.

They washed and sanded, scraped and dried,
And painted all the day,
Until its sadly battered look
Began to fade away.

They patched the sadly sagging tires
And filled the cups with grease,
Until it looked almost like new,
Just waiting for release.

At last the whole thing shone like new,
Reflecting every cloud.
Arm in arm they looked at it,
And oh! the boys were proud.

They took it for a drive next day,
And oh! the hills were green
With fragrant flowers on their sides
And groves of trees between.

But since they worked so very hard,
I am rejoiced to say,
The Ford gave forth no rasping squeaks—
It really ran that day.

First Jimmy drove, then Robert drove
Their throbbing steed of steel.
And each could hardly wait to get
His hands upon its wheel.

They found a trout-infested brook,
And claimed it as their spoil,
And fished and dreamed, and laughed and joked,
And knew surcease from toil.

At last they started back for home,
And oh! the skies were red;
But like an arrow from a bow
The little flivver sped.

They stopped across the road from Bob's,
And in the failing light,
Agreed to start at dawn again,
And then they said, "Good night."

As Robert started 'cross the road,
He failed to see a twig;
(For little things in little ways
Cause some upsettings, big.)

His ankle turned and down he went
In pain, he failed to rise.
He did not see the coming car
That flashed to Jimmy's eyes.

For Jimmy knew that road too well
To hope the car could swerve.
The ruts would hold the speeding wheels
Too fast to let them curve.

But suddenly a flash of light
Flashed into Jimmy's eyes;
A glory that was great and strong—
The light of sacrifice.

He smashed his foot upon the clutch,
The little roadster sped
Toward the swiftly coming car
That threatened from ahead.

Not twenty feet did Jimmy get
Before the crash took place,
But he was hurled clear from the wreck
And lit upon his face.

Beyond a scratch, he stood unhurt,
Though tears welled from his eyes;
The Ford lay twisted on the road—
The price of sacrifice.

Now Bobby gained his feet again,
And hobbled out to Jim,
And grasped his true companion's hand,
But spoke no word to him.

"I'm glad it all came out all right,"
Said Jimmy to his friend;
Though you're unhurt and I'm unhurt,
Our Ford has met its end.

But after all a Ford's a thing
That we can buy for gold,
But friendship is far greater still;
It can't be bought or sold.

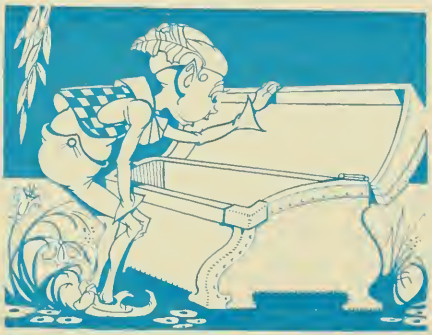
* * * *

When Jimmy's dad and Bobby's dad
Had heard the doleful tale,
Some salesman in a distant town
Chalked up another sale.

Before a single week had passed
Their virtue reaped reward,
For the boys, with leaping hearts,
Stood by their brand new Ford.

* * * *

They dug a grave both wide and deep,
And buried the old flivver,
And even to this day the earth
Has never ceased to quiver—Amen.
And raised a stone above the heap—



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Let's Go Ice-Skating!!!

Yes, Brother Bob says that California boys and girls can have all these things just like the boys and girls in the East.

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GIRLS AND BOYS: I have received so many letters suggesting a trip into the snow that I have asked Peck-Judah to help me organize a special Brother Bob Tourist Car to be attached to their special train leaving for Truckee, Friday, February 11th, and returning in time for school Monday morning, February 14th.

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We are going to live right on the train while in Truckee. I will be with you and we are going to organize two huge armies with forts and everything and have a real snow-ball fight. And you can knock Dad's hat off and he will not get mad. The number to go will be limited, so have Dad get in touch with Peck-Judah, 672 Market Street, San Francisco, at once. I'll see you on the train.

FRIDAY NIGHT

(Signed) BROTHER BOB—K. T. A. B.

The TREASURE CHEST

. FOR BOYS and GIRLS .

MARCH 1927

$2.50 per year

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

Mary Elizabeth said to us the other day, "Mister Editor," she said, "I just know I can write stories. But I do not know what to write about. Can't you give me a plot?"

We wish we could invite all you boys and girls up to our Treasure Chest office. We would let you sit at our window, on top of the world, and look out over the Bay, and see the sun filtering through the silver mist, and we would say to you, "Mary Elizabeth—or Tommy—or Algernon—look out there, and if you can't find all the plots in the world, then there is no use in your trying to write stories.

Just two blocks away or so is the Standard Oil Building, a great gray mass of stone, and it looks almost like a deserted prison or a deserted fort. But we know that inside the Standard Oil Building there are thousands and thousands of men and women and boys and girls, rushing around like ants when the rain soaks the ant-hill. And every one of those ten thousand human ants have a story. Yes, we are not exaggerating. They all have stories, and they all have dreams, and hopes and disappointments. All you — Mary Elizabeth, or Tommy, or Algernon—have to do is to be able to feel, to be able to like people, and to be able to understand that their happiness and their troubles are just as big as yours.

Don't you think that the whitecap who goes along the street sweeping up refuse has dreamed of being a great scholar, or a bank president, or maybe an elevator operator? Don't you think that some time or other, when the traffic cop on the corner has stood with his arms stretched out like a windmill, and a foolish "Go" and "Stop" expression in his eyes, he has dreamed that he was a Napoleon commanding armies of men? Don't you think when the vacuum-cleaner girl enters the beautiful boudoir in the big hotel that she makes believe put on the fine clothing she sees hanging there, and makes believe that she is a "grand lady?"

Of course she does—of course they do. Everybody dreams, and if anybody tells you that when you grow up you will lose your dreams, we suggest that you just look wise, and, if you have to, agree with them, so that there will be no argument. Agree to anything, but take a solemn oath with yourself that you will not lose your dreams.

That, after all, is what stories are made of. You remember, when Peter Pan asked you and all the other folk if you believed in fairies? A strange thing happened! The little children all believed in fairies, and the old people all believed in fairies. But for some reason the girls and boys between the ages of fifteen and forty didn't seem to believe. Maybe fairies skip over those years. We are very serious about this. We were never more serious about anything in our life. You see, we are between the ages of fifteen and forty, and we can't understand other people who do not think as we do.

Well, we are getting a long way from plots for short stories, aren't we? But what we are trying to tell you is that, after all, the plot does not mean very much if we try to look into people's hearts, and to know what they are really feeling and thinking. That may be rather selfish, because, after all, when we learn to know people, we learn to know ourselves, and that is one of the nicest things in the world.

So Mary Elizabeth and the rest of you, you are invited to come up to our "top of the world" window, and to sit in our editor's big chair, and we will make believe lift the roof off of the big buildings for you and let you look inside. And you shall see what you shall see.

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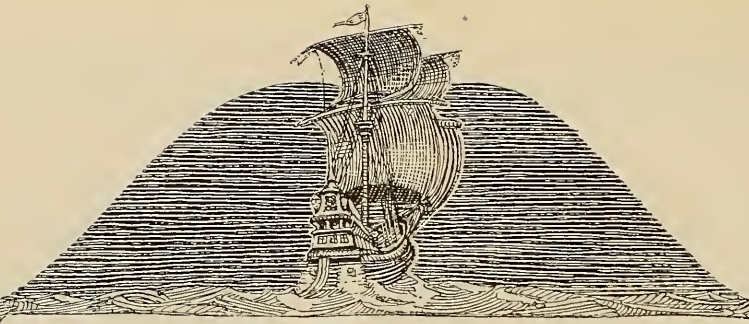

THE TREASURE CHEST

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We shall be glad to consider manuscripts available for publication. Same will be paid for at current rates. All manuscripts must be written on one side of paper, and if their return is desired, must be accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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1402 De Young Building San Francisco, California
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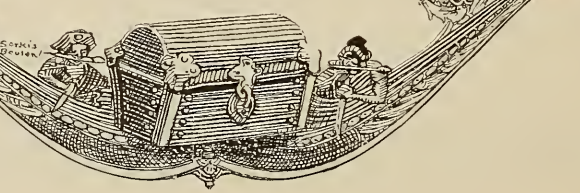

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THE MASTERSINGERS

Retold by S. B. DICKSON

ALT NURNBERG, men call the quaint old city of winding streets and gabled roofs that nestles on the bank of the River Main. "Old Nurenberg," the city of old memories, of love and happiness and song and laughter! Above all, Nurenberg was the city of song. For it was there that year after year the troubadors and minstrels came to sing in tournament. They wrote their songs according to the rule of the land, and those who won in the contests were known as the mastersingers and their fame became greater than that even of the mayor of the town or the bankers or the scientists.

From all corners of the land singers came to vie for the prizes that were offered, and, above all, to win the prize esteemed above all others, that of the title of mastersinger.

Now, it came to pass that one year the interest was greater than ever, for it was announced in every hamlet and village that in addition to the usual honors a special prize was offered by Veit Pogner, the leading goldsmith of Nurenberg, to the singer who would compose the best words and the best music for the prize song. It was announced that he would give to the successful contestants his fortune, and the hand of his daughter Eva as well. He only stipulated that the suitor must be pleasing to Eva. And so he hoped not only to bring the world's greatest musicians to Alt Nurnberg, but to marry his only child to a mastersinger, thus realizing his greatest dream.

But, as is often the case, Eva had other ideas. She was a jolly girl, and inclined to take life less seriously than did the old-fashioned folk. She saw no reason for singing solemn songs of solemn love, and as for the melodies of the drug clerk and the village shoemaker, they meant but little in her life.

In fact, Eva had far different dreams than those that her father had planned for her. It had come to pass one morning as she sat in church with her eyes devoutly lowered upon her hymn book, that a young man entered. Try as she would to concentrate on her devotions, her eyes hovered to him despite the constant nudgings and admonitions of her maid Magdalen. He was a handsome lad and Eva's heart thrilled as the sun entering through golden windows glinted upon his armor. Nor was this the first time that he had come to disturb Eva's worship, and she knew him to be Walter Von Stolzen, a knight from a nearby province.

On the day of which we speak, Walter tried by every means possible to have a word alone with the maiden. When the services were over, and the villagers were filing out of the great doors of the cathedral, he drew near, and in a low voice whispered to her: "A word with you, I pray."

Eva lowered her eyes, and blushed, and turning to Magdalen, said: "I have forgotten my handkerchief. Pray see if I have left it in the pew."

Magdalen hastened away, and when she returned Eva cried: "Oh, and I had a little gold pin on my scarf. Do see if I have dropped it?"

And a third time, she sent the girl to find her prayer book, and when Magdalen had returned she found a light of happiness in Eva's eyes. For while they had been alone, Walter had whispered to her: "Has your father promised your hand in marriage?"

Eva laughed mischievously.

"Yes," she replied, "but the bridegroom has not been chosen."

"Then how can you be promised?"

Then Eva told him of the contest which was to be held on the morrow, told him of her father's promise that he who should be proclaimed mastersinger would also receive the goldsmith's fortune, and his permission to woo his daughter.

"Tell me more of the contest," cried Walter. "My life and my happiness depends upon my winning it."

Eva blushed and smiled, and commanded Magdalen, who had returned, to tell Walter what she knew of the rules of the tournament. In her heart, also, was a secret. For she loved and was loved by David, the sexton, and so she sent Walter to him, saying that he above all others might help him to succeed.

Walter lost no time, but hastened to David, the sexton, who grinned when he heard the stranger's command.

"Hoho," he cried, "so you would enter the contest tomorrow for the hand of the fair Eva. And pray, do you know the rules?"

"No," replied Walter, "and that is why I came to you."

"Haha, good master, the rules are the thing. They are more important than the song itself."

"Well," said David, "you hold your harp in your hand in this fashion. Then you stick your thumb up in the air, like this, and strike a chord. You must stand with one knee advanced, like this, and your head must be a little bit to one side."

"But what has that got to do with the music?" groaned Walter.

"I don't know, said David. "That is as far as I have studied. But, hear me! Today they are holding examinations in the chapel. Go you within, and enter your name, and you will learn the rules."

Even as he spoke, a group of boys filed into the chapel and began arranging benches around a small platform.

"It is the markers," said David. "When the singing is going on he marks the mistakes on a blackboard. And, look you, when a contestant has seven marks against him he is declared outsung, and outdone."

Walter watched with interest, as a group of members of the singing guild entered. There came Veid Pogner, the father of Eva, with the town clerk, Sixtus Beckmesser. Herr Beckmesser was to be marker. He was very proud of his dignity, and puffed and strutted until one would have thought he was about to burst. He was a widower, was this bald-headed old Beckmesser, and his youth was far behind him, but he had determined to win the honor of being called mastersinger, and thus win the fair Eva. "And," said he to himself, "it will be a great honor for the maiden."

Then came Hans Sachs, the shoe cobbler, and one of the greatest of song writers of old Germany. He was followed by apprentices and a great throng of on-lookers. Herr Pogner came to the edge of the platform and announced the terms of the tournament. "And," said he, "today it is our pleasure to enter the candidates. First, we will hear from a friend from the nearby state of Franconia. He is called Walter Von Stolzen."

Walter arose and bowed.

"Who taught you music?" demanded one of the singers.

"Nature has been my teacher," the boy replied. "Her voice has come to me in the rustling leaves, and the singing birds."

"Ah," said Beckmesser, "did Nature also teach you our rules?"

"Walter Von der Vogelweide."

"What does he know of our rules?" growled Beckmesser. "He has been long dead."

The goldsmith raised his hand, interrupting further conversation, and invited Walter to sing. He did so, striking his harp softly, and singing a strange, lovely melody that sounded like the whispering of the wind. But, beautiful as it was, it ignored in all ways the silly rules of the guild, and before he had sung two verses, Herr Beckmesser's blackboard was covered with marks.

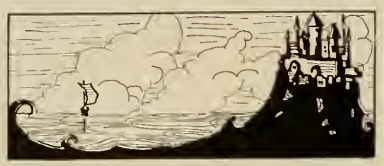
"Stop, stop!" he cried, "You are outsung and outdone."

And so Walter was denied membership in the guild with the privilege of wooing the beautiful Eva.

* * * *

However, among all the throng there was one who appreciated the song of the visiting knight, and who wished him well. Hans Sachs, the merry cobbler, determined that he would do what he could for the boy.

And that very evening, while the cobbler was away on an errand, and his apprentice David was keeping shop for him, Eva's maid, Magdalen, entered.



THE MASTER SONG

The morning dawned with sorry light;
The scented air—
With flowers rare—
A vision of beauty rose to my sight;
A garden a-gleam
This was my dream!

There in the garden stood a tree,
A wondrous sight
Of rich delight:
Its boughs full-fruited, wide and free,
All golden did seem
In this my dream!

"Good evening to you, David," she said.

"Good evening, sweetheart," he replied. "What have you in your basket?"

She laughed, and opening it, said, "Look and see."

A broad grin spread over David's clown-like face. There were pretzels, and cakes enough to make a man's mouth water. He stuffed his mouth, and, as he did so, told Magdalen of the singing contest, and then Hans Sachs entered, soon to be followed by Eva. He determined then and there to help Walter win the maiden, and chucked her under the chin and told her to send the boy to him.

With bright eyes, and hope in her heart, the girl left the shop, and later the old music master saw her standing with Walter in the shade of a linden tree. He heard Walter tell her of his ill success, and heard the boy pleading with her to marry him that day. Eva hesitated. She was torn between the desire to go with Walter and the dread of hurting her father. But just then Hans Sachs decided the question for them. He turned to his last and began pounding on the leather with all his might, thus interrupting the singing of Herr Beckmesser, who had come into the scene to serenade Eva.

The street became a din of Beckmesser's shouts that Sachs should stop his pounding, and added to the noise were the cries of the apprentices who came out to see what all the racket was about. And in the midst of the confusion Eva crept away to her home.

* * * *

It was the day of the festival. The streets of Alt Nurnberg were alive with happy throngs hastening here and there preparing for the big event. Flags flew from the shops, and garlands hung in the windows, and everybody was dressed in their gayest colors.

Behind his cobbler's bench sat Hans Sachs, the shoemaker singer, studying over the rules of the contest. As he worked, the door of the shop opened and Walter entered. He bade the old man good morning, and, seating himself, told him of a beautiful dream he had had that night.

"Tell it to me," demanded Hans.

And Walter replied that he could not tell it; it was a song.

"Sing it, then; sing it, and I will mark down the errors and tell you why they are errors."

Walter arose, and sang a beautiful song of a dream goddess, and Hans Sachs cried out in delight, and said

it was a master song and conformed to all the rules.

"But," said he, "it is incomplete. I have written down the lines that you have sung. Leave them here and go and write the rest."

And so Walter walked out of the shop and Hans went with him a few steps to drink of the morning sunshine.

Now, while they were gone, it came to pass that the very important Herr Beckmesser entered to call for the new shoes that he was to wear at the contest. He wandered around the shop and found to his amazement the lines lying on the cobbler's bench. Quickly reading them, he realized that they had great merit, and he decided to use them himself. He stood studying them as Hans returned.

"Oho," cried Beckmesser, "I thought that you did not intend to enter the contest."

"I do not," replied Hans.

"But I have proof. I found this poem on your bench."

"I do not intend to use it."

Beckmesser eyed him craftily. "Herr Hans," he said, you and I have always been good friends. I would always do you a good turn when I had the chance. Now, will you let me use this song?"

Hans knew that Beckmesser would not only be unable to fit a tune to the words, but that he would probably forget them as well, so he agreed, and Beckmesser hurried from the shop with his treasure.

Some time later, when Walter had returned dressed for the tournament, Eva entered. They gazed into one another's eyes, and blushed, and Hans Sachs laughed at them gleefully.

"Child Eva," he said, "I was wrong when I said that this young man cannot sing. He has written a wonderful song. Ask him to sing it for you now."

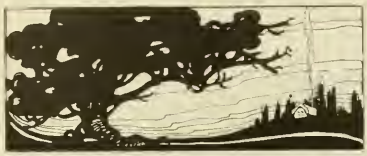
Eva looked pleadingly at Walter, and he stood before her and sang his song so beautifully that tears of emotion came to her eyes.

"There, there," shouted Sachs, "the song is not so bad that it should cause you to weep. Go you, children, and be happy, and watch and see what you shall see when the tournament comes."

* * * *

And so the time for the tournament arrived. All of Alt Nurnberg was hastening through the streets. For miles around the country folk came in their gay ribbons and holiday clothing. They gathered beneath the trees on the broad green and danced, twining in and out with clasping of hands and eyes and lips that smiled. There, as they danced, came the procession of the mastersingers, and the multitude fell back to make way for the procession. In a double column they filed into the guild hall, and, last of all, came Eva with her father, and the old cobbler Sachs with Walter.

Sachs was the chairman of the day. He was beloved by all the village, and they cheered joyfully when he arose to announce the rules of the contest. Then, as he finished his address, all the audience became eager to see who would be the first contestant. It was the conceited Herr Beckmesser. Smiling and smirking, he climbed to the singers' platform, but his smile was mixed with frowns, for his beautiful new boots pinched his feet and made his bow-legged limbs point inwards.



THE MASTER SONG

Lingered the stars in dance of delight
And rested there
Upon the hair
Of a maiden lovely, star-bedight!
The light of day
Had a twofold ray—

Her eyes—bright suns—on me shone down
With splendor sweet.
In bliss complete
I saw her take her heavenly crown—
Both Fame and Love
Came from above!
Ah, blest was I with joy extreme
In Love's sweet dream!

He bowed, smiled proudly, and raised his hand to the harp and struck a chord. He opened his huge mouth and closed his little fishy eyes and began to sing. Never had the people of Nurenberg heard such singing. He had been unable to fit a tune to Walter's words, and, what was worse, he had forgotten most of the words.

The audience first laughed and then hooted, and Beckmesser's face became the color of a ripe beet.

"You're outdone and outsung," the crowd cried, and Beckmesser shouted back at them: "Well, it wasn't my song. The song that you have been making so much fun of belongs to your beloved friend, Hans Sachs."

Then old Hans stood up. In a few words he told of having found Beckmesser in his shop, of Beckmesser having picked up the song that the young visitor had written, of his having begged Sachs to let him use it for his own.

"And finally," said Hans, "you have known me always to be a just man. The song is a wonderful song when it is rendered with the music that is intended for it. Its composer is here today, and I crave your permission to let him sing it."

"Yes, yes," shouted the audience. "Let him come forward."

Sachs raised his hand and motioned to Walter, and the boy approached and bowed to Herr Pogner, and to Eva, and to the old cobbler, and then began to sing.

You might have heard a pin drop. In eager silence the people of Nurenberg sat, and listened to the beautiful melody and the beautiful words of love. They sat as though spellbound until Walter had finished. He

(Continued on Page 378)

The Accidental Reformer

By FAYE HOGUE

A red headed girl burst into the pirate cave. Usually she observed scrupulously the rules of the game and approached with all due secrecy, but today she was too disturbed.

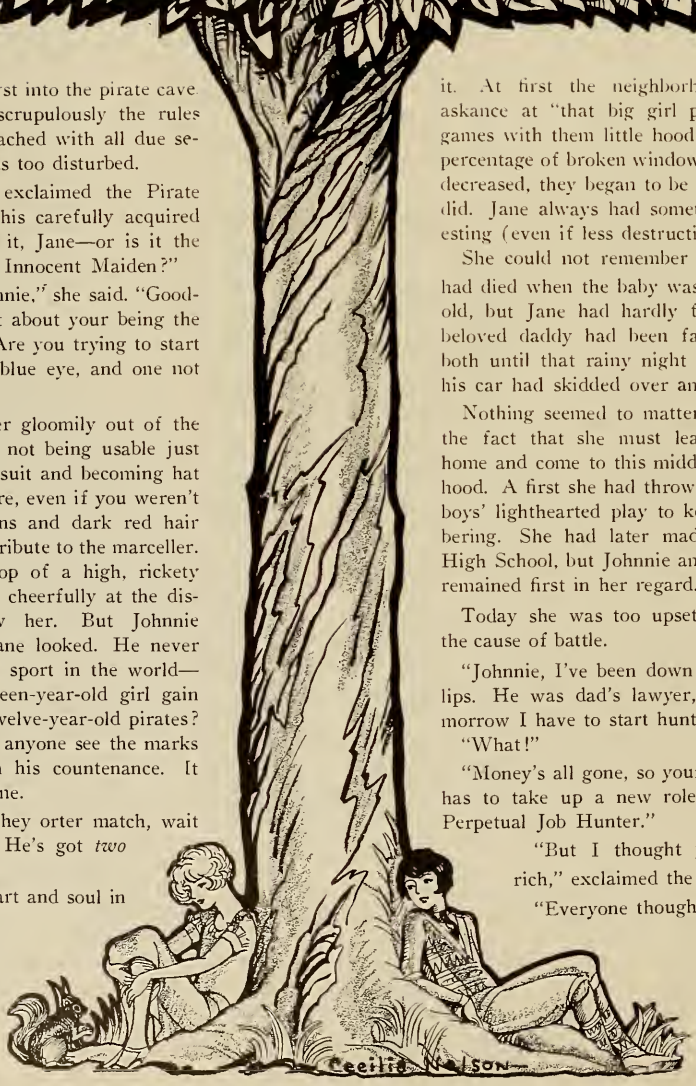
"Who goes there?" exclaimed the Pirate Chief, startled out of his carefully acquired calm. "Oh, it's you, is it, Jane—or is it the Principal Vamp or the Innocent Maiden?"

"It's Jane today, Johnnie," she said. "Goodness! There's no doubt about your being the Pirate Chief, though. Are you trying to start a new style—one nice blue eye, and one not so nice black one?"

The boy regarded her gloomily out of the blue eye, the black one not being usable just now. In her trim blue suit and becoming hat she made a pretty picture, even if you weren't interested in white skins and dark red hair that didn't have to pay tribute to the marceller. She was perched on top of a high, rickety box and grinning down cheerfully at the disreputable figure below her. But Johnnie wasn't thinking how Jane looked. He never did. Jane was the best sport in the world—how else would a sixteen-year-old girl gain entree into a band of twelve-year-old pirates?—but he hated to have anyone see the marks of doubtful victory on his countenance. It wasn't good for discipline.

"Huh, if you think they orter match, wait till you see Skeeter's. He's got *two* black ones."

Usually Jane was heart and soul in the triumphs or griefs of the Pirate Band, playing Vamp or Captive as the plot of the day demanded, and if she chortled inwardly, the boys never knew it. At first the neighborhood had looked askance at "that big girl playin' them fool games with them little hoodlums," but as the percentage of broken windows and stoned cats decreased, they began to be thankful that she did. Jane always had something more interesting (even if less destructive) to suggest.



She could not remember her mother, who had died when the baby was less than a year old, but Jane had hardly felt the loss; her beloved daddy had been father and mother both until that rainy night a year ago when his car had skidded over an embankment.

Nothing seemed to matter after that, even the fact that she must leave her beautiful home and come to this middle-class neighborhood. A first she had thrown herself into the boys' lighthearted play to keep from remembering. She had later made friends in the High School, but Johnnie and his friends had remained first in her regard.

Today she was too upset even to inquire the cause of battle.

"Johnnie, I've been down to see Mr. Phillips. He was dad's lawyer, you know. Tomorrow I have to start hunting a job."

"What!"

"Money's all gone, so your Principal Vamp has to take up a new role—I hope it isn't Perpetual Job Hunter."

"But I thought your father was rich," exclaimed the boy.

"Everyone thought so. He told me not long before he was . . . went away . . . Jane had to pause a moment. Any mention of that

beloved father was hard. "He said he'd made an investment that would double his fortune. But no one could find any record of it, and there was only enough money to pay my board here at Mrs. Sweeney's this year while I took a business course at High School."

"Do you 'spose that lawyer got away with it?" suggested the Pirate Chief, darkly, hopefully.

"No, I'm sure he didn't. Some day I'll get track of it, but meanwhile, I rather enjoy three meals a day, so . . . "

"What will you do with the money when you get it?" In Johnnie's mind there was no question but that his Principal Vamp . . . no, in this case she was the Wronged Maiden — would eventually get her rights.

"Oh, there are so many things to do—I want to go to college, and have lots of new clothes again, and go on with my music, and take a trip around the world —goodness, I'd need a secretary to write down all the things I want to do!" She paused, the grey eyes looking straight through the rough walls of the Pirate Cave, seeing instead the vision that had been forming slowly during the past year. "But, Johnnie, the thing I'd really like to do is to start a Rest Camp—not just a summer camp, but a year 'round home for girls that need it. Not a big, noisy camp, but a quiet, homey place where a few girls could go and rest, or hike, or do anything they pleased."

"They can do that at the Camp Fire Girls or Girl Scout Camps, and all the summer resorts," objected Johnnie. Besides, they couldn't go in winter, they'd be in school."

"I don't mean school girls, but those who work in offices and factories and stores."

"Huh, they can pay for their own vacations when they're earning all that money," snorted Johnnie, who thought a lot of autos and a few boats and a radio would be much more sensible to spend the money on.

"Some of them have to support families on those salaries, which aren't very big when you get to paying all the bills." Jane shook her head thoughtfully. She had discovered a new side of life this last year. "I was talking to a poor, forlorn little thing down in the basement of one of the cheaper stores—that's where I do all my shopping now—and she said she took part of her vacation and all her money to get her dental work done and the rest of the time she stayed home and did housework."

Johnnie relinquished the autos and radio reluctantly, but it was evident Jane was in earnest.

NARCISSUS (a villanelle)

Narcissus, fragrant flower of white,
Now bathed in loveliness you seem
Much sweeter than the sleep of night.

Fine ivory petals thin and light,
Faint-scented as a lovely dream:
Narcissus, fragrant flower of white.

Your own fair image in the stream,
Sways gracefully so it may gleam
Much sweeter than the sleep of night.

You're dancing like a crystal sprite;
Now as some flake of snow you beam;
Narcissus, fragrant flower of white.

Your thin stems bend like birds in flight
That turn and follow winds extreme,
Much sweeter than the sleep of night.

No other blossom shines as bright,
No greener leaves are more supreme.
Narcissus, fragrant flower of white,
Much sweeter than the sleep of night.

—Jack Mail.

"Some of 'em won't take charity," he offered as a last resort.

"I don't want them to. I'd let them pay just enough to save their self-respect. Just listen to me!" Jane jumped down from her box. "I'm planning how I'd spend a small fortune, and my own fortune is so small I may not eat next week. That being the case, I'd better not miss dinner."

Johnnie followed reluctantly as she opened the ramshackle door and emerged from the mysterious pirate cave into the prosaic back yard of Johnnie's home.

Three days later Jane again entered the pirate cave in most unseemly fashion. She had left it ten minutes earlier in a discouraged frame of mind, having told Johnnie that there was no job in sight, so the boy leaped at the obvious conclusion when he saw her excited face.

"Did yuh get a job?" he asked breathlessly.

"No, I got a telegram—I can't go, of course, but it would be so lovely, it cheered me all up again. That's one of the trials—or blessings of a red headed temperament. You're way up or you're way down. Here, read it." She thrust the telegram into his hand.

Johnnie read:

Leave San Francisco 9:40 P. M. June 21 arrive Klamath Falls 5 P. M. June 22 for two months' camping trip in woods nice crowd all expenses paid ticket and reservation wired so don't waste them telegraph yes never forgive you if you don't throw up all other plans you may have lots of time for other trips but no trip like this no excuses taken.

(Signed) CLARE.

"Who's Clare?" asked Johnnie, when he had mastered this jumble.

"Clare Winship, who was my chum at boarding school, and lives in Southern Oregon. For anyone who doesn't want to waste a railroad ticket, she's certainly a wasteful telegraphist. Wouldn't it be wonderful if I could go?"

"Of course you'll go." The Pirate Chief adopted his lordly official manner. "The doctor said you had to rest this summer; that you'd worked too hard over that old stenography, and here's your chance. Why shouldn t you go?"

"I must get a job. Summer's the time to do it, when other girls go on their vacations," explained Jane, absently pulling the curl over her left ear.

"But you'd have all your expenses paid without working," argued Johnnie. "Besides, think how many ideas

you could get for your Girls' Rest Camp," he continued craftily.

"If I stay here a moment longer, you'll blow up every one of my good resolutions," Jane opened the door of the den. "I see where I have to fight it out by myself."

Sitting alone in her dingy little room, Jane tried to fight it out. There was so little of the money left, and jobs were scarcer than usual, so all the girls told her. She shivered as she remembered those dreary benches of girls in the employment bureaus; the strained eagerness in their faces when the door opened, the droop of their shoulders when it proved to be only another job-seeker instead of a prospective employer. And most of them were experienced. What chance would she have? She had not admitted to Johnnie her feeling of panic, or how near out of money she was. Jane hated a whiner and was not given to feeling sorry for herself, but there had been moments in the last few days when she wondered miserably what would happen if she didn't find any job. She even thought of trying to get a position as a maid, but realized that she knew more of the duties of a mistress than of a maid.

"It isn't that I think I'm too good for any old kind of a job," she had explained to Johnnie that afternoon, "but it does seem like a lot of nerve to ask anyone to pay me for doing something I don't know how to do."

How wonderful it would be to put all that behind her —but she simply must not think of such a crazy thing. She would telegraph Clare that she could not come.

But she went out and telegraphed her acceptance.

The next day would have seemed endless, if there had not been so many things to do, but it was one breathless rush from early morning until she found herself snuggled down in her berth. The next day did not seem long, either, for Jane had never traveled north and the country was new to her. Before it seemed possible, she was hesitating on the car step and there was Clare, crying:

"Jane, how did you do it?"

"Do what, squeeze you? Easiest thing I do!" Jane gave her friend an extra hug to prove it.

"Idiot! I mean, how do you stand that trip from San Francisco and arrive here looking positively bandboxy."

"Thanks, you relieve me. I was sure there was at least sixteen smudges on my classic nose."

"Nary smudge. Here's the car, and we'll hurry straight home to dinner, for the girls are coming over tonight to make plans."

Clare piloted her to a big car, which she sent over the pavement at a rate that made Jane hope the speed cop was busy elsewhere.

Arrived at the house, Clare swept her upstairs for a hasty cleaning up. A little later Jane walked sedately down the steps, subduing her desire to accept Clare's suggestion and follow that frivolous person's descent via the banisters.

"I inherit a propensity for banisters." Clare smoothed her rumpled black locks into their usual sleekness as she waited in the hall for her friend. "When mother was a dignified student at college, she slid down the banister and shot off the end square on top of the President of the College. 'Why, Miss Nan, I'm surprised!' sez he. 'Not more so than I is,' sez she—and here she is. You'd never think it of her, would you?"

Clare had whisked Jane along the hall as she talked and now swept her into the dining room.

A short, plump lady came toward them.

"What dark secret of my past is my daughter revealing now?" Her serious face showed no kinship to the flashing gaiety of her daughter.

Jane hoped Clare's tale was not without foundation, for her own hasty reading of Mrs. Winship would have granted that poor lady no saving sense of humor; and what greater tragedy than a camp chaperone without that insurance against nervous prostration!

"There are a lot of them there secrets, aren't there?" laughed Clare. "Never mind, this was just a mild one, about one of the murders you committed in an absent-minded moment. Dad, here's Jane."

Tall, handsome Mr. Winship greeted Jane heartily, and his friendliness and ready good humor won the girl instantly.

The fourth member of the Winship family, Clare's eighteen-year-old brother Tom, looked approvingly at the addition to the camp circle.

"Nice kid, jolly but not silly, and with a good supply of brains," was his mental comment as he placidly devoured his dinner, unmindful of Clare's excited explosions over everything and nothing.

Three other girls arrived before dinner was over and were shepherded into the living room; their chatter drifting into the dining room at intervals.

Tom grinned at his father.

"You asked me what I wanted for my birthday, dad. I think three sets of ear muffs would be about right if I'm going to spend the summer in camp with this bunch."

His sister made a face at him and dragged Jane into the living room. The latter managed to slip into a corner after the introductions were disposed of. She wanted to look over her camp mates.

Merle Blair took her eye first, perhaps because she was the only quiet one there. A rather plump, pretty girl, with a fair skin and smooth, blonde, unbobbed hair, she sat quietly and let the storm of words fly by. A pleasant smile hovered around her mouth, and her occasional quiet suggestion caused Jane to label her "not stupid, just serene."

Anastacia, or "Stacey" Hildred was a plain looking girl with untidy brown hair and no very decided features, but her presence was never overlooked. No matter what subject came up, Stacey was "agin the gov'ment." She would argue long and loudly and with great heat on any subject whatever, but when the matter was finally settled, either for or against her, she immediately forgot all about it in stirring up another argument.

By a low-toned question to Merle, Jane discovered that the third girl had been christened Ethelreda Leighton, but was never known by any name but "Duds."

"It makes her furious to be called Ethelreda, and I can't say I blame her," laughed Merle. "You can see how little it fits."

Duds was deceptively quiet looking, and the joy of her life was to keep Stacey in the midst of an argument most of the time, making it doubly hard by switching around to Stacey's viewpoint without warning.

In the midst of a feverish whirl of plans, the bell rang and the maid ushered in another girl, at sight of whom conversation stopped.

She was no older than the other girls in the room, but her make-up was distinctly put on to be seen, her black hair was marcelled within an inch of its life, and her elaborate dress was more suitable for a dinner at the Fairmont than an informal call in a small town.

"Hello, Lyllyan," murmured the girls half-heartedly.

"Oh, Clare," burbled Lyllyan, with a casual nod to the others. "I knew your friend was coming from the city tonight, so I just had to run over and meet her."

Clare introduced her as Lyllyan Colling, and Lyllyan immediately began planning a trip down the river for later in the week.

"Sorry, Lyllyan, but we won't be here," said Clare.

"Why, where will you be?"

"We're going up to Winship's camp," exclaimed Stacey, then squawked as Duds gave her a vicious kick on the ankle.

"Oh, lovely!" gushed Lyllyan. "I'm so glad I dropped in. I've always wanted to go up there. When do you start?"

"Jane and I go up the lake tomorrow by boat, and the rest follow the next day in the autos," said Clare unwillingly.

"I never could get ready by tomorrow, and the water's stupid," exclaimed Lyllyan, "but I'll be ready the next day. Won't it be fun?"

"We haven't any extra bed or bedding," warned Clare, inhospitably.

"That's all right, I'll dig up something. I simply must run along now and get ready. I'll phone Duds tomorrow and find out our plans."

As the French heels tripped lightly down the front steps, the explosion in the living room made all previous efforts seem feeble.

"Well, of all the nerve!" gasped Clare.

"Stacey, you get one week's solid dishwashing for that," proclaimed Duds. "What possessed you to let her know where we were going?"

"Who'd ever expect even Lyllyan—wait till you see how she spells it, Jane—to invite herself?" Stacey defended herself. "Anyway, you know very well not even a Trappist monk under vow of perpetual silence could keep anything from Lyllyan if she made up her mind to find it out."

"That's true," acknowledged Clare. "And I'll wager she already knew—bet that's what she came over for. If you see a good chance, drop her over the cliff as you go around Modoc Point."

(Continued on Page 384)

OYSTER ISLAND

By JOHN B. WOOSTER

"IT'S ALL your fault," wailed Billy.

"You know it is," added Tom.

I wanted to say something, but I knew that they were right. It was my fault. So I just looked wise and sat down.

They were as much to blame as I. If they had not been so very willing I should not have come. But they wanted to, so I did come.

We had been walking about the bay, looking out at Oyster Island. It was early morning, and the island looked very close.

(Dad had told me it was three miles away, but I thought he was mistaken.)

"Gosh, I'd like to explore that Island," I mused.

"So would I," echoed my brother Billy.

"Know who lives there?" asked Tom, the kid brother.

"Nobody. They say that there's swell fishing, and keen trails to walk around, and big caves and lots of things."

"Who told you, Ted?" Tom was all eagerness.

"Oh, I heard an old fisherman talking about it to some summer visitors."

The island looked big, and I knew it would give us something over all the boys to have been there, even once. I looked about the shore.

"Look, fellows," I cried suddenly.

There, on the beach, was a little rowboat. They let out a shout of joy.

I knew that it belonged to some city folk that lived nearby, but then, they had gone back to the city and the boat would be unused until late Fall. It was nicely covered with canvas, and tied to a post.

"Let's borrow it," I proposed.

"Gosh!"

"How long would it take?"

"We ought to be there in an hour, and then we could camp all day and get home by six."

Tom looked at me.

"We could stay later than that," he suggested. "Mother and Dad went to the city, and they won't be be home until tomorrow."

"Gee, let's go." This from Billy.

"All right," I said, "we've got our lunches all put up. Tom, you get a big bottle of water, and Billy and I'll get the boat in the water."

Tom dashed to get the water, and Billy and I got to work. It took a long time to get the boat in the bay, but at last we succeeded. It was some boat, too. It had two pairs of oars neatly tied inside.

A moment later Tom returned and we put to sea. Tom steered and I rowed. Billy sat way up in front, and gazed out ahead, with dreamy eyes.

At first it was easy to row. But as soon as we got out of the bay, it became much harder. It was hard work, and the progress was rather slow.

But at last, in about an hour, the keel grated on the beach, and we were there. We all piled out, and stretched,

then we pulled the boat up on shore.

"Say," Billy was all excited, "let's hide our lunches here, and walk around. See what we can find."

"Swell."

We put our lunches and our fishing lines near some rocks, then we started out.

Oyster Island was very beautiful that day. The upper part was heavy with trees, and the shores were white with sand. We found a trail, and we took it. It wandered about the sea shore, past little bays and inlets.

After about a half hour, we came to a ledge of rocks that ran out about a hundred feet from shore. But on both sides of the ledge the water was a deep, deep blue.

"Run back and get the fishing lines," I cried.

"All right. What are you going to do?"

"I'll get some bait, then we can fish."

Off they went running, and I began to turn over some of the many rocks that were just about in the water. In a short while the little can that I had was full of worms, great big ones. Gee! I never got bait so easily in my whole life before. Here I had not been at work for twenty minutes and I had over a hundred. I had just put an extra big worm in the can when my brother returned.

"Got any bait?" called Tom.

"Come and see."

"Here's your line. Let's start."

So out we went, and, after baiting, our lines were cast off. It did not seem a minute before I felt a tug on my line. I struck back, and then, feeling the line jerking I knew that number one had been hooked. I pulled him in. It was a great big perch, of beautiful colors. I looked at the other fellows, expecting to see their jealous look. Nothing of the sort! Each of them was pulling in fish. That's the way it started, and it kept right up. As fast as a line would get down, there would be a jerk, and another fish would be caught, then another, and another.

But in about an hour I saw that the water had risen so high that it would cover our fishing ground.

"Come on, fellows. Tide's driving us out," I shouted.

"Gee, I hate to go," said Tom.

"Best fishing I ever had," said Billy.

But back we went, and sat down to sort our catch. It was the biggest mess of fish that I have ever seen. There were over a hundred, and almost all of them big. Some of the perch were about three pounds, and lots of cod were twice that size.

"We've got enough for everybody," I thought.

PIRATES

By Ivy Grant Morton

The bees are bold, bad pirates,
  Who sail the orchard seas,
Plundering every blossom ship
  That floats among the trees.

They board each petaled vessel
  And delve into the hold
For nectar sweet and pollen;
  These are the orchard's gold.

And all the fragrant booty,
  Of all their treasure quests,
Is sealed away so safely
  In little waxen chests.

But some day honey robbers
  Will raid the pirates' den,
And then those hardy rovers
  Must seek the seas again.

"Just wait till the kids hear of this," grinned Billy.

Tom was hungry. "Let's eat," he begged.

I was half starved, so back we ran to get our lunch, and to hide our fish. We found the lunch BUT—

There was a little speck way out on the water, and there was no boat on the shore. We had pulled the boat way up. But we had not thought of the rising tide.

Honestly, I wasn't hungry. I just felt sick. We all sat down, and were silent for a long time.

"It's all your fault," wailed Billy.

"You know it is," added Tom.

I wanted to say something, but I knew they were right, so I just sat.

But after a while Billy said, with a funny sort of grin:

"I really wanted to come as much as you did, Ted. Only I forgot about the tide."

"So did I," echoed Tom and I together.

"What'll we do?"

"Have to make the best of it," I grumbled.

"But—but how?"

"Well we could find a cave, and then get some grass and make a bed out of that," I said, meditatively. "We won't starve, but there's no water."

"Oh yes, there is," said Tom. "I found a little creek right near where we were fishing."

"Fine!"

"I guess we can get along," Billy mumbled, "only, only I wish we were home."

I smiled so they wouldn't see how worried I really was. It had been fun, but it was no longer. All the pleasure had gone out of the adventure. No one knew where we were, and there had been strange stories about smugglers. Then, if we weren't home next day, what would mother and father think? I did not feel a bit good.

We ate a little. Then we hid what was left, and started to hunt for a cave. We found one, big and cold looking. But after we got into it, it was not so bad.

"We've got to have a fire," I began.

"Who has a match," demanded Tom.

We all shook our head, dejectedly.

"We'll make it Indian fashion," I proposed.

"How's that?" asked Tom.

"Rub two sticks together."

I ran out and got two nice looking sticks. I put a tiny ball of grass under them, and started rubbing. Splinters came off, and a little bit of wood powder fell away, but there was no spark. I kept rubbing until my arms ached so that they seemed to be falling off, but still there was no fire.

"I can't do it," I said mournfully.

"I think I know another way," Billy cried suddenly.

He ran out of the cave. In ten minutes he was back, with a bow he had made of a bent stick, and the string from our lunch. Then he had a soft log piece, with a small hole in the side of it, a rock with a clam hole, and a straight piece of wood about as round and twice as long as a pencil. Sticking from his pocket was a ball of dead dried moss.

He made a running loop in the bow string, and put the round stick in that, then he put one end of the stick in the hole in the wood, and the other in the rock. He gathered up the powder and the splinters that had fallen from my stick, and wadded them up in moss. This he also put in the hole, and then, holding the rock, he began to move the bow. The round stick began to twirl. In a minute I saw a swirl of smoke arise and begin to rise upwards. Then he pulled the bow away, and started to blow. I tossed on some small sticks that I had, and waited. Just a second later a little puff, and the whole thing was blazing.

"Good boy, Billy," I said, after we had a big fire going.

"I read about it, once," he answered.

After about an hour, we had our beds fixed. And by that time we were so tired we could hardly stand. And then we were scared, though we did not want to admit it to each other. Everything looked so funny, and the rocks made queer shadows on the white beach.

We ate what was left of our lunch in silence, and then tried to sleep. But we couldn't. We tried moving back further in the cave, which was long like a corridor. But it was ghostly, and we shivered. Long white things hung from the ceiling, and white things grew on the floor. It was warm, but wet, and water dripped from the ceiling with little splashing sounds.

"Let's get out of here," Tom whispered, at last.

I wanted to go just as much as he. I walked to the end of the hall, then stood still.

"Come here, quick!" I cried.

They rushed to my side. Sticking out of a hole in the wall there was an old iron box. We could just see it.

"What is it," whispered Billy.

"Buried treasure," I breathed.

"But it isn't buried," said Tom.

What he said wasn't funny, but we all laughed. And after that we felt better.

Tom held the torch, and Billy and I tried to break off the funny little wall sticks that had grown around the box. But they would not break. Billy ran out and got a rock, and again we pounded and pounded. At last the box was free, but we could not lift it, it was so heavy.

"Let's leave it here, and come back for it," said Tom.

It was the only thing we could do.

We ran out on the beach. It was still dark. But in the little bay near our cave there was a black outline. A boat!

We dropped and crawled into the bushes. My teeth were chattering, and Tom was having a hard time to keep his crying soft. Soon we heard the familiar sound of oars. We heard two deep voices talking, but they were not near enough to hear what they said. My hair was standing straight up.

There was no doubt in my mind but that they were smugglers, coming in from their sea roving. They would find that someone had been near their box, and then—if they found us—I could hardly breathe.

Then, suddenly, a voice boomed: "Tom, Bill, Ted, you little swabs, come here."

The relief was great. I couldn't help crying. I had recognized the voice of Captain Smollet, the head coast-guardsman.

We ran out on the beach, and a minute later we were by him.

"How did you know we were here?" I asked.

"I saw you leave this morning, but when I saw the boat drift away I waited until it had drifted out of sight, and picked it up. But I guess you have had your lesson. Better come home."

"Captain Smollet—" I began.

"Well?"

"Will—will you do us a favor?"

"Help us get our treasure home. We really found one."

"Do you think you're being funny?"

But at least he came with us. When he had seen the box he called his sailing partner, and the two of them were able to get it out of the hole and into the boat. We put it away in back of the boat, and headed for home.

After we had gotton to port, and the box was carried to the coast guard station, we all sat around while Captain Smollet attacked the lid with a hammer. At last the lock weakened under the rain of blows, and the lid was lifted.

The box was about half full, of something; something that looked vaguely familar. Oyster shells!

We are going fishing again tomorrow at Oyster Island, but we are not going treasure hunting, ever again.

YESTERYEAR

By D. B. S.

Oh, I would that I might wander
Where the knights of old did battle.
Gird in silver armor gleaming
I would fight for love and right.

Oh, I would that I might squander
Days with merry knaves who prattle
Of the times when men lay dreaming
Under Nero's stars at night.

Oh, I would that I might blunder
Into days of romance golden.
Down the Spanish Main I'd journey,
Spanish coins within my purse.

Oh, I would that I might thunder
Into legends wild and olden,
Into knightly feast and tourney—
But I can't—so I write verse.

The Flea.
by S. Bert Cooksley
Behold the triple-jointed flea,
A creature of the wild is he.
His little legs can leap a block,
His little face can stop a clock.
He loves to linger in the grass
And bite the simple cows that pass,
He also loves to sit and purr,
Among the woolly puppie's fur.
In circuses he learns to wear
A fancy vest and part his hair;
He also learns the three inch vault,
The broad jump and the somersault.
He does not whistle, cry or sing
He does not rattle, squeak or ring
He has no use for B.V.D's,
He thinketh less of cottage cheese.
Behold the triple jointed flea,
A creature of the wild is he;
Unless he's quiet as a lamb
He'll be a little speck of JAM!
Kenneth Callaban

Negrita

"MY NAME is Dolore-e-es—They call me Negri-i-i-ta-a-"

"Hey, there, get out of the way!"

The little red singer whirled around, her childish form, eager. She might have been twelve years old; she might have been younger. Her vivid red lips were still parted. Her eyes, dark as the hearts of the flowers she carried, flashed, and her lips pouted. Then a sudden change came over the small dark face. The eyes became soft, like black velvet, and the lips parted again. One hand clutching the flowers, and the other laid coquettishly over a red hip, she edged up to the wagon driver.

"My name is Dolore-e-es . . . "

"I don't care what your name is—get out of my way, or . . . "

The horses suddenly jerked, and the little red and black figure lay in a heap in the gutter, the flowers scattered about her, black curls tumbled over the cobblestones.

She raised a smudged little face, and brushed away the curls and tears.

". . . they call me Negri-i-i-ta . . ."

She looked around her. People were passing, with scarcely a glance at her. She looked down at her flowers scattered in the dirt, and at her little brown, dirty feet and legs. And suddenly, something seemed to go wrong within her. She lay her head in her arms, in the gutter, and began sobbing—hard, racking sobs out of the misery and loneliness of her loving little heart.

She did not know how long after it was, but it seemed as if all the tears had come out of her heart, when she heard the voice. It was a low, sweet voice, such as she had never heard before.

"Who is she," it said, "and why does she lie there, weeping?"

"Huh, that's Negrita . . . " it was Pepita's, the apple-vender's voice, that answered, " . . . they call her that because she's so black—black, she is . . . " and she laughed, a high, crackling laugh.

And then the low voice spoke again, and Negrita felt a gentle touch on her head.

"What is it—dear—what is it . . . "

Negrita raised her smudged face, and through the tears and the curls over her eyes she saw a lady, a lady such as she had never known. A small black hat was pulled down over golden-flecked brown eyes, and the smile on the lovely face made Negrita's little heart thump in her throat. All the sunshine came back into her heart. She clutched the lady's hand, and smiled. Her eyes were like black velvet, and a soft flush had come into the dark face. And the song came bubbling to her lips.

"My name is Dolore-e-es . . ." She leaned her head to one side, so that the curls tumbled over the lady's arm.

"They call me Negri-i-i-taaa—

"My eyes and my hair they are . . ."

The palm of her free hand turned upwards, in an accustomed movement, as if waiting for the usual coin. But suddenly she clenched it, and laid it over her heart. She couldn't—somehow she couldn't.

Uncontrollable, the tears rushed back into her eyes, and her heart ached with a strange, dull ache that she had never felt before.

The lady said nothing, just waited. With a sudden impulsive movement, Negrita raised the lady's hand to her lips and held it there with all the strength and passionate longing of her. Then she let it go, and, with one last look, into which she poured her whole heart, she dashed down the street, and was lost among the surging crowds of Madrid.

* * *

Twilight crept softly over the hushed city, and lights appeared, here and there, golden in the dusk.

But out, at the end of the city, the north wind blew through the battered houses, and Negrita shivered in the dark street. A few carnations remained in her hands.

by

FRIEDA KUHL

Recklessly, she bit off the long stems, and pinned the red flowers in her hair, behind her ear. She wanted to dance, she wanted to be happy. But the dull pain was still in her heart, and at every corner she looked in vain for the lovely face she loved.

Tonight there was no place to go; no bed, of any sort. Pepita had turned her out, because she had fallen into the gutter, and ruined the flowers. But she had taken her money, the few coins she had made, and Negrita was hungry. She was terribly hungry.

"My name is Dolore-es . . ."

Her voice echoed from one side of the street to the other. She was alone, utterly, desolately alone.

". . . I vend red carnations . . .

". . . . blood-red like my heart . . ."

A door opened, and a voice shouted:

"Get away from here you tramp . . . Get. . ."

But Negrita was already gone.

She tried the next street. From a high window, someone threw a coin. It was a false one.

". . . they call me Negri-i-i-ta . . ."

"Shut up, down there, where do you think you are, huh? You dirty little beggar . . ."

The song died from her lips, and she mumbled: "I'm not a beggar . . . not a beggar. I give them something for their coins . . . red carnations . . . and my songs . . . and my love. I think . . ." She murmured, "I think, Negrita, that you have given most all your heart away . . ."

She walked on, and on, further away from the city. It did not seem to want her, her city—it *was* her city—the only one she had ever had—

She came to where the low houses were as a part of the garden, lovely things that might have grown among the flowers overnight.

She stumbled, now, as she went on. Her feet were bruised, and she ached all over. But worst of all was the pain in her heart.

She was so tired! So tired—One house stood before her now, a half a mile ahead. It stood alone, away from all the others, almost out in the country.

Negrita stumbled on. She wanted to see it closer—maybe someone would be kind, and listen to her song. But she was weary from the hunger and cold, and, a short distance from it, she fell. But after a while she crept on, slowly, on hands and feet. She came to the wall that surrounded the house, and crouched beside it.

Suddenly, her eyes opened wide. Someone had come out to the gate. Negrita's heart stood still. It was the lovely lady she had learned to love.

She crept along the wall, afraid to breathe. "Only a little nearer, Negrita," she whispered to herself, "only a little nearer, so—so you could—could be near her again—"

The lady was all dressed in white, a white mantilla over her shoulders. The moon rays seemed to envelop her, and Negrita worshipped her as she crept up nearer, nearer—

"I must not let her see me . . ." she whispered again to herself, "you must not, Negrita—must not . . ."

She had come as far as the gate. She crouched at the foot of it, to one side, her eyes, misty with love, looking up at her idol.

The lady put her hand on the gate, slowly opened it, and stepped out, onto the grass by the side of the road, and, as she passed, the fringe of her mantilla brushed Negrita's tear-stained face.

The little red figure, black in the moonlight, moved back, one hand still on the side of the gate.

The lady was turning, coming back in. She stepped in,

and closed the gate. It caught Negrita's hand, and she uttered a faint: "oh," of pain. Then she pressed her other hand to her lips, to keep from crying out.

The pain blinded her. She sank her teeth into the flesh of the other hand.

She put her hand to her forehead, then to her eyes. Everything was black. She leaned her head against the wall, then sank forward softly, her curls tumbling over the grass, one faded flower still among their blackness.

* * *

She dreamed she heard someone talking, murmuring things in a low, sweet voice. She dreamed that she was no longer tired, that she had come to a haven where she could rest. She dreamed, also, that there was a hand on her brow, a cool touch on her throbbing temples.

She opened one eye, and looked out from under the long lashes. Then, with a start, she opened both wide, and sat up. It was dark, except for a soft red light burning above her. It was not the moon. She was lying on something soft—she rubbed one hand over her eyes, and brushed away the curls. Someone was standing near her. Negrita's heart began pounding madly.

"Are you better now?" It was the voice she had heard in her dream.

Negrita nodded. Her eyes became soft and wide, then a curious brightness came into them, and they filled with tears. But she brushed them away, and smiled. It was not the smile of the Negrita of yesterday, the roguish smile of the little street tramp. It was a different sort of smile—slow, and tender, and a little sad.

"Much better now," she murmured, "and—and—thank you—I—I love you."

And so Negrita came to live at the house of the lovely lady, Maria.

There were quiet days, days in which Negrita, in a new dress, and her curls bright and shining, sat on the little bench under the low patio, with Maria's hand in hers.

"You may call me Maria," the lovely lady had said, "if you wish."

"My little girl," she went on, "always called me that. She's married now, and has gone to Almodovar."

"I remember Almodovar," said Negrita.

"You? When—"

"I—you see—the first I remember, I lived here, in Madrid—with a woman. I don't remember her—much—except that she used to beat me. I—I guess I was about four then—"

"How old are you now,—little Negrita?"

Negrita shook her head, and the color rushed to her face.

"I—I don't know—"

There was a silence.

"After that," Negrita resumed, "I remember traveling, for a long, long time. There were lots of people, and some children. But," she lowered her voice, "they never liked me, I remember—well, I know that we went as far as France, in a big wagon, and we used to stop, and they made me dance—and sing. Then, once, one of the men—he—he whipped me, because I couldn't sing—I was sick—then I ran away."

Negrita felt the lady's hand hold hers more tightly, and she said softly:

"And then?"

"Then, I just went on—alone. I used to find people, on the road, who were kind, and took me with them for a little way. And so—I think it took almost a year—I came back to Madrid—I always wanted to come back, though I could hardly remember it—"

"Negrita—" whispered Maria— "have you been alone—ever since "

The black head nodded.

"I have always been alone, Maria," Negrita murmured softly—"but—but I didn't always dislike it—it was rather fun, just being—being—"

"What?"

But she couldn't say it. She wanted to say "Being free," but she couldn't. She did not want to hurt Maria.

Later that night, she wandered down to the gate, and gazed far out to the winding road that stretched out before her, silver under the yellow moon.

"My name is Dolores . . ."

She couldn't go on. She looked out, onto the road. Perhaps, she was sure of it—if she could only step out there, she could sing. There, she would be free—free!

She looked back at the low house, with the softly gleaming light in the lower right window, then out again, at the road. Negrita's little heart raced madly, then, for a while, it seemed as if it had stopped beating altogether.

She opened the gate, and stepped out. The gate closed behind her. She started at that, and turned back. But a bird began to sing high atop one of the tall trees that grew by the side of the road, a plaintive, yearning song, calling to her. She turned again. The road, gleaming softly in the moonlight, seemed to go on and on through the soft darkness, and the wind, a teasing, caressing wind played with her curls.

"I'm wanted here," she whispered fiercely to her heart, "I am. The wind wants me, and the birds, and the road is beckoning . . ." Then, suddenly:

"What am I saying! I can't go! Negrita—Negrita—you can't go—she wants you, too—"

She wanted her, too.

A smile that did not come from her heart played on her lips, while the ready tears rushed to her eyes.

"Once, Negrita," she murmured, her hands tight against her breast, "once, nobody wanted you—not even the city, your city—and now—"

She pressed her hands to her eyes, and turned back, blindly, and into the house.

There was no song in her heart any longer. There was just the desperate yearning for freedom. To go! For months she did not once go near the gate that led into the open road.

"What is it, Negrita," asked Maria, "Negrita—you're not happy?"

Negrita, like a red carnation in a scarlet dress and shawl, smiled.

(Continued on Page 386)

Dear Editors:

The daily papers recently announced the arrival of Princess Elizabeth's first tooth, and I was forthwith moved to write the enclosed version of the incident.

Very truly yours,
EMILY SEYMOUR.

NEWS FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE

(Apologies to A. A. Milne)

In a corner of the palace is a great big nursery,
A little princess sleeps there who has cut her first tooth.
The Nurse told the King and the King told Her Majesty;
It really must be so for such people tell the truth.

The King told the Queen and the Queen smiled discreetly,
"How very, very int'resting, let's both go and see."
They went to the nursery and sure enough they saw the tooth
Just peeping through the baby's gums as cute as it could be.

"We'll have to send a cable to let her parents hear of it,"
Said George as he patted the child upon his knee.
"By all means," said Queen Mary. "Events of such great magnitude
Should be announced at once and with solemnity."

They sent a cable message to notify the royal pair,
Couched in language pompous as befits affairs of state,
And the evening brought an answer from the parents of the princess,
"We'll come right home and see the tooth and then we'll celebrate!"

FRUIT VENDER, CHINATOWN

By JACK MAIL

Piled high in carts upon the street
A man is selling fruit, as sweet
As ever you have seen.

With care he polishes each one,
I see them beaming in the sun,
The little tangerines.

How gaily, too, the apples shine
Laid there in rhythmical design
Of glowing yellow green.

And lemons, too, he's selling there,
And peaches round and very rare
Are showing on display.

No other fruit is quite as sweet
As in this cart upon the street
Where I go by each day.

OLD JAPAN

By GLADYS TILTON-STEELE

The whirring wheels of rickshaws—
And tiny, pattering feet . . .
A maiden with a gaily painted fan,
A spray of cherry blossoms
Rose-tinted as the dawn,
A dainty little bridge . . . a fairy's span.
The Geisha girls are singing
In tones bell-clear and sweet . . .
Like paintings on a silken screen they seem.

* * *

Oh, for a little sampan
And a little crystal brook
Where I might drift the whole day long
And dream!

BALLOON MEN

By JACK MAIL

Balloons, balloons of torquoise blue,
Balloons of green and scarlet, too;
I like to see them blown, for then
They are as round as fat old men.
Now they're like bubbles made with wings,
Or colored blossoms tied to strings.

Balloons—magenta, orange, white,
They float as high as stars at night.
Like tinted clouds set free they blow
Around in circles, fast, then slow,
Until they strike a jagged wall;
They stop, and pop, and drop—
That's all.

LE MAGUIRE

TERRIBLE things were happening in the little village of Loire sur Loire. It was a modest little village, hiding itself in a hillside of purple vineyards, just a stone throw above the river, and when it awoke one morning to find Nana, the baker's goat, perched on the roof of the baker's shop, dressed in the petticoat of Helene, the baker's wife, you can well understand the horror of the village folk. But that was not all. The self-same day, when M. Henri Dupont, the postman, went to the chicken-yard to gather eggs for his evening omelette, he found the eggs, it is true, diligently laid by his hens, Marie and Suzette. But the eggs were striped with paint of red, and green, and yellow. M. Henri Dupont indignantly rushed to the *maire*. The *maire* was pacing up and down his office, tearing at the few hairs that remained on the top of his shining egg-shaped head.

"M. le *maire*," cried Henri . . .

"Pig! Pig of a pig!" cried the mayor . . .

"My omelette! My eggs!" cried Henri . . .

"My donkey!" roared the mayor . . .

"My hens!" . . .

"My dignity!" . . .

"My omelette!" wept Henri.

"Pig of a pig!" shrieked his mayorship.

They were interrupted. A man entered. He was dressed in a brown frock of a peasant. His gnarled hands twisted a rainsoaked brown hat.

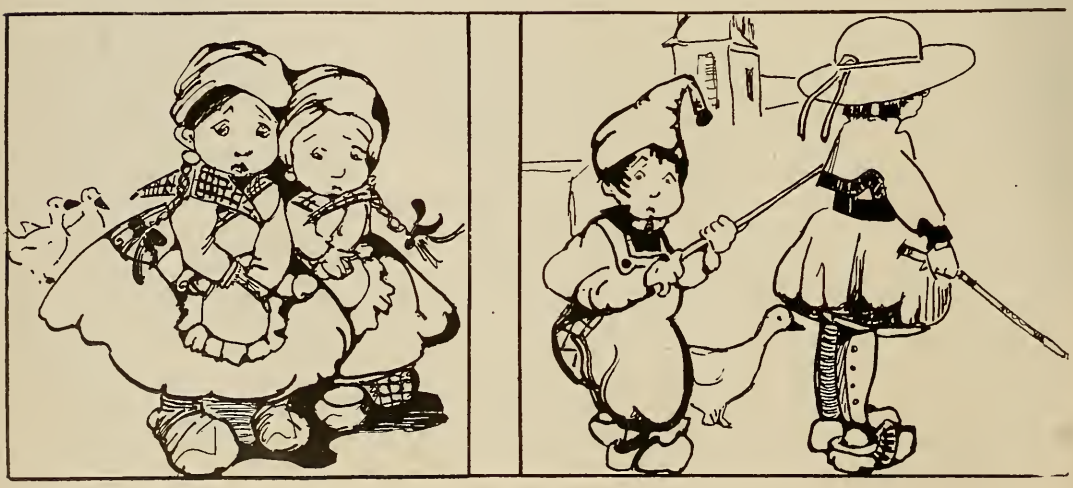
"M. le Maire," he wept, "M. le maire. I'm a poor, honest man. I work hard to feed my wife and my babies. And now when it comes time for me to go to market and sell my grapes the devil has come and painted stripes like the stripes of the zebra that one sees when the circus comes to Loire—painted stripes around the stomach of my Camille—and I cannot go—"

The Mayor looked at him in amazement.

"Your Camille?" he said, "What is your Camille doing with stripes around her stomach? And if she has stripes about her stomach, why is it that her clothing does not hide them from the people's eyes?"

"But, M. le maire," sobbed the peasant, "you do not understand. I do not speak of my wife Camille, but of my mule Camille, and . . ."

The mayor gazed in horror at M. Henri Dupont, and Henri gazed speechlessly at the villager and the villager stood and wrung his hat and tears poured into his black beard. And then, as they stood there, the door again burst open, and in poured a great mass of people, and in their arms they carried chickens, with ribbons tied around their neck, and pigs with spectacles tied over their eyes, and lambs with their wool cut short like a prisoner's, and kittens, whose tails were painted a brilliant green. And the people all talked at once, and the chickens cackled, and the pigs squealed, and the lambs blaa-ed, and the mayor's office sounded for all the world like a stormy night on Noah's Ark. And then, in the midst of the uproar, the bells of the Church rang out, loud and angrily, and a moment later the sacristan burst in to the mayor's office, and cried that the bells had rung and yet no one had been in the church and no one had touched the ropes.



by
S. B. DICKSON

And all the people cried out that it was the work of the devil, and the mayor swore that he would catch the evil-doer and punish him. And the noise of the babbling women and groaning men and squealing animals became so terrible that no one could understand what the other one said.

Meanwhile, up on the hillside, far above the village, a girl lay, her hands behind her head, her eyes closed, and a frown upon her forehead. She sighed and spoke to one who lay on his stomach just a foot or two above her.

"I don't know who you are," she said, "or why you should want to help me. You have never seen me before. I am only a poor little village girl, and mean nothing to you. Who are you?"

The man grinned, and plucked a blade of grass and tickled the maiden's nostrils, and when she brushed the grass away, he roared with laughter, and sprang to his feet and bowed.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I am Le Maguire."

"Le Maguire?"

"Le Maguire!"

"It is an Irish name?"

"My *grandpere* was Irish. He came from the Irish lakes, many and ever so many years ago, and stole away to be his bride Jeanne, the daughter of the notary Lacrosse. He was a devil-may-care lad, was my *grandpere* . . ."

"As you, Monsieur?"

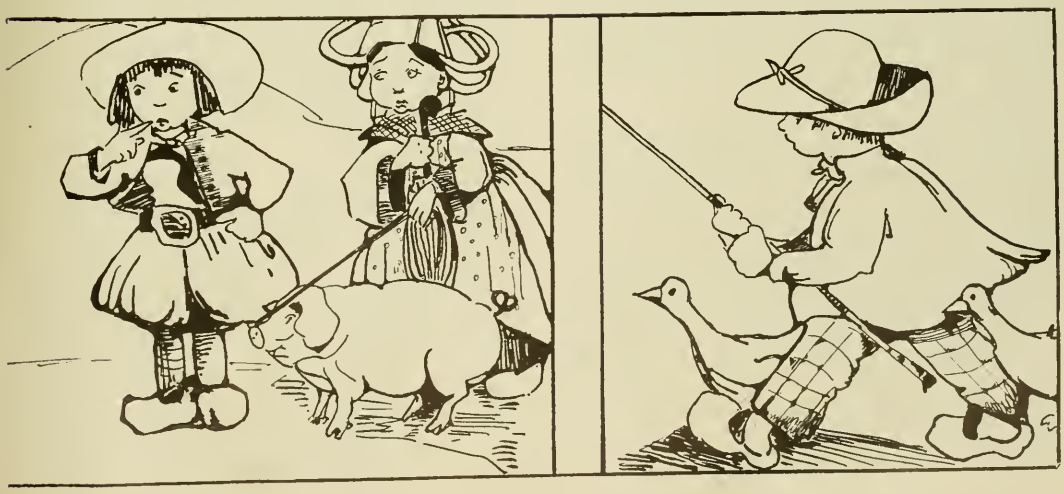
"No, *grandpere* was more free, and more Irish than I. He lived to live and love and be free and gay, and I, why there are times when I must work to earn my bread and wine. You see, *Grandpere* could never bring his Jeanne back to Loire sur Loire, and so he wandered more or less around the world. Then, when their son Jacques—that's my good father—was born, they made them a home in Southern Spain, and my father Jacques lived there and married the daughter of an Andalusian breeder. And so, you see, I am Irish by nature, and French by adoption, and through my veins runs the romance of the Spanish bull-ring and I am everything and nothing. And they call me Le Maguire."

The girl smiled.

". . . and now," the boy went one, "tell me about you."

She sat up, and clasped her hands around the red skirt where it fell over her knees. She shook her black curls away from her golden-brown eyes, and gazed far down to where the Loire wound its way like a silver serpent through the purple vineyards.

"There is little to tell," she said, "little more than I've already told you yesterday, when you found me here crying. I am called Jaqueline—Jaqueline Dupont. My father is the postman, and my mother—my mother is dead. I was born in Loire, and my father has tried to be a father and a mother to me. But a postman is a very busy man, and his many duties make him old and tired, so that he cannot understand the heart of a young girl. I did not know I had a heart till a month ago, when I was driving



my geese to the lily pond, and they would not stay at the edge of the road, but went wandering backwards and forwards across the road, under the wheels of every market wagon that came along. The day was hot and my head ached, what with the dust and the bright sun. I thought I should have to cry. But crying would have done no good, so I just cracked my whip and my geese fluttered along for all the world as if they did not care whether they got any place or not. You know, Monsieur, they were exactly like an accident going some place to happen.

"Along came a wagon piled high with hay, and on top of it rode a boy. He waved his hat and shouted at his horses, and they jogged along lazily, and . . . ran right over my pet gander, Jean-Jacques Russeau.

"Well, Monsieur, I sat right down in the middle of the dust of the road with Jean-Jacques on my knee, and I cried and I cried, and the farm boy came down from his hay wagon and stood and twisted his hat and there were tears in his eyes. And right away, Monsieur, I felt myself forgetting about Jean-Jacques Russeau, and thinking about the farm boy.

"He had come from Mouniz, a little village on the other side of the hill, and I loved him right away. Do not laugh, Monsieur Maguire, that is a very serious thing. You see, the people of Loire sur Loire hate the people of Mouniz, because the sheep of Mouniz come across the hill and ruin our vines. So you can see it was an unfortunate lover that I had chosen."

Le Maguire chewed a piece of grass, and half closed his laughing blue eyes and squinted at Jaqueline.

"You love him very much?" he demanded.

"Ever and ever so much, Monsieur."

"And he loves you "

"He tells me he does. Yes, Monsieur, he does love me."

"Then why not marry him?"

"But how, Monsieur My father would never permit. We can only meet one another when he drives along the road and I am out with my geese. We walk together. He holds my hand until we see someone coming along the road, and then we pretend that we do not know one another. And so we are miserable."

Le Maguire scratched his head.

"You must go away," he announced.

"Monsieur, it is impossible. Everything that everybody does in Loire sur Loire is known by everybody else. and we simply could not get away."

"Then you must choose a time when the village is busy with some event. The circus, maybe."

"The circus does not come until after the vintage, Monsieur. It . . . Monsieur, *regardez!* He comes."

Down the road came a pillar of dust, and in the midst of the dust was a hay-wagon, and on top of the hay stood a boy who waved his hat. Jaqueline sprang to her feet, and waved in answer, and danced down the hill with Le Maguire skipping like a buck-deer after her.

"Monsieur Le Maguire, this is Paul," she said.

Paul twisted his hands and looked at his dust covered shoes, and Le Maguire roared with laughter and punched the boy in the ribs. Then they sat down on the hillside. Paul sat with his back against a vine-post, and Jaqueline sat at his side, with his arm around her shoulder, and Le Maguire lay on his stomach, and kicked his heels together, and laughed at the two lovers.

"It is this way," said Le Maguire, and there was devilment in his Irish eyes, "we must give Loire sur Loire a day such as it will never forget, and excitement such as will be remembered by the grandchildren of the grandchildren of the villagers."

"But how " asked Jaqueline.

"Leave that to me," said the man, "I will prepare the way by making the folk think that the devil has really come to Loire sur Loire, and on—let me see—on next Saturday, you must be ready to go. You will go up the Loire to Lyon, and on the high road that leads into Lyon from the south you will find an old red mill with arms that are painted blue and yellow. It is the mill of my mother's mother, and there lives the only friend that I have in France, the good wife Henriette Blanc. You will tell her that you have come from me, and she will take you in and care for you until Paul has found work and a home for you. And now, let us plan for the great day."

They whispered together and Jaqueline and Paul laughed with glee as Le Maguire told them his plans.

"And remember," he said, "when you hear the church bells ringing wildly on Saturday afternoon, put on your shoes and take what possessions you can carry and start for Lyon.

* * *

Evening in Loire sur Loire! A crescent moon hovered far behind the terraced hills of the vine lands. A warm breeze came down the river with a hint of early Autumn and the night was rich with a thousand perfumes. A group of boys and girls came down the dusty road laughing and singing and carefree. Suddenly, one of the girls stopped, and grasped her companion's arm.

"What was that?" she cried.

"What do think it was?" demanded a boy.

"It looked like a man. But he was leaping high into the air. He was all black. He looked—he looked like the devil."

The merrymakers laughed, and teased her, and told her that she was seeing things, but she shook her head, and insisted that it was Monsieur Le Diable that she had seen. And so they went on their way down the road, and into the village, and were met by a group of village folk who cried out and exclaimed that the devil had been seen riding over Loire sur Loire on a broomstick.

Then, in truth, things began to happen. Thursday morning Monsieur *La Maire* found his donkey with his legs tied together, seated in the big chair at his mayor-desk.

(Continued on Page 379)

THE WOES OF A NOSE

By ROSALIE MOORE

Oh, way out beyond the big Rock of Gibralt,
  Was a deep, dirty desert, quite barren and roon,
'Twas a land just as dry as a doodlebug's eye
  Where the sun never set between dawning and noon!

This country was terribly torrid and horrid—
  Its people were draughty and haughty and queer,
They loved their things dryish and fryish and pieish,
  And the sight of pure water just bored them to tear.

Now the country was ruled by the Lord High Sandune,
  A monarch so squithered and withered and blawked,
That all of his courtiers just opened their mouthses
  And looked, and beheld him, and gawkted, and talked:

"Oh, isn't he shriveled and driveled and piveled!
  How rusty-musty-dusty and wholly ping-pong!
In fact he would be a most ribulus ruler
  If his right regal nose were a little less long!"

Now rag-bottle-sack, though the case may appear,
  The king grew quite faded when this subject rose—
(For he was imposey, and doze and fumosey
  Concerning the longishingness of his nose.)

"See here!" he replied to the talk he had eavesdript,
  "In season, for treason, shall all of youse pay—
I'll sentence each one to the dread, dreary bathtub
  Unless such remarks aren't remarked from this day!"

In wrath then he sought out his premier mosquito
  To ask how the nose he might decapitate—
(For this skeeto was buzzy and suzzy and wuzzy,
  And counseled Lord Hi on affairses of state.)

There's only nine ways," hummed the flookey mosquito,
  "That I could executive such a worse job—
The first is to shrink your long nose in wet water—
  Or else you could maybe, may, might, have it bobbed."

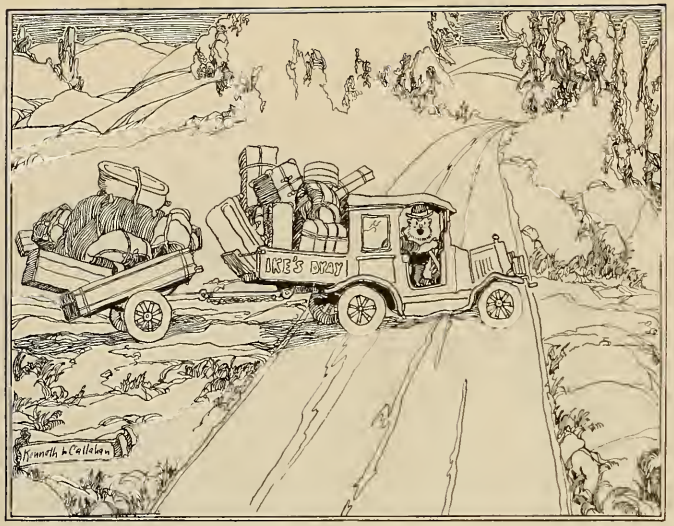
"Oh, pease porridge hot!" cracked his sun-structed master,
  "I couldn't not never, nay, no, cut it off—
And water, you know, is disgraceful and wasteful—
  And your twelve other offers are equally cough!"

"Well, don't be so hottish and blottish and swattish—
  You'll have to choose one," yipped the skeet with a squeek.
"For the sake of my beauteousness," Lord Sandune martyred,
  "I'll choose the bad water—immoral and bleak!"

And so Sir Mosquito, he gathered some water
  And met with the king in the dead of the night,
But—the process was stopped at the start—for Lord Sandune
  Of real sloppy water, had shrunk at the sight!

He shrunk at the sight, and his nose it shrunk with him;
  It shrunk to a perky nob perched on his face—
Nor had he to soil his royal self with damp water—
  Thus keeping the rules of his parched, blistered race.

Since that burning moment, not one arid subject
  Has turned up his nose at the Lord High Sandune,
Who is ruling there yet, in that land high and dry,
  Where the sun never sets between dawning and noon.



The First 700 Miles

By KENNETH CALLAHAN

CRASH! Bang! Wheeze!

A final shudder, which set all the spare tin a-jangling, and Camille slowly came to a stop, steam rising in a spiral from the radiator cap.

"*Now* what's happened to the old heap!" exclaimed Jack in a disgusted voice.

"Maybe we've lost the engine," said Bill hopefully.

"As for my opinion," said a voice issuing from out of a cloud of blue smoke which enveloped the tonneau, "it's the hind wheels we've lost. These last ten miles have been rough."

Dimly, through the haze could be seen a young man lying back on a pile of luggage, a pipe thrust out from under a collegiate hat.

"Oh, well," he shrugged cheerfully, not moving, "Suppose I'll have to fix it again."

"Thanks so much for the offer and suggestions," returned Jack sarcastically, in a muffled voice, his head under the engine hood, "you birds are lucky you don't know anything about a car."

"Well, you see,' said Bill, who had climbed out and was looking at the old lizzie with pretended pride in his eyes, "when I bought the old girl for thirty dollars at the fire sale, I intended to use a chauffeur, one with silver buttons, and so it wasn't necessary to know anything about her."

"I've found the trouble now," interrupted Jack, "where did you put that wrench last time we had a puncture, Skite?"

"Maybe it's under the luggage," he answered dreamily, "but aren't those beautiful hills, the decorative way the eucalyptus grows. California is a great place. Wonder what San Francisco will be like!"

"Huh, huh," growled the other, "but where's that wrench?"

"Here it is," said Bill, rising to the occasion, "it was on the running board."

Ten minutes later Camille was quaking and creaking its way at twenty-five miles an hour.

When, at the end of the school term, Jack, Bill, and Skite, inseparable trio, lay on the campus under the June sun, sorrowful because they had to part for the vacations, a brilliant thought had come to Bill.

"What do you say, fellows," he had announced suddenly, out of a clear sky, "let's take Camille and drive down to San Francisco."

"Gee," enthused Skite, "isn't that an idea! But—say, what will we use for money?"

"Our allowance is stopped during vacation," brooded Jack.

"Oh, we'll get by all right," said Bill. "We'll camp, of course. How much have you got, Jack?"

"Twenty-two dollars."

"And you, Skite?"

"Me? Oh, just thirty-five cents."

"Well, I've eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents, which makes us forty-one dollars and fifteen cents. We'll start tomorrow.

And thus Camille, the battered heroine of many a campus escapade, now gaily decorated, was filled with gas, oil, and luggage.

"You crank her, Jack," said Bill.

After a long interval of cranking, no sputter came from Camille.

"Let me take a twist," said Skite.

"Let you! I wouldn't stop you for anything."

Still nothing stirred within Camille. After an hour of cranking, the three sat dejectedly on the running board, wiped the perspiration from their faces, and listened to the advice from the crowd of men and co-eds who had gathered about them.

Someone suggested pushing, and immediately the potential tourists became alive—climbed into the tin monster, which moved majestically away from the curb. The

engine caught, and they were off, cutting the wind with their speed.

They entered a wide valley of highway, winding down through the center. Dairy farms and vegetable ranches bordered either side.

Towards noon the lizzie ascended a heavily wooded hill, and stopped on the crest. They decided to lunch there, in the sun. An hour passed, and they started out once gain. Leaving the hills, they entered a more level country, and drove along for hours, silently.

Towards evening, as darkness began to fall, Camille turned in between the gate posts of an auto-park. Drawing up under the trees, she stopped with a jerk.

From the park house came a pleasant-faced man in corduroys.

"Hello, there. Make yourselves at home—cook-house over there," he said. "Anything more, just let me know."

The boys stumbled from Camille, rubbing the circulation back into cramped legs and arms.

Night had come by the time Jack had secured the last stay to the tent he had swung between the pines. From the other side came the laughter of Bill and Skite, as they struggled through the cooking of their first supper out.

With much splattering of water, the dishes were finally washed. Just then the agent appeared in the doorway.

"Just a suggestion, boys," he said, "if I were you I'd drain my radiator tonight. It might freeze."

"Holy mackerel," exclaimed Skite, "will it be that cold?"

"Cottages are a dollar," suggested the park man hopefully.

Skite looked at Bill, and Bill at Jack, a broad grin rapidly appearing on their faces.

"Ah—no, thanks," they said in unison, and turned into their tent.

They talked awhile, as they lay there, muffled in their blankets of the old school days, not so very far away, then they went to sleep, exhausted.

Biff! Bang! Slap! Shivering, Jack awoke with a consciousness of something happening. He slid from under the blankets, drawing on his shoes as he did so. He peeped out and saw Bill and Skite sparring, warming up. Springing out, he clouted each before they had noticed him, then fled across the park towards the pump, the others pursuing him, whooping like wild Indians.

The breakfast was the most appetizing one they had ever had.

After that they spent an hour warming up Camille to a pitch where she would start. Camille suffered terribly from the cold. The sun shining over the hills was melting the frost which dripped from the foliage of the trees, when they finally turned out of the auto-park on the second day of the great adventure.

They passed through many small towns, nestling in deep valleys; tree-shaded little places, lazy, their people rousing momentarily from their lethargy to stare at the strange spectacle of the brilliantly painted lizzie and its hilarious occupants.

After a while they crossed the toll bridge, and came to where numerous signs, each pointing in a different direction, instructed wayward tourists how to reach the auto-park. They finally chose the route of the most recently painted sign, which proved to be, miraculously, the correct one.

That night, as they discussed their tentative plans, they had the important feeling and self-assertion of accomplished, experienced tourists.

Yawning, and still sleepy, they greeted their alarm clock next morning. They started out.

Bang! Without warning Camille lurched to the right and was stopped by Jack.

"Ha ha!" he cried, leaping out. "Another puncture, Camille? No more tubes, boys, and just twenty dollars left. Guess we patch this one."

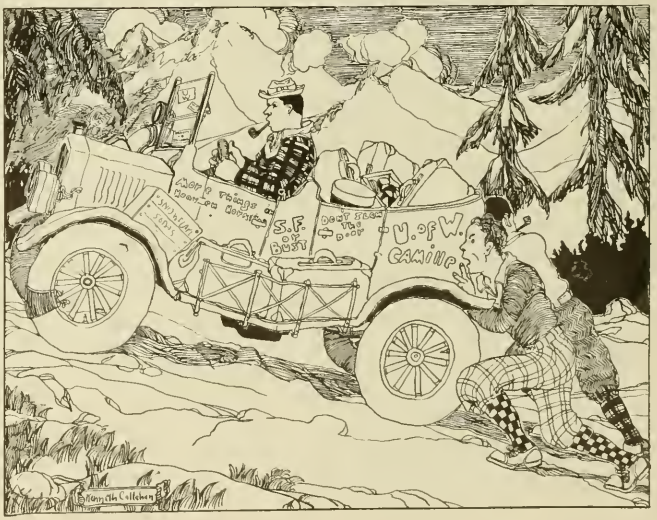
But twenty minutes later the tire was flat again. And they sat on the running board, the three of them, in the hot sun, and hunted possible holes in the already much patched tube. They bought new tubes, and started out again.

"Hard a-port," suddenly yelled Bill.

An almost-as-decrepit lizzie as Camille was crossing the highway, heaped with household goods, including a tin bath tub, which was displayed prominently on the very peak of the load. A mass of whiskers, topped by a brown derby, was thrust out from the front seat.

Skite very calmly came "hard a-port" without decreasing speed. Camille shot down into the hollow along the highway, climbed the bank beyond, running along the top a short distance, turned, then bumped back into the road.

(Continued on Page 388)



Space is limited this month, and we have not been able to print all the stories we wanted to. We have lots of stories, but where are all the poets? We want more poetry.

Meanwhile, here is an interesting article by Robert Dean on the making of fireworks, and, while we must warn everybody that fireworks are not allowed in most places in California, we think that these experiments will prove very interesting to you.

THE WIND

By Carol Walter

(Aged 9½ years)

Once when I was on the hill
  The wind blew all around;
It blew to the highest house-top
  And made a whispering sound.

It blew a gale all over the land,
  To the tops of the highest trees.
Then as the leaves came falling down
  It went on its way to the seas.

THE FLYING SLEIGH

By Betty Prell

It was night time in the little brown cottage on the hill. Everyone was asleep except Norma, who lay in her little bed looking up at the starry sky with sparkling brown eyes, which were not the least bit sleepy. Presently it began to snow. The snowflakes looked, to Norma, like silvery fairy messengers who had flown down to make the world all frosted and white. Whirr—what a big snowflake!

But wait—was it a snowflake? It looked like one to Norma, but as it came nearer she saw a sight that made her rise up in her bed and her eyes fairly twinkled with amazement . . . And no wonder! Right outside Norma's window stood a little silver sleigh with shining runners! The sleigh itself was patterned with large blue stars while sparkling sleigh bells trimmed the edges and gave out sweet, fairy-like music. Perhaps the strangest thing about it was the fact that no reindeer nor horses were harnessed to the sleigh. All that there was was a tiny silver wheel which was in the hands of the driver,—the driver, ah! Words fail to express her beauty. However, I shall try to tell you how she looked. She was clothed in a snow-white frock falling to her ankles. Upon her feet were tiny silver slippers with a tinkling sleigh bell on the toe. Upon her brow a shining star gave out a sparkling radiance. But her eyes, they were the most beautiful of all; so clear, so blue, so shining were they that they seemed to Norma like two blue stars.

"Why, I must be dreaming," gasped Norma to herself.

"No, dear," replied the fairy gently, "you are not dreaming, you only see me as I am."

Norma gave a start and then said timidly: "But, please, how did you know what I was thinking about?"

"I am able to read people's thoughts," sighed the fairy, a bit wistfully, "but come, we are wasting too much time. How would you like to take a ride in my magic sleigh to the Milky Way; the home of the star fairies?"

"Why, I'd love to more than anything in the world, but are you a star fairy?" asked Norma, with her eyes wide open.

"Yes, I am a star fairy and I also am the Queen," whispered the fairy, gently, at the same time tucking Norma into a lovely snow-white fur coat, and lifting her into the sleigh.

With a sharp turn of the silver wheels the sleigh rose softly into the silent, snow-powdered air. Over stars and under stars the flying sleigh skimmed along as lightly as a piece of thistledown.

Norma thought her heart would fairly burst with joy. "How strange the moon looks tonight," she suddenly exclaimed.

"Yes, I imagine it would look strange to you," sighed the star fairy, "because the moon is really a silver palace in which my star fairies and I live."

"A silver palace!" exclaimed Norma. "Oh, please, may we go there tonight?"

The fairy slowly shook her fair head and said: "I don't think so. The journey would be too much for you. We will only have time to visit the Star River."

"What is the Star River?" asked Norma, curiously.

"The Star River is the Milky Way, but the fairies would rather call it the Starry River."

By this time Norma was aware that the sleigh was flying more slowly. Peering down she saw a sight that would delight the eyes of most any

little girl or boy. A perfect stream of silver and blue stars was flowing by, and every once in a while little sparks of light would dance merrily in and out of the current silently gliding by. Beautiful little sprites, dressed in robes similar to that of the Queen, were gaily sleighing down the Milky Way. Every now and then the river would give a sharp turn or dip and down this the star fairies spun around and around. So long was this stretch of river that the star fairies were soon lost to Norma's sight. Presently, however, they all came flying back, and were about to slide down again, when they noticed the star queen and her sleigh suspended in the air. Lifting up their arms they began to sing, while tinkling sleigh bells played a sweet accompaniment.

"We are the star fairies, so happy and gay,
Sliding down the Milky Way.
The silver moon beams, so soft and beaming,
Dance with the misty stars a-gleaming.
Oh, life is so free for the star fairies gay,
Sliding and sleighing on Milky Way."

The soft voices of the star fairies made Norma drowsy and soon her little head began to nod.

"Ah," sighed the Queen, "we must be going."

Another little turn of the silver wheel and the sleigh began to float gently down to earth.

Softly, without the slightest jar, the flying sleigh landed close by the little brown cottage, right outside Norma's window.

"Good - bye, dear little Norma," whispered the fairy, tucking Norma into her bed, "I must hurry and put the stars to bed before Mr. Sun comes up."

"Oh, dear star fairy, how can I thank you?" said Norma with a sigh of contentment.

"I understand," smiled the fairy, "but I must be going now. Farewell."

Norma watched the silver sleigh until it was out of sight, and then, with the song of the star fairies still humming in her ears, Norma fell asleep.

HOW I MADE FIREWORKS

Robert B. Dean
Walnut Creek
(Aged 13)

Probably every boy has wanted to make his own fireworks. I made some last year, and I will try to explain how I made them. But I advise you not to try to make firecrackers, roman candles, or sky-rockets. They are dangerous and hard to make. Among some you can make are colored fire-pots, fire-tubes and volcanoes. While these fireworks are comparatively safe, none of them should be held in the hand, but all should be put on the ground to light. Be careful to put the fireworks on a board or piece of tin, if you use your neighbor's lawn for exhibition.

The fire-pots and fire-tubes may be of one or more colors. To make fire-pots, take a piece of cardboard tubing 1 inch in diameter, and 2 inches long, covered at one end with paper tied on with string. Pour into it the mixtures for the different colored fire, and between each mixture put a round piece of fuse paper to keep them separate. When the tube is full, tie a piece of paper over the top, and put a fuse through it into the top mixture.

Fire-tubes require a tube 8 inches long by one-quarter inch in diameter. These tubes may be made by rolling a piece of paper 8 inches by 6 inches around a pencil, and tie tightly at one end. Pour in the colored fire mixtures and place in the top a piece of fuse and a wad of fuse wool to hold the powder in.

The colored mines require two tubes fixed one inside the other, the larger tube 3 inches in diameter and 8 inches long, the smaller one one-half inch in diameter and 10 inches long. Fit the larger tube on a round block of wood nailed to a square block somewhat larger. Tie a small paper bag of white fire-mixture to one end of the smaller tube. Fill the tube with green fire-mixture, closing the top with fuse and fuse wool as in making fire-tubes. Insert the tube into a hole made in a circular piece of cardboard 3 inches in diameter, so that it will in turn fit into the larger tube and hold the powder tube in place.

Make the volcanoes of two cones, the larger one cut off at the top with its base on the ground. Make the larger cone 8 inches in diameter at the base, by 6 inches high, and the smaller cone 1 inch in diameter and 5 inches high. The smaller one should be inverted and stood inside the larger one so that the brim forms the edge of the crater. Fill the smaller cone with the volcano mixture in which place a small fuse.

When making the mixtures the ingredients should be ground separately to a fine powder and then thoroughly mixed. It is better to buy the ingredients already ground. The parts are by measure, always:

Red Fire Mixture

1 part Strontium Nitrate
2 parts Potassium Nitrate
½ part Sulphur
2 parts Charcoal

Yellow Fire Mixture

½ part Common Salt
3 parts Potassium Nitrate
½ part Sulphur
2 parts Charcoal

Green Fire Mixture

1 part Sulphur
2 parts Potassium Nitrate
2 parts Zinc Dust
2 parts Charcoal

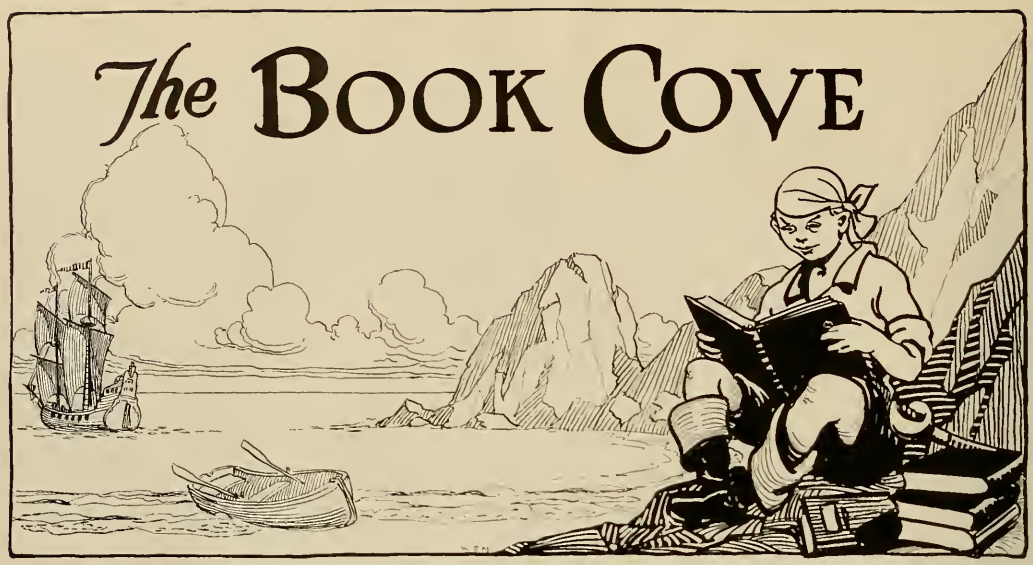
White Fire Mixture

1 part Magnesium Powder (flash-light powder)
2 parts Potassium Nitrate
½ part Sulphur
2 parts Charcoal

Volcano Mixture

5 parts Potassium Nitrate
3 parts Charcoal
1 part Sulphur
½ part Magnesium Powder (flash-light powder)
1 part Iron Filings
1 part Zinc Dust
2 parts Strontium Nitrate

To make fuse, fuse paper, and fuse wool, prepare a strong solution of Potassium Nitrate in a jelly glass of water and leave in it for 15 minutes, 2 feet of string, a bunch of cotton wool, and some pieces of newspaper. When dry, use according to text.



Where Directions for Finding New Treasures Are Given

By ALINE KISTLER

Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie,
A fly can't bird, but a bird can fly.
Ask me a riddle and I reply:
"Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie."

That is from *"Winnie-the-Pooh,"* the book that A. A. Milne wrote about the Bear of Very Little Brain. It is not the part that our editor quoted when he was telling about the book, it may not be the part you would quote—but I am putting it here because it tickles my funnybone and makes me think what a funny bear Winnie is and what funny "poems" came out of his Very Little Brain.

You older boys and girls are probably saying to yourselves, "Winnie-the-Pooh? Humph, that's just for babies. I've outgrown teddy bears and stories about them."

Oh, you have, have you? Just listen to this. I am old enough to vote for the next president and I have a husband who is older than that and we almost fought over who should have *"Winnie-the-Pooh"* to read first. It ended by our reading it aloud to each other.

And how we laughed!—at Piglet and Eeyore and Rabbit and Owl, but most of all at Pooh Bear. And, ever since, we have been quoting and telling other people about *"Winnie-the-Pooh."* So please know that there is a reason why we place it first in this month's Book Cove treasures. *"Winnie-the-Pooh,"* (*Dutton*, $2.00).

* * * *

Suppose you were a boy only thirteen years old. Suppose you had six brothers and sisters younger than you, the littlest being only six weeks old. Then suppose it was years ago, before the time of railroads and automobiles, and you were half way between the Mississippi and the Pacific Coast, on the way to settle on the Oregon frontier, when your father and mother died, leaving you in charge of the family with no uncles or aunts or grandparents to take care of you or tell you what to do.

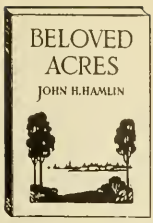
If you have supposed all that, now you know what John Sager had to face.

The story of this heroic pioneer boy, his hardships and his brave deeds is told in a fascinating way by Honore Willsie Morrow in *"On to Oregon."* John Sager was not a model boy. He was ornery as you or I most of the time; but he proved true to his mother's trust and his father's hopes.

If you like to read of the early days when Indians gathered scalps instead of flies, when young men tried their mettle with wildernesses instead of selling bonds, when western lands were being settled, not subdivided, read *"On to Oregon,"* (*Morrow*, $1.75).

* * * *

"Beloved Acres," writtten by John H. Hamlin, is another story of the West, but not of long ago. Elizabeth Craymore is the daughter of a Nevada rancher and the story of "Beloved Acres" is the story of her brave struggle to save her father's legacy from being sold to the scoundrel who had long schemed against her father and his lands.



The way this awakened "slip of a girl" takes hold of things, in the face of the opposition of her brothers and the fearful threats of the "enemy," is almost too good to be true; but it makes an absorbing story that gives one a warm glow of I-wish-I-could-do-things-like-that. *"Beloved Acres,"* (*Century*, $1.75).

* * * *

Again in the West, but this time in the mountains of Mexico, we find the setting for "Snake Gold" by Hervey White. In this setting one finds a strange group of unusual characters: Clint, the boy; old Miguel, the Indian who owned the amulet; Don Pablo, the cattleman, who wanted the treasure; the cook, the student and others.

The mark of the snake gold, found on the malachite charm worn by old Miguel, was considered a pledge of the ancient Aztec gods to protect the mine where it was hidden. The search for gold, the narrow escape, the final disposal of the treasure—all are interwoven with the strange doom of the gold that was "like a cruel snake," bringing hatred and strife to the searchers. Exciting and weird, indeed, is the story told in *"Snake Gold,"* (*Macmillan*, $1.75).

* * * *

"Heave, my bullies!" and "Pull, my hearts of gold!" We cast off for another voyage of adventuring, this time aboard *"The Dark Frigate."* The story, told by Charles Boardman Hawes, is of Philip Marsham and what happened to him after he fled down High Street with Moll Stevens and Jamie Barwick at his heels, crying "Stop, thief!" " A murder's done," and "Attach the knave!"—just because the gun Phil was minding went off without his reckoning.

It being the time of King Charles, and Phil being of adventurous mettle, bred to the sea, many were the turns of Fate's road before and after he signed on the Rose of Devon, that frigate whose dark hulk sheltered such queer happenings under merchant and pirate rule.

The story is mellow with rude, swart phrasings that roll under one's tongue with the tang of salt-whipped sails. *"The Dark Frigate,* (*Little, Brown & Co.*, $2.00).

* * * *

Turning from reminiscent romance to facts of accomplishment, let us turn the pages of *"The Young Folks' Book of Invention,"* by T. C. Bridges.

Have you ever wondered how things came to be the way they are now? what steps lay between the musket and the machine gun? how clocks and watches replaced sun dials? how torches and candles gave way to gas, and gas to electricity?

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Mr. Bridges describes invention from the time when men first learned how to produce fire, how to kill animals for food and clothing, how to make pots and pans from clay, down to the uses of steam and electricity, roads and bridges, telegraph and telephone, printing, sewing machines, automobiles, guns and explosives, moving pictures, radium and X-ray. "*The Young Folks' Book of Invention*," (*Little, Brown & Co.*, $2.00).

* * * *

For the younger boys and girls there came floating into the Cove a shining, round, magical ship. It wasn't a bubble. It wasn't quite a balloon. So they called it "*Bubbleloon*." Edith Keely Stokely tells all about it in the splendid big book with large print and lovely, colored pictures.

Inside this Bubbleloon sail Betty Jane, Bonnet, the Calico Clown and the Snow Man. And hanging from the bottom of it are Gasoline and Air. The first stop is the Land of Long Ago, where there is the sign above the gate, "No Groan-ups Allowed." The last stop is in the Kingdom of Boreas.

There now, you know all about it—or don't you? No, I imagine the best way would be to read it for yourself or, if you can't manage quite all the words, to have mother or big sister read it aloud. "*Bubbleloon*," (*Doran*, $2.00).

THE MASTERSINGERS

(Continued from Page 355)

stopped, and bowed, and then the silence broke. They shouted, these lovers of music, and laughed, and cheered, and there were tears in their eyes. They flung their queer black hats into the air and pounded one another upon the shoulders, and Walter stood with his head bowed, and joy in his heart.

The song of the mastersinger had been sung! As long as memory of old Nurenberg would live, so would Walter's song live.

But finally quiet was restored. Hans Sachs asked who was to be the next contestant, but none dared offer himself. They knew that none could write and sing a song such as they had heard. And so Herr Pogner arose and announced that Walter Von Stolzen was a master singer, and declared him a member of the Nurenberg guild.

"I'm overjoyed to welcome you among us," he said. "I am glad that you have won the victory. As to my daughter's hand—I leave you to plead your cause with her. If you can win her no other way, sing to her. Your singing will win anyone."

"I have already sung to her," replied Walter. "I await her answer."

And then with a maidenly flush warming her cheeks, and with happiness in her eyes, Eva came to him and placed a wreath of laurel upon his head, and he kneeled before her and her hand rested lovingly on his shoulder.

Joyously the good people of Alt Nurnberg cheered, and applauded their good friend Hans Sachs, and Eva, and the new master singer, Walter.

LE MAGUIRE

(Continued from Page 370)

Nana, the baker's goat, was found on the church steps, dressed in the robes of a priest.

The eggs of Marie and Suzette, the hens of Monsieur Henri Dupont, became speckled with black spots for all the world like an evil disease.

When Hans Wagner, the German musician, took out his tuba to play for the school children as they passed his door, a shower of water rushed out of the great horn, and when he turned it upside down you would have thought that the whole roadway would be flooded.

That was Thursday.

On Friday, when the mayor called the council in the town-hall, and all of the important men of Loire sur Loire were seated around the council-table, seriously planning for the good of their village, they heard wild cries from the streets. They rushed to the window, and there saw their wives clustered in an excited group, while the children danced around and cheered and laughed. And down the village street came dozens and dozens of chickens, a long procession of chickens, the postman's Marie and Suzette, and the notary's red rooster penned, and the miller's bantams, and dozens of others, of every color and size, tied to one another by bits of string.

"It is the devil," cried M. Le Mayor, and "it is the devil," cried the councilmen. But that was not all.

As they sat and puzzled, and argued, the door of the council room burst open, and in strode old Lafitte, the village miser. He groaned, and growled and spluttered, and wrung his hands, and moaned, that the devil had knocked the bungs out of his wine vats, and his cellar was an ocean of wine, and the wine was trickling down the road, and making all the little puppy-dogs drunk.

And then came Friday night. Early in the evening a red fire was seen burning on the hill above the La France vineyard. And suddenly, as it had come, it disappeared, and another fire appeared far across the valley, and it went, and another came. And all the village said that it was the devil, and never to this day have they or I been able to learn how the fire was kindled. The people went into their homes, and locked their doors, and prayed and fear was in their hearts. Then, in the middle of the night, a loud moaning and groaning was heard, and the villagers peeked out of their window and say a procession of oxen going through the village street, and the nose-ring of each ox was tied with a tail of the ox ahead.

Came Saturday morning. Monsieur Dupont swore by all the saints that he and he alone would unravel the mystery of the pest that was upsetting the peace of Loire sur Loire. For M. Henri Dupont had gone to school and was a scholar, and did not believe of the devil roaming the streets in these days. He went first to the Chateau on the hill (to deliver his mail, and found the caretaker beating his fists and lamenting aloud that a fiend had taken away the iron gates of the lodge and had hung them in front of the window of Elise Grandjean, who was very old and gray, but whom he hoped to marry at some future time.

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Elise and he had been engaged for forty years, and were waiting for a good harvest so that they might build a home of their own.

Down the hill came Monsieur Dupont, shaking his head, and, as he came before the bakery shop, and stepped upon the wooden planks that paved the walk, he slipped, and his coat-tail flew over his head, and his hat flew to his toes, and he landed with arms and feet in the air, on that part of him that was made for sitting. He crawled to his knees, and examined the planks, and found that they had been smeared with tallow.

On and on he went, down the village street, and everywhere were signs of the devil. Out from a gateway came Can-can, the poodle dog of Felicite, the cheese maker, and he was drawing a little wagon that ran on wheels made of beautiful and sweetly perfumed cheese. And as he galloped down the road, the little wagon followed easily, and the two cheese wheels went careening down the hill. One of them bumped into a vine, and stopped. But the other bounced merrily along, and finally hit a stone and flew into the air, and landed with a soft thud on the bald head of monsieur the mayor, who was on his way to the council chamber.

On and on strode Monsieur Dupont, and then stopped, and exclaimed in horror. For the wicked devil had taken down the tri-colored flag that fluttered day in and day out from the pole in the market place, and had hung in its place a pair of red cotton undergarments. Monsieur Dupont drew his pocket knife, and cut the rope that went up the flagpole, and down fluttered the garments, and wound themselves coily around the Monsieur's neck

He disengaged himself, and went on.

Before the schoolhouse a great throng of children were gathered. They were laughing and shouting and holding their sides. In the doorway stood Monsieur Cartie, the schoolmaster, his face red with fury. For all of the desks had been moved out into the schoolyard, and the schoolroom was a din of cackling and crowing hens and roosters, and an uproar of squealing pigs, and bleating lambs.

On went Monsieur Dupont, and came to the courthouse, and entered the council chamber. There paced M. le Maire, and the councilmen, tearing their hair, and waving their arms, in fury.

"Gentlemen," shouted the mayor, "something must be done."

"Something must be done," they shouted back at him, and shook their heads.

"Be seated," commanded the mayor, and seven dignified city fathers drew seven dignified chairs to the solemn council table and sat . . . But not where they expected. For, with a tremendous crash, the seven chairs collapsed, and the city fathers found themselves in a cloud of dust on the floor. You would have thought the face of M. Le maire was about to burst, so red it was. He clambered to his knees, clutching at the coat-tail of M. Dupre, and the coat-tail came off in his hand, and down went the mayor again.

It was a sad but funny sight. Seven furious men seated on the floor, unable to even groan. They just sat there

and stared at one another in furious amazement, and the old clock on the wall ticked, and ticked, and ticked.

Then, suddenly, a face appeared in the window, a face in a black mask.

"It is the devil," they cried, and struggled to their feet, and started after him.

Down the road they stumbled and blundered, with the little black figure flying on before them and, as they ran, the chimes in the church steeple rang out wildly. The black one disappeared around the corner, and around the corner came the seven followed by the children and the wives and the fathers and, in fact, all but two of the folk of Loire sur Loire.

And as for those two! As the chimes of the church clanged on, the little black figure in the black mask climbed the ladder to the belfry, and looked out up the Loire. And there, in the bright morning sun, two figures walked, a girl and a boy. And his arm was around her shoulders. And a red handkerchief on a stick was bundled over his shoulder. And they hastened on and on, until they became tiny specks in the distance.

The black one watched until he could no longer see them, and then perched himself on the window-sill, and folded his arms, and laughed aloud until tears poured from his eyes.

A LITTLE BOY'S PIPE DREAM

By Elizabeth Darling Best

I used ta live in Heaven
  A long, long time ago.
An' it got hot es when I told it to.
  An' if I said so it ud snow.
An' I never had ta go to church
  'Cept if they had a party.
An' I never, never washed my neck
  An' I got so nice an' dirty.
An' I es frowed mud at people
  If they didn't do what I said.
An' when the plicemen's comed
  I tooked a gun an' shooted 'em dead.
An' I never had ta go ta school
  Or study the leastest bit.
An' I sicked the dog upon the cat
  An' made 'em have a fit.
An' once I tooked the Angels' harps
  An' frowed 'em all away.
An' once I tooked ole Gabriel's horn
  An 'stuffed it fulla clay.
An' the day 'at my beads busted
  Why I went an' stole the pearls
Right offa the luvully Pearly Gates
  An' hunged 'em on my curls.
An' you know what? One day I found
  A little devil's horn.
An' when I got froo playin'
  All two of my wings was torn.
An' the next day when I tried ta fly
  You know what happened ta me?
I summersalted right straight down
  Ta earth. An' here I be!

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ORGANIZING A LOCAL STAMP SOCIETY

There has been so much interest in the formation of local groups of stamp collectors and so many requests for information as to the best method of organization that I am devoting this month's issue to the proper method of procedure, and will continue the same topic until it has been fully covered. If there are any questions that you desire to ask, write me, enclosing a two-cent stamp.

Yours philatelically,
Norman Shepard.

The following notes on the organization of a Stamp Society are arranged in the order in which they would naturally occur and it is intended that the steps to be taken are followed consecutively (*i. e.:* 1, 2, 3, etc.).

1. If you are a member of a school class or attending any institution where there are likely to be a number of boys and girls interested in stamp collecting, ask permission of the principal, or other person in authority, to place a notice on the bulletin board or boards, stating your intention to organize a stamp society, and requesting those interested to communicate with you by postal or telephone.

2. Permission having been obtained, prepare your notice or notices in a careful fashion, not too long, but giving the essentials in a clear manner, including your mail address and telephone number, and sign them with your name as organizer.

3. As the replies commence coming in, tell the prospective members that as soon as a sufficient number of inquiries have been received, you will notify those interested, by another notice on the bulletin board or otherwise, of the date, hour and location where the preliminary organization meeting will be held.

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4. Call on your local newspaper and ask the editor to be good enough to run a small notice of your intention to form a society. He will do so without charge. If there is a school paper, do not overlook that either. Ask them to run a preliminary notice and also to publish the results which you will bring them when available. Be sure and present your copy in legible shape or it will probably be thrown in the waste basket. Use a typewriter, if possible, and double spacing.

5. Should you not belong to any school class or institution as above outlined, make the request just the same and stress the point to the principal as to the educational value of your undertaking and you will probably get his or her co-operation just the same. You should also see the librarian of the Public Library and the secretary of the Junior Department of the Y. M. C. A. for the same purpose and place notices in both institutions if it can be done.

6. Decide at the outset whether the membership is to be boys or girls, or both. Also if there is to be an age limit or none, and make your notices and announcements accordingly; also decide whether you want to make the society a local affair and have only a membership in your immediate neighborhood or whether you want to take in anyone who wants to join. These are the only decisions that you are called upon to make prior to the first meeting. At that meeting and thereafter all points are decided by the membership.

7. When you have received a sufficient number of queries from those interested to warrant you in going ahead, post another notice to the effect that the first meeting for the purpose of organization will be held at such and such a place on a given date, at a given hour, and sign it the same way. If it is for boys or girls only, the meeting may be held at your house, if convenient, or at the house of someone else. If it is both boys and girls, it is better to get permission to use a school room or some other convenient place (make it as convenient to *all* your members as possible). Allow from three to five days between the date of announcement and the date of the meeting so as to give all a chance to make arrangements to be present.

8. When the hour of the meeting has arrived, take the chair and request that some one nominate one of those present for Temporary Chairman. One of the members will probably make a nomination, which should be seconded, and the question put in the usual manner. (If you have never had any experience of this kind, let tails how to proceed.) After the Temporary Chairman has been chosen turn the meeting over to him and proceed.

9. The first statement made by the Temporary Chairman is to request the nomination of someone present for Temporary Secretary. This is done in the same manner, and the party chosen should be supplied with pencil and paper for the making of the necessary notes of the meeting.

10. Now you are ready to get right down to business. If you, yourself, have not been chosen for one of the above temporary offices, rise and ask the chair for permission to state why you have called the meeting and then tell those present your ideas on the formation of the society. After you have had a chance to state your position, the Chairman should start at his left hand and ask each person right around the room for their ideas. When each one present has had a chance to say what he or she thinks, SOMEONE should move that the Chair appoint a committee of three (3) to draft a BRIEF constitution and by-laws, and report at the next meeting. The Chair then appoints a committee, and it is CUSTOMARY that the Organizer be made a member of same. If, however, you are already Temporary Chairman or Temporary Secretary, do not accept the committee appointment. Do not have a committee of more than three members, as it is too difficult to get together.

11. As soon as the committee has been appointed and those on the committee have accepted the obligation, the Temporary Chairman should request those present to sign their names and addresses on a sheet of paper supplied by the Temporary Secretary, DIRECTLY AFTER ADJOURNMENT, and then ask that someone present move that the meeting adjourn.

12. Meeting adjourned, either to a given time, or to the call of the Chair.

In the next issue there will be a model copy of a brief constitution and by-laws.

"SWAPS"

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By ALICE REINHART

Last month when I took home my card,
My mama exclamationed.
She questioned me, grew cold and hard,
She cross-examinationed.

She wondered how I got this "D,"
And if my brains were dead;
She didn't even see the "B,"
All that she saw was red!

I wished I might sink through the floor,
Or go somewhere and die;
Or tiptoe out and close the door,
Or sprout some wings and fly.

But all my wishes were in vain,
I had to stand and hear,
The things she said were very plain,
They grated on my ear.

But this month I will study right,
And make her proud to be,
The mother of a child so bright
And diligent, as me!

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THE ACCIDENTAL REFORMER

(Continued from Page 359)

"Come on, girls," Merle interrupted a lively tilt between Duds and Stacey. "We must start home. Everyone knows what she is to bring and do—even to dropping Lyllyan over the cliff—and Clare and Jane need sleep to recover from the shock."

* * * * *

After a hasty, but adequate, breakfast early next morning, Tom hustled them out to the car to drive them up to the boat landing two miles away.

"What lake is it? Crater Lake?" queried Jane as they drove over the low, sagebrush covered hills back of the town.

"The ignorance of some folks am surprising," laughed Tom as they topped the last rise and came in sight of a great expanse of blue water. "This is the Upper Klamath Lake, and in my humble opinion it's no slouch, even compared with Crater Lake."

"I'm overwhelmed with sorrow that I didn't know my geography better." Jane's humility would have been touching if it had been a little more convincing. "I didn't even know there was a lake here—and it looks most as big as San Francisco Bay."

"It is nearly as large," declared Clare. "And though it looks so nice and calm now, you ought to see it when it gets nervous!"

Jane stood up to get a better view, but sat down suddenly as they left the pavement to approach a rather rickety wharf.

"There's Cap'n Parks." Clare waved her hand at a dumpy little figure stumping impatiently up and down the wharf.

He stopped at the sound of Tom's horn and with bowed legs wide-spread, bellowed:

"Hurry up now, Clare, the 'Swan's' ready to start. Gimme them suitcases."

The girls tumbled out of the car and followed him up the gang plank of the stubby, cranky little freight boat that seemed a good match for the stubby, cranky little captain.

They got quickly under way and ambled slowly up the lake, leaving Tom on the wharf doubled up with laughter over Jane's expression when she saw the "Swan."

Captain Parks bustled up, trying to hide his delight over Clare's presence by frowning portentiously.

"Now, Clare, you and your friend here—what's her name—Jane? Well, you jest make yourselves to home—but not too much to home, or, by cracky, I'll paddle you as I uster when you warn't knee high to a bunch of sagebrush."

"All right, Cap'n, we'll be good." Clare's folded hands and sanctimonious expression were spoiled by an untimely giggle.

"Yes, you will!" snorted the captain in rank unbelief.

"Be fust time if you are. Here's Danny and Hurk dyin' to speak to you—" as two heads emerged from the tiny cabin—"might be a good thing to let 'em . . . die, I mean. Save me the trouble of killin' 'em the next time they need it real bad."

But Clare—lacking the good captain's frequent cause for exasperation—declined to play arbitrary Justice, and dragged the grinning old Irishman and awkward, gangling youngster out to meet Jane.

After they had inadequately expressed their pleasure, Danny, by still wider grins and mumbled words, and Hurk, by a series of frantic bobs of his unkempt tow head, they dived back into their familiar depths; Danny to make various incoherent remarks concerning a certain "Colleen Maggie, the spit an' image of th' red head," while Hurk formed roseate pictures of himself, grown overnight to the dignity of ten added years and sweeping mustaches, rescuing two maidens at once from so many burning buildings that the fire departments of the country must have been taxed to cope with them; and as for rescues from watery graves—Hurk used enough water in these to cause a drought for the next decade.

Meanwhile Clare was explaining to Jane why she had not mentioned Hurk's last name.

"I didn't dare tell you the whole thing without preparation. The burden he bears through life is Hurchus Hereafter Howells."

"Clare! Not really!"

"Really? You bet it's real, and just ask Hurkus it it isn't sad. Now I'll stop chattering—maybe—and let you soak in some scenery, which is the reason I brought you this way instead of letting you go up by auto."

Jane curled up in the bow to absorb every bit of beauty possible to hold in her memory as armor against the grey of the city streets. Their own shabby little boat with the awkward, wallowing barge in tow was the only thing to shatter the mirror of the lake.

All day long they passed between wood-crowned hills on the west, and sagebrush hills and occasional tule marshes on the east. Westward, also, loomed the sharp, snow-clad peak of Mt. Pitt, seeming, in the high, dry atmosphere, almost near enough to touch.

At dusk the stolid "Swan" settled down for the night among the tules at the mouth of a small river and the girls curled up cosily in their bunks and were instantly asleep. Jane woke once to the music of waves slapping against the side of the boat and guessed that the wind was rising, but was asleep again before she had time to worry about it.

The next thing she knew, she was hurled violently from her bunk, landing square on top of Clare in a corner of the little cabin.

(To Be Continued)

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NEGRITA

(Continued from Page 366)

"Oh, yes, Maria. You have made me very, very happy—so happy . . . ."

But she turned away, and went into the house.

That night she couldn't sleep. She just tossed in her little bed, and pressed her knuckles into her wet eyes again and again.

A soft wind played among the branches of the trees, outside, from far away, some place, came the distant song of the frogs, as they too played in the moonlight.

Suddenly, she sat up, a strange look on her face. She put her feet on the floor, and stood up, slowly. Stealthily, she moved about the room, and into her clothes. Then she went out.

She opened the garden gate, and it clicked shut behind her.

The whole world was free, outside, the whole world was calling her.

"You are part of this world, Negrita," she said to herself, "you belong to it . . . . ."

She looked back at the sleeping house. She belonged to *her* too.

Then, at first faintly, then more distinctly, the wind brought bits of song to her, as she stood, one hand towards the house, the other outstretched to the wide world. It was a far away song, but she could feel in its melody a song of love, of carefreeness, and of freedom.

And Negrita, her little red figure black in the moonlight, walked along the open road. After a while, the song came to her lips, and she sang, as she went:

"My name is Dolore-e-es-
They call me Negri-i-i-ta-a—"

* * * *

Morning came, and the sun shone brightly on the dusty road. It had lost its silver sheen. And the song, the one she had followed through the night, had faded into the morning noises of the world.

She came to a farmhouse after a while, and knocked on the door.

"Could you . . . could I . . . do you think . . . have something . . ."

"What can you do?" came the gruff answer.

Negrita smiled her rare smile, and her eyes became soft and pleading.

"I can sing for you—My name is Dolore-e-es—"

But the door slammed in her face.

She walked on again, along the endless road. From a nearby house came, unfairly, the smell of freshly cooked food. But she did not knock. After a while, when she became too tired, she sat down by the side of a stream, and washed her face and hands in it.

The stream went bubbling on, towards Madrid, towards home. And she, Negrita, was going the other way.

She was alone. Onec again, all alone in the world.

"I thought it wanted me, last night," she thought, "but—it dosn't seem to—now—"

And then she knew that she should never had run away.

"You thought, Negrita," she murmured again, "you thought that everybody wanted you—while there is only one who wants you—and you have gone away from her—you have left her—alone—"

She lay by the stream, with her face buried in the damp grass.

"Negrita," she told herself again, "Negrita, what have you done—" Then after a while: "I wonder—I wonder—why—there does not seem to be any happiness for me—."

There had been there, only she had not known it. And now she had left, and she might never go back.

Why not! Why not!

"No, no, you can't, you can't, Negrita—you're not a beggar—"

"Dirty little beggar," the woman had said. And then something happened, something that had happened in that day so long ago. Something went wrong within her, and she lay her dark head in her arms, the curls jet black over the green grass, and she sobbed. She sobbed her whole heart out, and murmured again and again: "Isn't there any one at all who wants me? Does nobody at all want me—and my love—"

A long time after she got up. Night was creeping over the world, and she shivered, in her thin dress, and drew the lovely shawl tightly about her.

She walked on, blindly, she knew not where. The road seemed gray under the moon rays, and the tall trees by the side of it seemed tall, unbending giants, uncapable of love.

She was hungry, and terribly tired. Her shoes hurt her. She took them off. Then it was worse. She could no longer walk barefooted over the pebbles and rocks on the road.

She hardly knew she was walking, after a while. She just went on, and on. She stumbled over the rocks, and fell, twice.

After a long, long time, when she knew she could walk no longer, she drew over to one side, and sank down into the dew-wet grass by the side of the road. There was a wall behind it, and she lay her head against it.

When she awoke, the moon was bright in the sky. She rose slowly, because she ached all over. Then with a cry she could not suppress, she put both her hands to her mouth.

There, before her, was the house of the lovely lady Maria.

Out of the darkness of the night, Negrita, her heart breaking with loneliness, had come home to the one who loved her.

And there were days of happiness, and weeks, and long summer months. And, in the patioed garden, Negrita, her eyes black velvet ,and her shining curls tumbling down the scarlet dress, sang her heart out to the whole world:

"My name is Dolore-e-e-s—

They call me Negri-i-i-ta-a-a—"

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Commencing with the January issue.

THE FIRST 700 MILES

(Continued from Page 373)

The whiskered brown derby was still outthrust, its mouth hanging open in amazement.

Through the rest of the day nothing more happened. They passed through miles and miles of rather bare country, and occasional farms. It was seven-thirty that evening when they reached the pass in the mountains. Camping beside a mountain stream that night, they entered California on the next morning.

But disaster came. Twelve miles from Sacramento, Camille, without a groan, stopped. Her engine had dropped. It was beyond amateurs' repairs. Previously, either amateur knowledge or fortune shone on them. But now nothing more could be done for Camille.

They investigated their finances, and found that they still possessed one dollar and twenty-five cents. To get to San Francisco! Without Camille!

So Jack, with drooping head, started out on his twelve-mile walk to Sacramento to find someone who would buy Camille.

Later, very, very much later, he returned, perched high on the back of a towing car. And, then and there, Camille was sold to the dealer. For twelve dollars! Twelve dollars for Camille! They groaned, the three of them, but knew that only by parting with Camille would they ever get to their destination.

And that night, by last minute luck, they made the last ferry to leave that night.

"Lady Luck is still with us," philosophized Jack in a low voice. The others did not ask what he meant. Each was only too keenly alive to the fact of the rapidly decreasing twelve dollars.

They were on deck early next morning, when the ferry came into San Francisco Bay. As the sun's rays broke the haze over the hills, San Francisco lay clear before their eyes.

A tiny thrill ran through the three as they stood there. No one spoke, but each compared himself to one of those early pioneers who had entered this self-same bay long before as the end of their destination.

As they left the ferry they were surrounded by a mob of taxi-drivers, who saw in them possible fares, deceived by their well dressed appearance. They waded through the crowd, a broad grin on each face. But, way down deep, there was a tiny spot of regret in each one, for their faithful Camille, whom they had left behind.

They walked up the Embarcadero to Market Street.

"There's a shop for checking—a dime," said Bill.

"We've got forty-five cents," said Jack. "Look, there's a place has waffles for fifteen cents. Let's go."

Arm in arm, Bill, Jack and Spike marched across Market Street and into the waffle parlor.

Hello, Girls and Boys!

I wish you could see the big smile on my face. I look just like a Cheshire cat. For here I am in my new home atop the Tribune Tower in Oakland, at my new radio station, broadcasting to you to tell you that I, your Brother Bob, am now the Chief High Panjorum and the Very High Everything Else of the "Kiddies' Club" of radio station KLX.

I have a whole bag of tricks for you, and so many surprises up my sleeve that I don't know where to begin. It is almost Spring now, and we are going to have some glorious times in the outdoors to which you will all be invited. We are going to have many new artists to entertain you, and you are going to be invited to visit my new home and become a member of Brother Bob's Kiddie Club just as quickly as possible. In April there will be a wonderful Easter surprise, and I don't want any of you to miss it, so be sure to listen in every night.

And remember, that Brother Bob is now broadcasting from Radio Station KLX, the Tribune, Oakland, California, on 508 meters, every night from 5:30 to 6:30.

It is dinner time and we have apple pie tonight, so Brother Bob is signing off.